C. 431.

Improved Psalmody

Vol. 1

CONTAINING THE FIRST TWENTY-FIVE PSALMS,

from a Poetical Version originally written

By the late Reverend James Merrick, A.M.

FELLOW of TRINITY COLLEGE, OXFORD.

Divided into Stanzas for the purpose of Public and Private Devotion.

WITH NEW MUSIC

COLLECTED from the most EMINENT COMPOSERS,

BY

The Reverend William Dechair Jattersall, A.M.

LATE STUDENT of CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD;

Rector of Westbourne, Sussex; Vicar of Wotton-Under-Edge, Gloucestershire;

and Chaplain to the Hon.ble Mr. Justice Buller.

Dedicated with Permission to the King.

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TO

THE KING'S

MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY.

SIRE,

IN aſpiring to dedicate to your Majeſty a Work, which has for its ſole object the ſervice of Religion, and the credit of the National Church, I have only ſought to place your name, where every action of your life and reign has tended to eſtabliſh it, in connection with true piety and public ſpirit.

To doubt, that in the mind of every well diſpoſed perſon throughout your Majeſty's dominions, the ſanction of your name to ſuch a work, will have peculiar weight, would be at once injurious to your Majeſty and to your Subjects. With far other ſentiments, and with every feeling of loyalty and attachment,

I am,

Your MAJESTY's moſt obedient,

and devoted Subject,

W. D. TATTERSALL.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE deſign of the Editor in this undertaking, is not only to ſilence the many ludicrous reflections, that are perpetually caſt upon our pſalmody, but to fulfil the wiſhes of many able writers, who, though they have publiſhed treatiſes in defence of the Church of *England*, have at the ſame time recommended an amendment in this part of the ſervice. If the pſalms had never undergone any material alteration, it might perhaps have been thought dangerous to bring forward any thing, that ſhould have the appearance of innovation. But alterations, both partial and general, have already been allowed without ill conſequence; and as moſt of the Rulers of our Church have ſeen and declared the neceſſity of ſome further amendment, and have been deſirous to encourage ſuch a plan, the period, perhaps, may not be far diſtant, when it ſhall be deemed worthy of conſideration, in what manner it ought to be effected. In

proof of his poſition, that the adoption of Mr. MERRICK's verſion is deſirable, it will ſuffice for the Editor to produce the ſentiments of thoſe right reverend Prelates, who have expreſſed their admiration of the original work, and of others, who have ſince honoured him with their obſervations on his alteration of that valuable performance.

The late Archbiſhop SECKER, who is ſtyled by Mr. MERRICK, *vir ſumma eruditione, ſummo loco*,* and who ſupplied him with anonymous notes on the Hebrew text, would have rejoiced to embrace an opportunity of patronizing a verſion of the pſalms, more agreeable to the improved taſte of his time. That this is no unreaſonable conjecture, we may judge from a paſſage in his Grace's diſcourſe, which is part of an explanation and defence of the church liturgy. Theſe are his words, " It is very " true, the verſe tranſlation generally uſed is void of ornament, and hath expreſſions " often low and flat, and ſometimes obſolete: I wiſh a BETTER ſubſtituted in its " place."

* A man of the greateſt learning, in the moſt exalted ſtation.

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The very high regard, with which Dr. LOWTH, late Biſhop of *London*, always honoured Mr. MERRICK, by correſponding with him on his tranſlation of the pſalms, and furniſhing him with his own remarks to forward its ſucceſs, muſt be conſidered as an infallible argument of the ſentiments, which his Lordſhip entertained, of the utility as well as beauty of that performance; whence we may form a concluſive opinion of the countenance he would have given to that author, had his work been calculated, in its original form, for the ſervice of the church.

Dr. HORNE, the late Biſhop of *Norwich*, was equally a wellwiſher to and admirer of this verſion. He not only ſpoke of it in terms of high approbation; but, in his own evangelical commentary upon the pſalms, has pointed out many of thoſe excellencies, which diſplay the brilliancy of Mr. MERRICK's genius. In ſhort, whoever conſults the writings of that moſt pious Prelate, will be convinced that his Lordſhip was charmed and delighted to praiſe and commend a perſon ſo amiable in character, ſo reſpectable in abilities. A ſtronger proof of his deſire, that this verſion ſhould be adopted,

adopted, cannot be given, than that, when he became preſident of *Magdalen* College, the late eminent compoſer, Dr. HAYES, who had ſet a few of the pſalms, which the author himſelf had completed in ſtanzas, at his requeſt increaſed the number: they were introduced into *Magdalen* as well as other chapels, and the Univerſity Church of *St. Mary*'s, in *Oxford;* in which places they ſtill continue to be performed. The Editor is happy alſo to mention his Lordſhip's ſentiments on his alteration of Mr. MERRICK'S verſion, and the muſic compoſed, and ſelected for thoſe ſeveral portions, as they are expreſſed in various letters written on theſe ſubjects. After thanking the Editor for the complimentary preſent of each work, the Biſhop obſerved, " That he " accounted the diviſion of Mr. MERRICK'S pſalms into ſtanzas a great advantage; " as it fitted them at once for regular muſic." He mentioned, alſo, having had ſeveral of the tunes tried in his own houſe; and concluded by expreſſing the approbation of the hearers, and by wiſhing to the work the ſucceſs, which, as he was pleaſed to ſay, it merited.

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The late Dr. THOMAS, Biſhop of *Rocheſter*, was equally gratified with the new form given to this verſion, and recommended it to be ſung with the ſelected tunes by the Choir of his Church at *Bromley*. His Lordſhip, in anſwer to the firſt letter of the Editor, returned his thanks for (what he condeſcended to ſtyle) a well turned application of Mr. MERRICK'S pſalms, to the much wanted improvement of church muſic; or rather, to the more ſenſible and edifying uſe of it in parochial churches. In a ſubſequent letter, he writes in theſe terms: "You have ſince favoured me with a book of "the muſic itſelf, which I ſhall endeavour at leaſt to recommend to the attention of a "tolerable ſet of pſalmodiſts, with two or three inſtruments, in the church at *Bromley*; "and with that view ſhall accommodate them with your note book, of which ſome of "them are pretty competent judges. Of their progreſs I ſhall hope to give you ſome "account in due time." In a letter, written during his laſt tedious and painful illneſs, his Lordſhip concludes thus: "I thank you for your obliging favour with the incloſures; "and, though I may not live to profit by your pleaſing and inſtructive labours, I beg

"you

" you will permit me a place among your many friends for a copy of your uſeful edi-
" tion, *&c.* of Mr. MERRICK's pſalms; which will be inſtructive and pleaſing to
" others, if not to, *&c. &c.*"

The late Dr. WILSON, Biſhop of *Briſtol*, may be ranked among Mr. MERRICK's advocates. In his anſwer to the firſt addreſs of the Editor, he acknowledged the ſatisfaction he felt in being applied to on this ſubject; as no man would, he ſaid, rejoice more ſincerely than himſelf, in ſeeing a good verſion of the pſalms perfected for the uſe of a parochial congregation. In his reply to a ſecond letter, he ſays, " That the
" alterations of Mr. MERRICK's verſion met his entire approbation; but that he was not
" qualified to form a judgment of the muſical collection, for (through ſome neglect) he
" had not received it." His Lordſhip, however, condeſcended to adviſe very properly, that their introduction into parochial congregations ſhould be attempted with caution, eſpecially in the muſical part; becauſe an attachment to old pſalmody is not to be conquered too ſuddenly; that the words, ſet to ſome of the beſt known tunes, might facilitate

litate the introduction, eſpecially if not given out too frequently; and that the new verſion and new muſic, by their ſuperiour excellence, might gain upon the ear and underſtanding imperceptibly: but the temper of the congregation muſt be courted. As a warm friend to religious pſalmody, his Lordſhip moſt ſincerely wiſhed ſucceſs to the undertaking.

Upon the firſt undertaking of this work, the late Dr. HALIFAX, when Biſhop of *Glouceſter*, was conſulted, and heartily approved both of the deſign and execution, ſtrongly adviſing a publication by ſubſcription; at the ſame time promiſing to promote its ſucceſs to the utmoſt of his power. This friendly advice of his Dioceſan, the Editor then declined, having entered upon the taſk without the ſmalleſt view to intereſt; but, being at length convinced, that the work will, by this mode, become more generally known, and more widely circulated, he has aſſented to the perſuaſions of thoſe reſpectable and judicious friends, by whom it has been always recommended.

In addition to the above honourable teſtimonies, the Editor has been encouraged by

very flattering encomiums of the greateſt part of the right reverend Prelates now living (particularly Dr. BEADON, his preſent worthy Dioceſan), for which he here repeats his ſincereſt acknowledgments; earneſtly hoping for their future ſanction to the work, as far as it may appear to deſerve their recommendation. His time, his care, and application, have been devoted to what he conceives to be a public benefit, without a wiſh for any kind of perſonal emolument. The moſt grateful recompence he can experience, will be to find, by the approbation of the CHURCH at large, that his labour in its ſervice has not been vain.

Should the Editor be encouraged to proceed in his efforts, till the whole ſhall be completed, it is his intention to offer the copy right to the Society for promoting Chriſtian Knowledge.

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ADDRESS

To Dr. HAYES, Dr. DUPUIS, Dr. PARSONS, Mr. CALLCOTT, the Rev. OSBORNE WIGHT, Mr. WEBBE, Mr. SHIELD, and Mr. STEVENS.

GENTLEMEN,

TO render any verſion of the pſalms generally uſeful, it is requiſite to obtain the aſſiſtance of men the moſt eminent in the profeſſion of muſic. To whom then could I look up with greater propriety for aid in this undertaking, than to yourſelves, whoſe conſpicuous talents muſt exceedingly enhance the value of any work, wherein you may be engaged? The praiſe and credit of the beſt compoſitions in this volume will be juſtly due to yourſelves; the only merit I claim, conſiſts in having been the inſtrument, by

dividing

dividing ſo excellent a tranſlation into ſtanzas, of exciting you to employ your acknowledged abilities for its perfection; and when I reflect upon your generous and voluntary efforts towards the accompliſhment of my wiſhes for effecting an improvement in our pſalmody, I cannot offer this production to the world, without avowing my obligations for ſo particular a favour. Indeed I ſhould be extremely concerned to appear backward in rendering ſuitable acknowledgments for your kindneſs; but I am ſenſible that it is out of my power to make ſufficient amends for your ſervices. I have diſcovered too great a liberality of ſentiment to imagine, that any of you will be biaſſed by the proſpect of pecuniary reward. Such offers I know you would reject with diſdain, and the only recompence you ſeem to covet, is that of public approbation.

On your exertions, in a conſiderable degree, will depend the favourable reception of theſe pſalms, which, though formed upon the beſt verſion that has hitherto appeared, will ſtand in need of the utmoſt powers of harmony to recommend them; and I am happy in having an opportunity to inform the friends of our church, that you continue your aſſurances of exerting yourſelves to forward my deſign.

The death of my excellent and uſeful friend Dr. COOKE, is to me a matter of the moſt ſerious concern. I had the greateſt expectations from the aſſiſtance of that very able profeſſor, upon whoſe merits it is unneceſſary for me to paſs any encomium. In order to make a beginning, he had undertaken to ſet the firſt twenty-five pſalms, and completed the whole of his engagement before his death; but as I imagined that there

there might be a ſameneſs in the continuance of one perſon's productions, I requeſted his permiſſion to reſerve ſome of his compoſitions for other parts of the work, that I might have an opportunity of making as great a variety as poſſible, by the application of ſeveral of his tunes to portions, which had been ſet by other volunteers in this buſineſs, who likewiſe allowed me to uſe my own diſcretion, in adapting their muſic to ſome of the pſalms, which had been ſet by him. I had received about thirty tunes from him, and if he had lived, was to have been ſupplied with conſiderable additions, which would have rendered my work ſtill more complete. But I have the pleaſure and ſatisfaction to hope that its progreſs will yet be forwarded by means of his ſon, Mr. ROBERT COOKE, whoſe character already begins to be very conſpicuous among the moſt eminent of his contemporaries: I am therefore perſuaded that this acquiſition will, in good meaſure, make amends for the diſappointment I have ſuſtained by the deceaſe of his worthy father.

Dr. HAYDN (who may be looked upon as naturalized in this country, from having taken his degree at one of our Univerſities, and who perhaps may be juſtly eſteemed the moſt celebrated compoſer of the preſent day); Dr. ARNOLD, Mr. JOHN STAFFORD SMITH, and Mr. ATTERBURY, having allowed me the honour of reckoning them in the number of my reſpectable coadjutors, they will, I truſt, excuſe my mentioning thus publicly the offer they have now made me of their ſervices, and permit me to aſſure them, that I am happy to obtain their conſent to add their names to my liſt; and, I am convinced,

that

that you will not eſteem it the leaſt diſparagement to yourſelves, to find me acknowledging this as a particular favour.

Mr. WORGAN, and Mr. BRODERIP of *Briſtol*, have kindly countenanced the undertaking, and have a claim to my notice and regard for their attention. The compoſitions, which they have ſent me, are ſtrong proofs of their ſkill in the ſcience of muſic; and while I have the good fortune to be thus ſeconded by perſons of ſuch promiſing abilities, I ſhall be led to hope, that no trifling obſtacle will retard the ſucceſs of my undertaking.

To you, Gentlemen, I confeſs myſelf principally indebted, not only for having proved your readineſs, by a very liberal ſupply of excellent muſic, to ſupport me in the firſt formation of a plan, which I have greatly at heart (believing that I am engaged in a cauſe, which deſerves the utmoſt pains I can poſſibly beſtow), but alſo for many judicious obſervations reſpecting pſalmody in general.

The performance of the pſalmody in *London* is open to many objections. Whatever be the ſubject of the pſalm, the tunes that are choſen, are very ſolemn, and, in moſt of the pariſh churches they are rendered ſtill more ſolemn, by the ſlow manner, in which they are uſually played. The clerk and the charity children are almoſt the only performers, and although a perſon is employed to inſtruct the young people, nevertheleſs there ſeems to be no management in the regulation of their voices. Each child ſeems to think it neceſſary to be heard,

heard, in conſequence of which, inſtead of that eaſy and pleaſing manner, in which this part of the ſervice is performed at the Magdalen, the Aſylum, and other places, where it is thought requiſite to pay due attention to the ſinging, the children moſt commonly riſe beyond the natural pitch of their voices, and it becomes rather a general uniſonous ſcream, than either concord, or harmony. Thoſe who have the beſt voices ſhould moſt certainly be choſen, for this reaſon, becauſe they are moſt likely to be kept within the proper compaſs.

In country pariſhes, the pſalms are choſen, that conſiſt of four parts, and it is thought by the people, who form themſelves into a choir, that their performance will be very defective, if they do not contrive to fill them all. There are men, who travel, and ſtyle themſelves profeſſors of, and inſtructors in pſalmody; they are furniſhed with books of their own ſelections, which are ſeldom correct, and theſe are diſpoſed of in every place where they go. While ſuch meaſures are countenanced, it is impoſſible to expect, that their diſciples ſhould ever arrive at any degree of perfection. The harmony is generally very indifferent; but if it were faultleſs, the counter tenors are for the moſt part poorly managed. On this account I have been very anxious to reſtrain the tunes to two trebles and a baſs, that ſingers of this claſs may not be induced to attempt things beyond their ability.

It may be thought, that this work contains too many tunes to be really uſeful; but, I muſt own, that I am moſt

moſt decidedly of a different opinion. Every pariſh ſhould be allowed the privilege of chooſing for itſelf; and no part of the pſalms ſhould, if poſſible, be omitted: for, the oftener theſe divine poems are conſulted, the more the ſentiments of the inſpired author will be admired. The verſes ſhould follow each other in regular ſucceſſion; and nothing but abſolute neceſſity can be an excuſe for breaking in upon the context. We are all perfectly agreed that plainneſs and ſimplicity are the grand criterion, that ought to guide us. In ſeveral inſtances, however, it may be found right to deviate, in ſome degree, from this rule, but theſe ſhould be our principal aim; and if all of theſe tunes ſhould not be adopted by church performers, in private they may anſwer every uſeful end. Particular care ſhould be taken to have the melodies pleaſing, and the harmonies eaſy. Many congregations are delighted with tunes where the parts lead off ſeparately; and as there is no great difficulty in performing them, a few compoſitions of that kind may occaſion an agreeable variety. The congregation and children, led and ſupported by good voices, ſhould join in the upper part. In the choir the trebles ſhould be divided, half to the firſt, half to the ſecond: men's voices may join each part according to their compaſs, and there ſhould be a ſufficient number of baſſes to ſupport them all, which parts can be performed by men only. In ſinging different ſtanzas to the ſame tune, a long note may occaſionally meet a ſhort ſyllable, or the contrary; but this may be tempered with a little care.

It was my firſt object, as I declared in another performance, to have publiſhed a ſelection from ancient authors;

authors; however, ſince according to your judgment it is eaſier to provide new tunes, than to adapt thoſe of others for this work, I am willing to follow your advice by rejecting many of them; for, it is a fact, which cannot have eſcaped general obſervation, that as the poetry, from the obſoleteneſs of the terms and phraſes, has not failed to excite ridicule, ſo the muſic, from its dulneſs, or the want of melody, has too often produced a contrary effect, *viz.* that of inviting ſleep; and, ſince you do not regard the trouble, I muſt freely own that your propoſals meet with my hearty concurrence. The 100th and 104th particularly, I would wiſh to reſerve for the words in this verſion. The tunes ſet to Mr. ADDISON's words of the 23d pſalm, and the evening hymn, which are ſung at the Magdalen, I have introduced in my former collection. They have at all times been greatly admired; and I point them out as patterns of the kind of muſic that is beſt ſuited to parochial uſe. There are likewiſe many of Dr. CROFT's, RAVENSCROFT's, and others, which are deſervedly held in high eſtimation, and certainly ought not to be omitted; I ſhall, therefore, in compliance with the wiſhes of ſome reſpectable promoters of this undertaking, inſert many of them as an appendix to this work, and adapt them to ſuch words, from the old verſion, as are leaſt likely to give offence on account of the uncouthneſs of the expreſſions.

It was rumoured at one time, that the Rulers of our Church had it in contemplation to confine us not only to one ſet of words, but alſo to limit the number of tunes, that ſhould be adopted. I feel a

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peculiar pleaſure in obſerving that there ſeems not to have been any ground for the report, as ſuch a ſtep would have effectually prevented every effort to improve this part of our ſervice. It is acknowledged, that our pſalmody requires amendment. If a diſpoſition is ſhewn to promote ſo deſirable a purpoſe, I am convinced it may ſoon be accompliſhed; for muſic, in the opinion of our beſt judges, was never brought to ſo high a ſtate of perfection as it is at preſent; and, I believe, I may, without any groſs flattery, aſſert, that this moſt delightful and pleaſing ſcience has received no inconſiderable improvements from the ſkill of thoſe gentlemen whom I now addreſs, who have ſo kindly aſſiſted me, and ſo aſſiduouſly promoted my undertaking.

I am confident that you will not be diſpleaſed, if I give you the ſentiments of that truly pious and eminent Prelate, Dr. MATTHEW PARKER (Archbiſhop of *Canterbury)*, reſpecting the conjunction or fitneſs of pſalms and tunes. I acknowledge that I have derived great benefit from knowing them; and think they will be profitable to every perſon, who may be diſpoſed to engage in any future endeavour to ſerve the church. His plan is this: he regulates the pſalms by ATHANASIUS's table, and divides them into ſad, joyful, and indifferent. The former, which are thoſe of penitence, or ſuch as petition againſt calamities, and intercede for mercies, require a ſolemn tune. The ſecond ſort, which are thoſe of joy, conſolation, thankſgiving, and the like, ſhould have a chearful and lively tune (though void of levity). The latter, which are prophetical, ſuch as teach

and

and exhort, and of the mixed kind, ſhould have tunes ſuitable to their ſubjects.* Nevertheleſs (to uſe his own words) he is far from meaning by this to preſcribe a rule to prejudice any man's ſpirit, or ear; for,

* THOMAS RAVENSCROFT, Bachelor of Muſic, in the beginning of the 16th century publiſhed the whole book of pſalms, in four parts, by ſundry authors; and, it is generally believed, that he was aſſiſted by the moſt ſkilful compoſers of that age. In his addreſs to his harmonical brethren, he adviſes the ſingers to obſerve three rules:—1ſt, That pſalms of tribulation be ſung with a low voice, and long meaſure; 2d, That pſalms of thankſgiving be ſung with a voice indifferent, neither too loud nor too ſoft, and with a meaſure neither too ſwift nor too ſlow; 3d, That pſalms of rejoicing be ſung with a loud voice, a ſwift and jocund meaſure: in all which, the obſerving time, tune, and ear, will produce a perfect harmony.

JOHN PLAYFORD, who has been conſidered as the reviver of pſalmody towards the end of the laſt century, likewiſe publiſhed the whole book of pſalms; and obſerves, that in our late forefathers days, upon the reſtoration of our church to its primitive purity and diſcipline, ſome holy and godly men brought the preſent uſe and manner of ſinging pſalms into the public ſervice of our church, following herein the examples of the reformed churches of *France* and *Germany*. But time and long uſe had much abated the wonted reverence and eſtimation it had for above one hundred years after this eſtabliſhment. He made it his endeavour ſo to perfect and finiſh the work, that it might be uſeful to the end it was deſigned, the glory of God, and ſervice of the Church. For that reaſon (with the judgment of ſome of the beſt ſkilled in muſic), all the tunes were compoſed in three parts. The church tune, or melody, he placed in the treble part. The middle part was compoſed (as ſeemed proper) not to riſe above the church tune, to cloud and obſcure the air thereof, except in ſuch places, where it could not well be avoided. The baſs was compoſed in ſuch a compaſs of notes, as would ſuit an indifferent voice both below and above. All three parts may be ſung as properly by men, as by boys and women; and to that end, the two upper parts were conſtantly in (what we call) the treble cliff; and the baſs in its proper cliff. He then ſays (after the manner of the Archbiſhop, and his predeceſſor RAVENSCROFT), you will find every pſalm fitted to tunes ſuitable and proper to the matter: pſalms of prayer and confeſſion, to ſolemn, grave, flat tunes; pſalms of thankſgiving and praiſe, to lively, chearful, ſharp tunes.

as his Grace obſerves, there are diverſities of taſtes in men's palates, and there are the ſame differences in their ſpirits, and in their ears; for what pſalm or ſong one man's ſpirit ſhall judge grave or ſad, ſome other ſhall think it pleaſant; another ſhall judge it harſh and diſagreeable. And therefore in this diverſity, he leaves it to every man's ſpirit, as God ſhall move him, and to every man's ear, as Nature ſhall frame him. But he ſets this only in example, becauſe it ſo agreed to his own underſtanding and ear. His Grace adds, that ſuch agreements ſhould there be in pſalms and ſongs, which are deſigned to attain that grace, which the poet mentions, "*Omne tulit punctum, &c.*" ſuch as DAVID expreſſed and obſerved, who was a Chriſtian divine in ſpirit, a perfect poet in his metre, and an expert muſician in ordering his inſtruments, and ſetting his tunes agreeably.

After theſe remarks from a man of ſuch learning and abilities, ſo high in office and eſtimation, who had a chief hand in framing the liturgy in the reign of Queen ELIZABETH, whoſe affection and attachment to muſic, co-operating with his zeal for every other branch of the church ſervice, induced him to propoſe rules for an amendment in the ſinging of pſalms in that age; it is humbly hoped, that this attempt, which is ſomewhat ſimilar, will be viewed with a favourable indulgence. Indeed, if the example of this celebrated Prelate is ſtudiouſly copied, we may have reaſon to believe, that our people will learn to lift up their hearts and voices with underſtanding to GOD in the heavens, whenever they aſſemble to ſing the praiſes of JEHOVAH in the congregation of the faithful.

The

The advantage in having a variety of ſweet melodies muſt be evident to every perſon of ſerious reflection, in order to induce people, who are too fond of ſinging ballads, catches, *&c.* (many of which border upon profaneneſs) to appropriate their time on a Sunday as becomes chriſtians. Inſtead of employing themſelves in improper relaxations, buſineſs, or tea table converſations, as they are termed, let families meet after their evening walks, when they are ſatisfied with having contemplated the works of Providence, and let them fill the hours, which are not engaged in peruſing books of piety and improvement, by the moſt rational amuſement of ſinging praiſes to their Creator. It is obvious to remark, that what is thus practiſed at home will at all times be heard with pleaſure at church; and I am convinced, that if the rules, which are laid down in one of my former publications, were followed, the performers will be more perfect in their ſeveral parts, the whole congregation will of courſe pay more attention, whenever they hear them, and thoſe, who can ſing, will very eaſily be brought to learn them.

The firſt five and twenty pſalms are now before the public, and from the ſtore, with which you have already furniſhed me, and the promiſes you have given me, I may venture to ſay, that the reſt will follow at your convenience, in ſuch a manner, as ſtill to embelliſh and adorn a work, that is univerſally allowed to poſſeſs ſo much intrinſic merit. Of Mr. MERRICK's moſt valuable production, and of the aſſiſtance, Gentlemen, that you have contributed towards its making an appearance ſuitable to the reputation, which it has acquired

in

in the world, I might enlarge ſtill farther, but there is no need of this, for while ſacred poetry and muſic continue to be the admiration of competent judges, I fear not to preſage, that his fame and your's will remain to the lateſt Poſterity.

If the principles, which I have laid down, are eſteemed worthy of conſideration, the privileges, which have already been allowed, without ſcruple, to others, may, I truſt, be conferred on Mr. MERRICK with equal propriety and ſecurity; but I am ſenſible that it will become me to acquieſce in the determination of our Eccleſiaſtical Governors, who are doubtleſs the fitteſt judges of what will chiefly conduce to the peace of the eſtabliſhed church, and the edification of its members.

In grateful acknowledgment of the aſſiſtance I have already received from you, and the promiſe you have given me to co-operate with other eminent compoſers towards the further progreſs of this work, intended to improve parochial muſic,

I am, GENTLEMEN,

Your obliged and obedient Servant,

W. D. TATTERSALL.

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*** THE Editor cannot refrain from expreſſing the ſatisfaction he feels, in having obtained ſo powerful a ſupport to his endeavours. Encouraged by ſuch dignified and diſtinguiſhed characters, he flatters himſelf, that his efforts to improve this part of the ſervice, cannot fail to be crowned with the moſt deſirable ſucceſs. He can, with a degree of boldneſs, declare, that nothing will be wanting in him, or in thoſe, who ſo kindly contribute to his aſſiſtance, to render the remaining part of this work equally worthy of their patronage.

WOTTON UNDER EDGE,
June 4th, 1794.

A

VERSION

OF THE

PSALMS.

PSALM I.

I.

O HOW bleſt the man, whoſe ear
Impious counſel ſhuns to hear,
Who nor loves to tread the way
Where the ſons of folly ſtray,
Nor their frantic mirth to ſhare,
Seated in deriſion's chair ;
But, to virtue's path confin'd,
Spurns the men of ſinful mind,
And poſſeſs'd with ſacred awe,
Meditates, great God, thy law ;
This by day his fix'd employ,
This by night his conſtant joy.

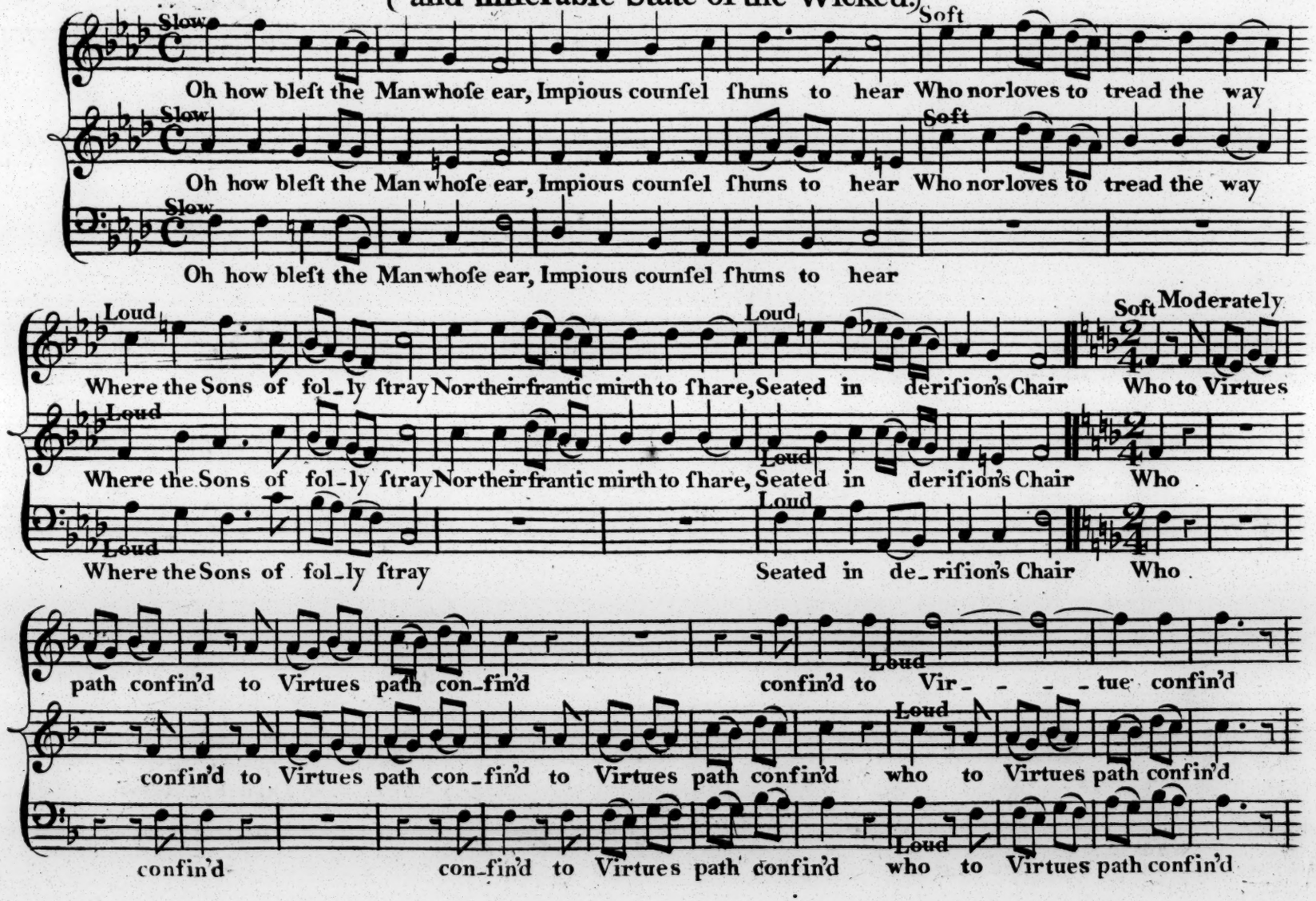
2.

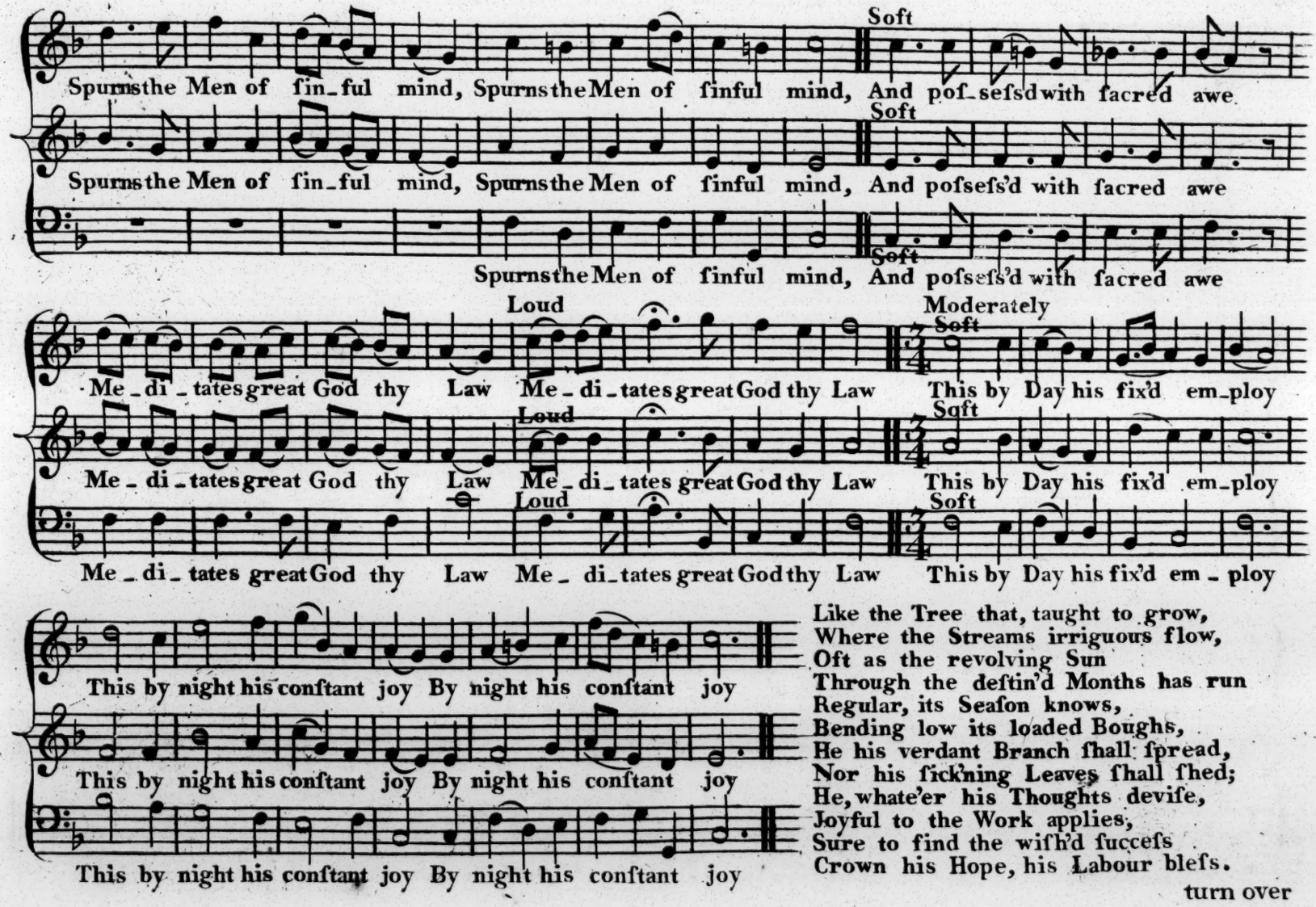
Like the tree that, taught to grow
Where the ſtreams irriguous flow,
Oft as the revolving ſun
Through the deſtin'd months has run,
Regular, its ſeaſon knows,
Bending low its loaded boughs,
He his verdant branch ſhall ſpread,
Nor his ſick'ning leaves ſhall ſhed ;
He, whate'er his thoughts deviſe,
Joyful to the work applies,
Sure to find the wiſh'd ſucceſs
Crown his hope, his labour bleſs.

3.

See, ah ! ſee a diff'rent fate
God's obdurate foes await ;
See them, to his wrath conſign'd,
Fly like chaff before the wind.
When thy judge, O Earth, ſhall come,
And to each aſſign their doom,
Say, ſhall then the impious band
With the juſt aſſembled ſtand ?
Theſe th' Almighty, theſe alone,
Objects of his love ſhall own,
While his vengeance who defy
Whelm'd in endleſs ruin lie.

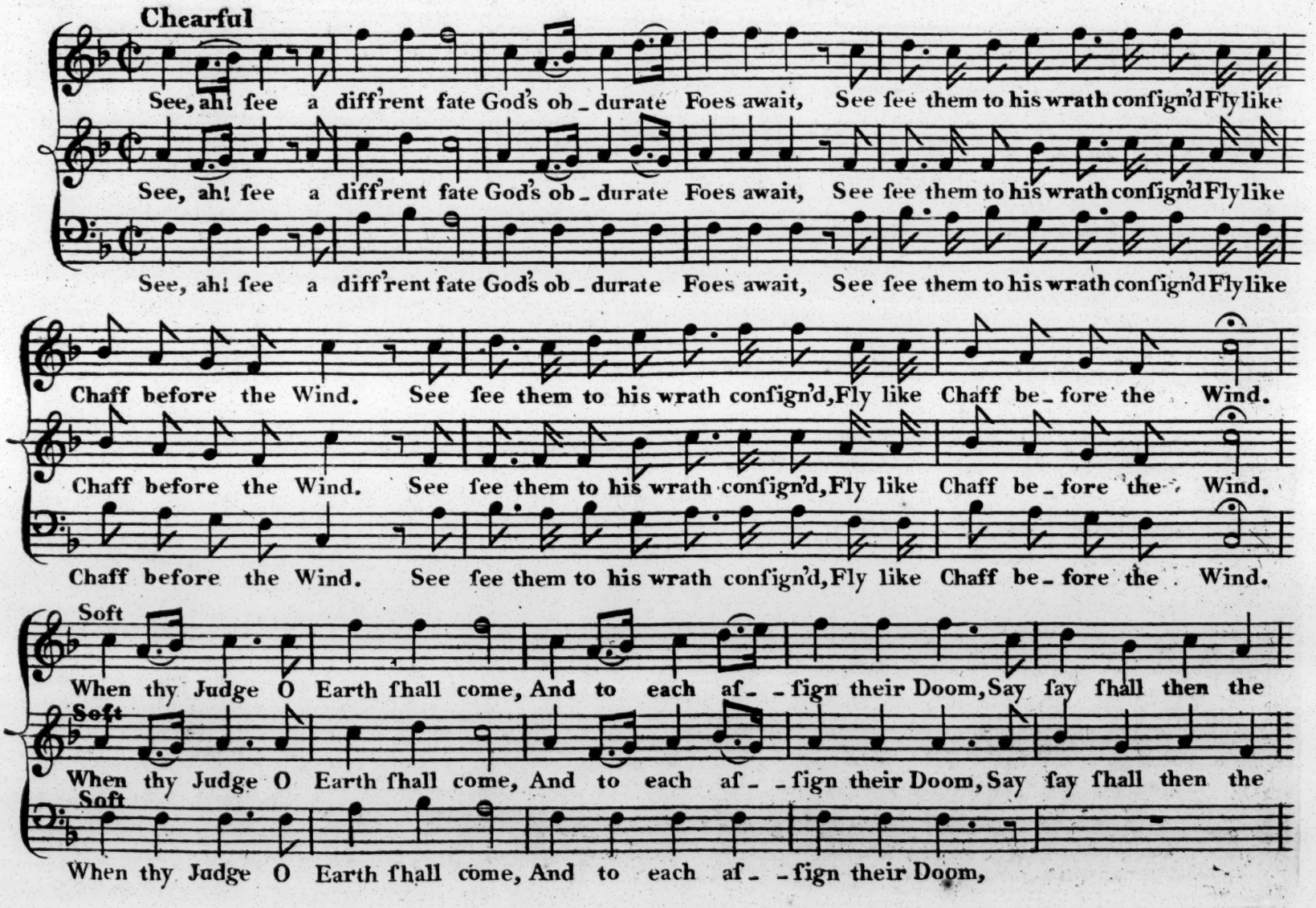
PSALM 1. Ver. 1. 2. 3. (The Bleſsedneſs of the Righteous and miſerable State of the Wicked.)

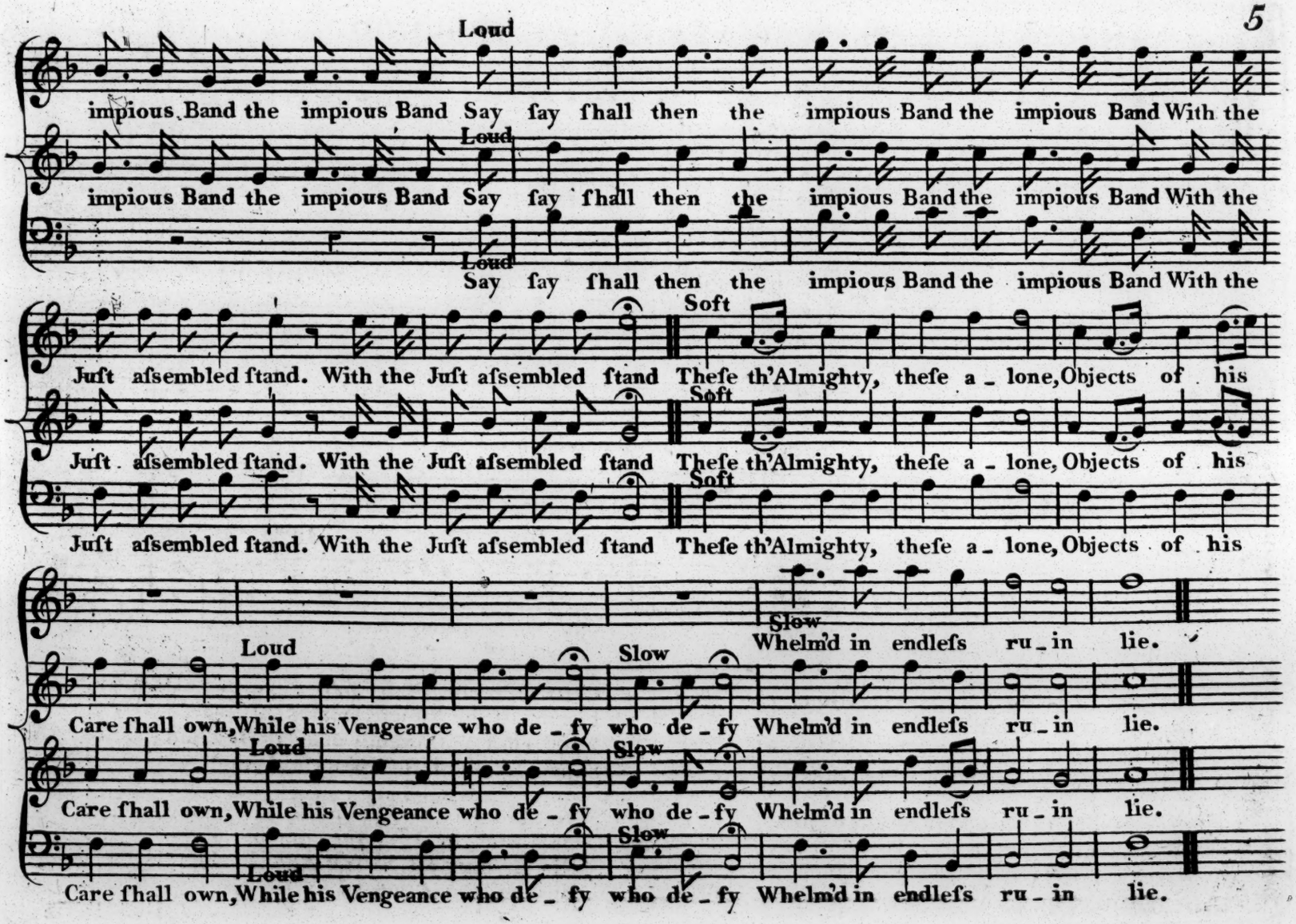




Like the Tree that, taught to grow,
Where the Streams irriguous flow,
Oft as the revolving Sun
Through the deſtin'd Months has run
Regular, its Seaſon knows,
Bending low its loaded Boughs,
He his verdant Branch ſhall ſpread,
Nor his ſick'ning Leaves ſhall ſhed;
He, whate'er his Thoughts deviſe,
Joyful to the Work applies,
Sure to find the wiſh'd ſucceſs
Crown his Hope, his Labour bleſs.

turn over

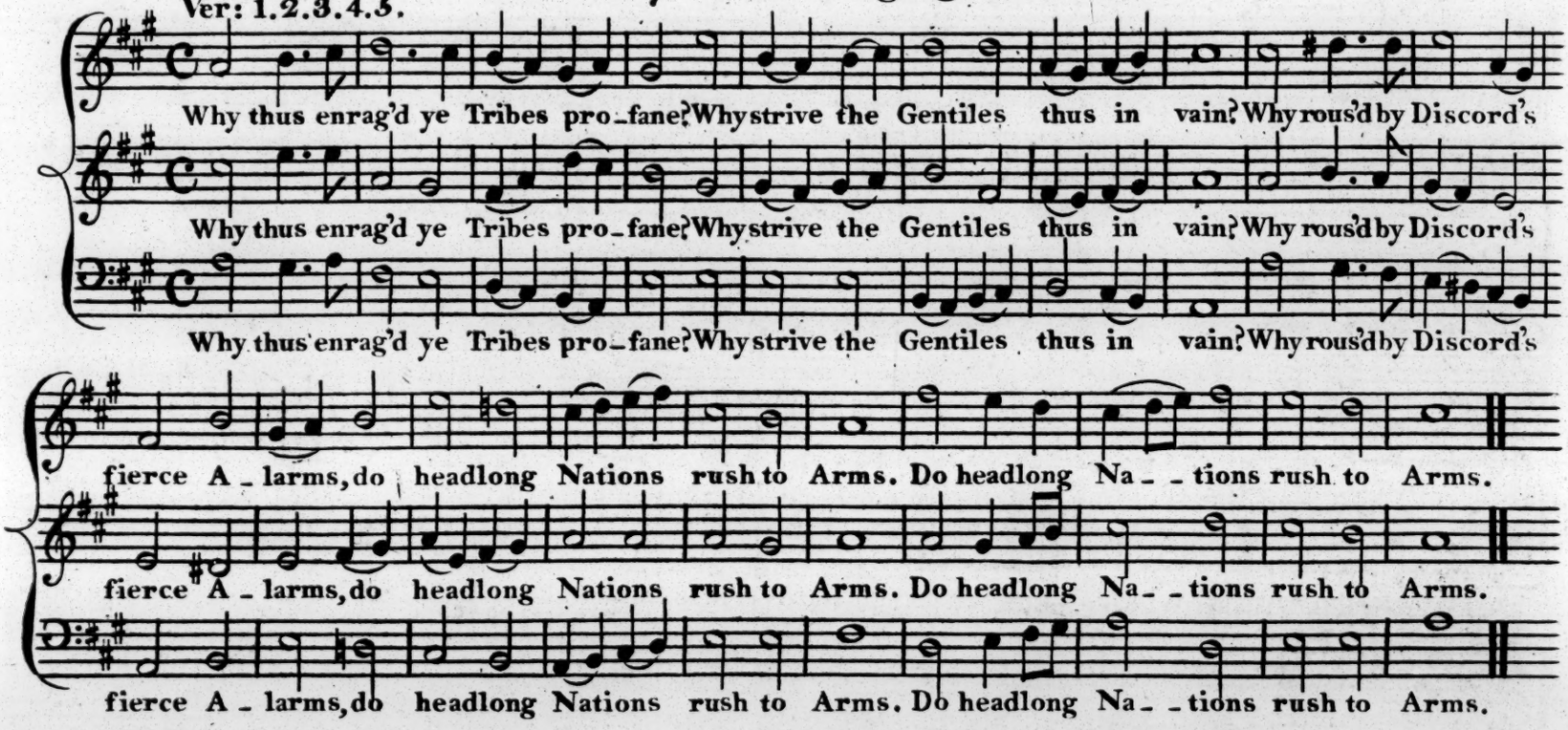

Chearful
See, ah! ſee a diff'rent fate God's ob_durate Foes await, See ſee them to his wrath conſign'd Fly like
See, ah! ſee a diff'rent fate God's ob_durate Foes await, See ſee them to his wrath conſign'd Fly like
See, ah! ſee a diff'rent fate God's ob_durate Foes await, See ſee them to his wrath conſign'd Fly like
Chaff before the Wind. See ſee them to his wrath conſign'd, Fly like Chaff be_fore the Wind.
Chaff before the Wind. See ſee them to his wrath conſign'd, Fly like Chaff be_fore the Wind.
Chaff before the Wind. See ſee them to his wrath conſign'd, Fly like Chaff be_fore the Wind.
Soft
When thy Judge O Earth ſhall come, And to each af_ _ſign their Doom, Say ſay ſhall then the
Soft
When thy Judge O Earth ſhall come, And to each af_ _ſign their Doom, Say ſay ſhall then the
Soft
When thy Judge O Earth ſhall come, And to each af_ _ſign their Doom,


Loud
impious Band the impious Band Say ſay ſhall then the impious Band the impious Band With the
Loud
impious Band the impious Band Say ſay ſhall then the impious Band the impious Band With the
Loud
Say ſay ſhall then the impious Band the impious Band With the
Soft
Juſt aſsembled ſtand. With the Juſt aſsembled ſtand Theſe th'Almighty, theſe a_lone, Objects of his
Soft
Juſt aſsembled ſtand. With the Juſt aſsembled ſtand Theſe th'Almighty, theſe a_lone, Objects of his
Soft
Juſt aſsembled ſtand. With the Juſt aſsembled ſtand Theſe th'Almighty, theſe a_lone, Objects of his
Slow
Whelm'd in endleſs ru_in lie.
Loud
Slow
Care ſhall own, While his Vengeance who de_fy who de_fy Whelm'd in endleſs ru_in lie.
Loud
Slow
Care ſhall own, While his Vengeance who de_fy who de_fy Whelm'd in endleſs ru_in lie.
Loud
Slow
Care ſhall own, While his Vengeance who de_fy who de_fy Whelm'd in endleſs ru_in lie.

PSALM 2. The folly of striving against GOD.

R.t Cooke.

Ver: 1.2.3.4.5.



2

Earth's scepter'd LORDS rebellious rise
Against the Ruler of the Skies,
And Him, on whose distinguish'd head
His hand the sacred oil has shed.

3

In factious Counsels thus they join,
And vaunting brave the Pow'r divine;
"Quick let us each renounce their Sway,
"And cast their hated bands away."

4

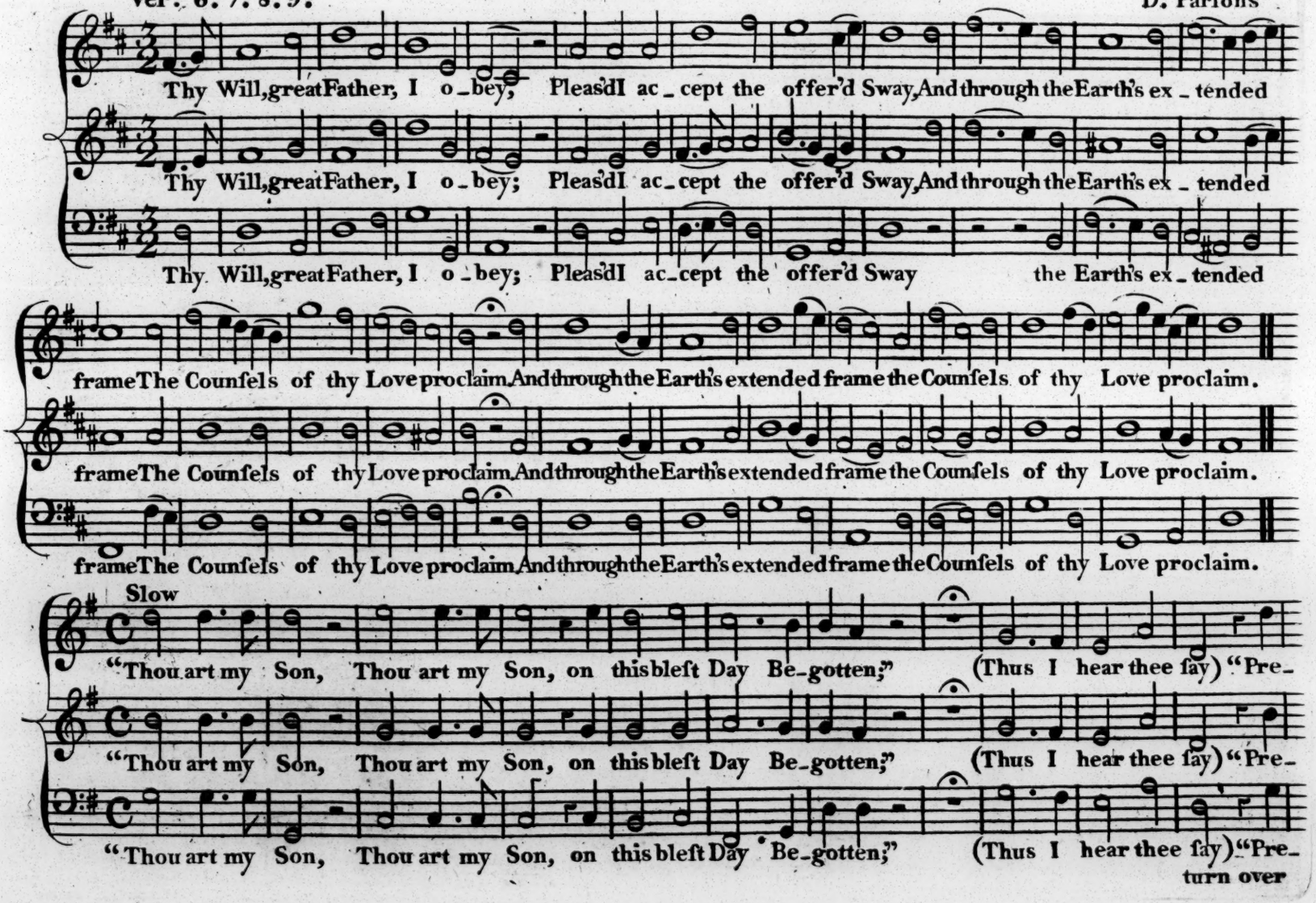
GOD from on high their threats shall hear,
Laugh, as the tumult meets his ear,
And, arm'd with vengeance, thus aloud
Superior quell the frantic Croud.

5

"Yet, Mortals, yet your Monarch see,
"And bow to Him the humble knee,
"His throne on SION's hill my hand
"Has built, and what I build shall stand."

Ver: 6. 7. 8. 9.

D.r Parsons



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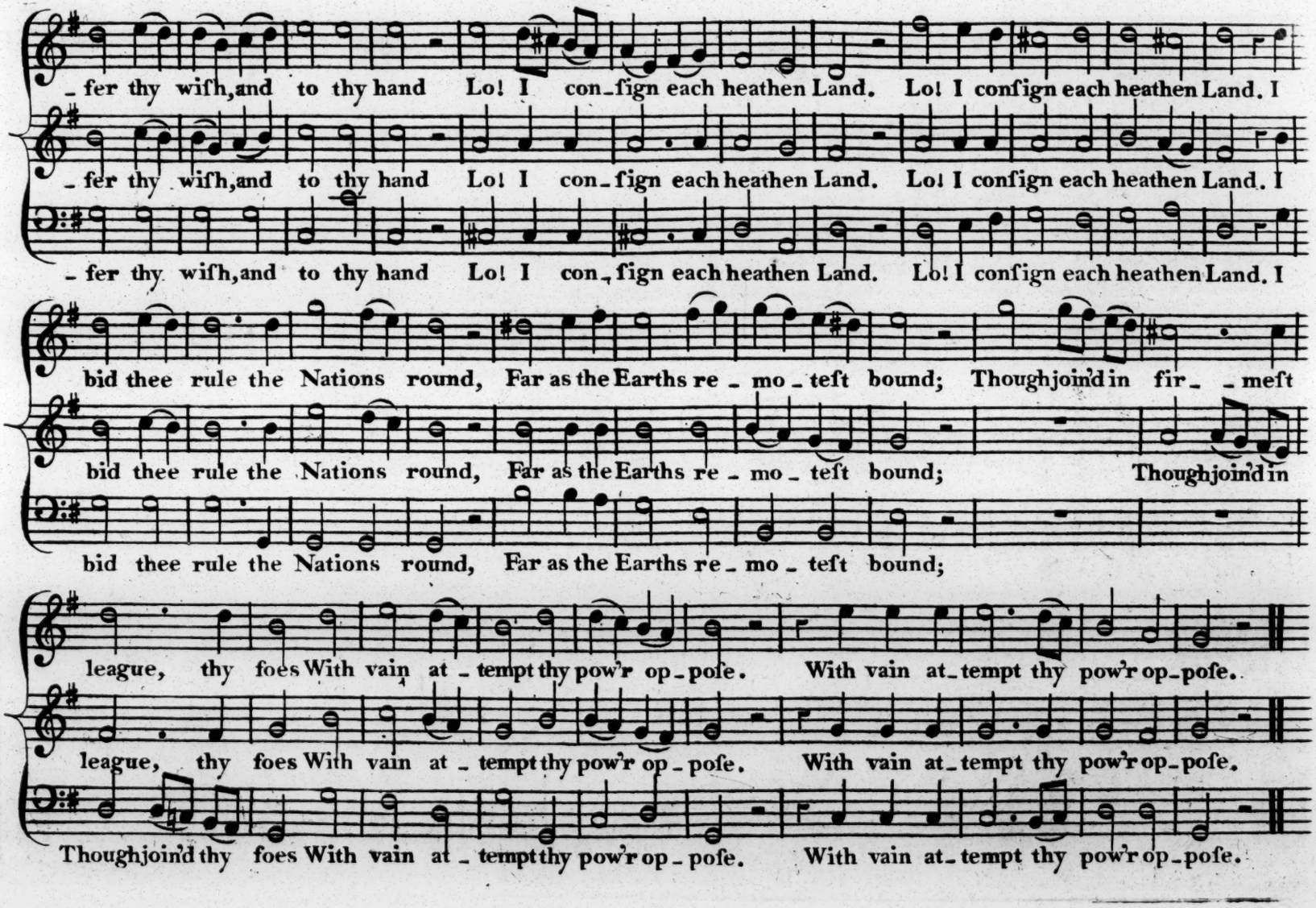
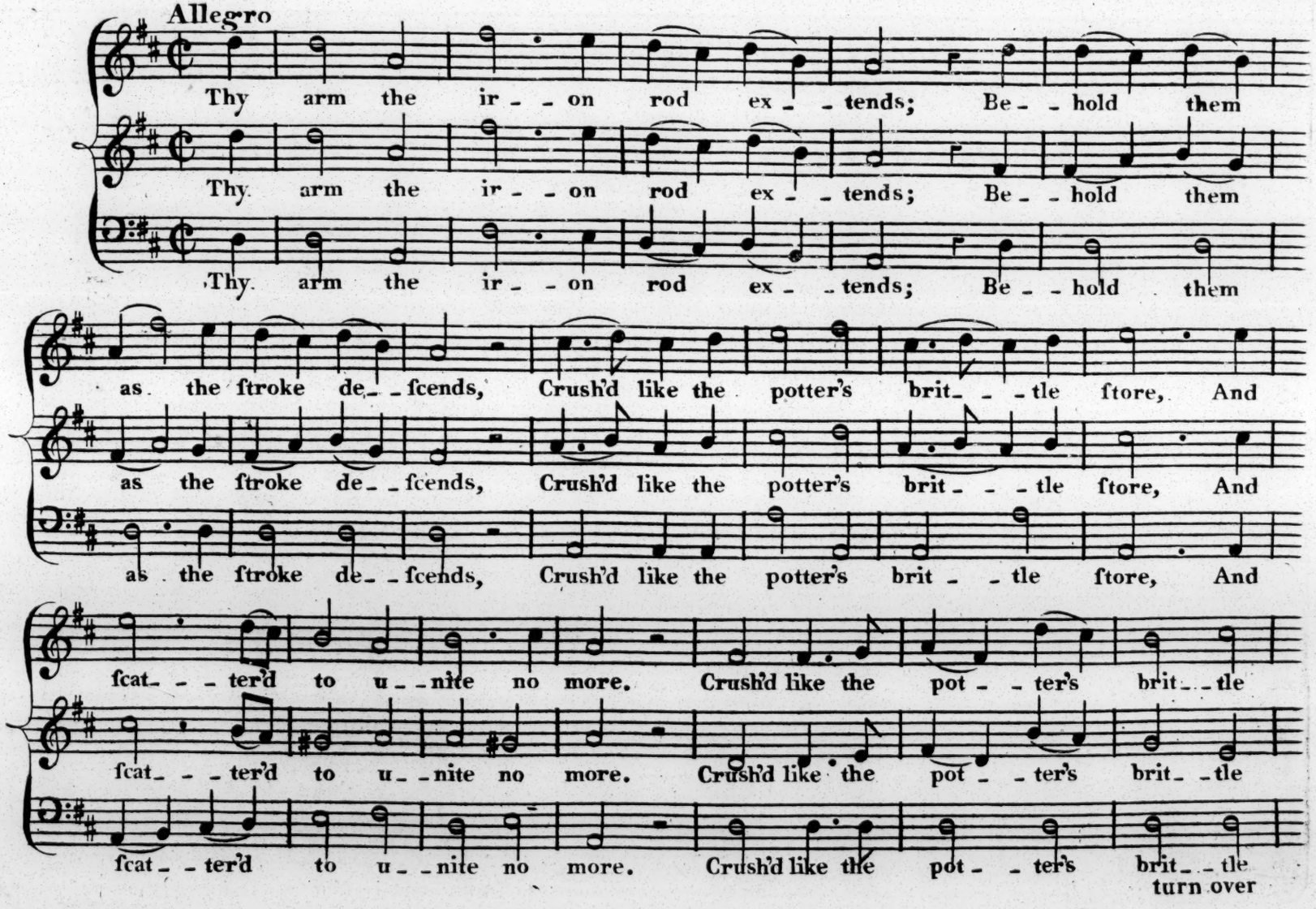
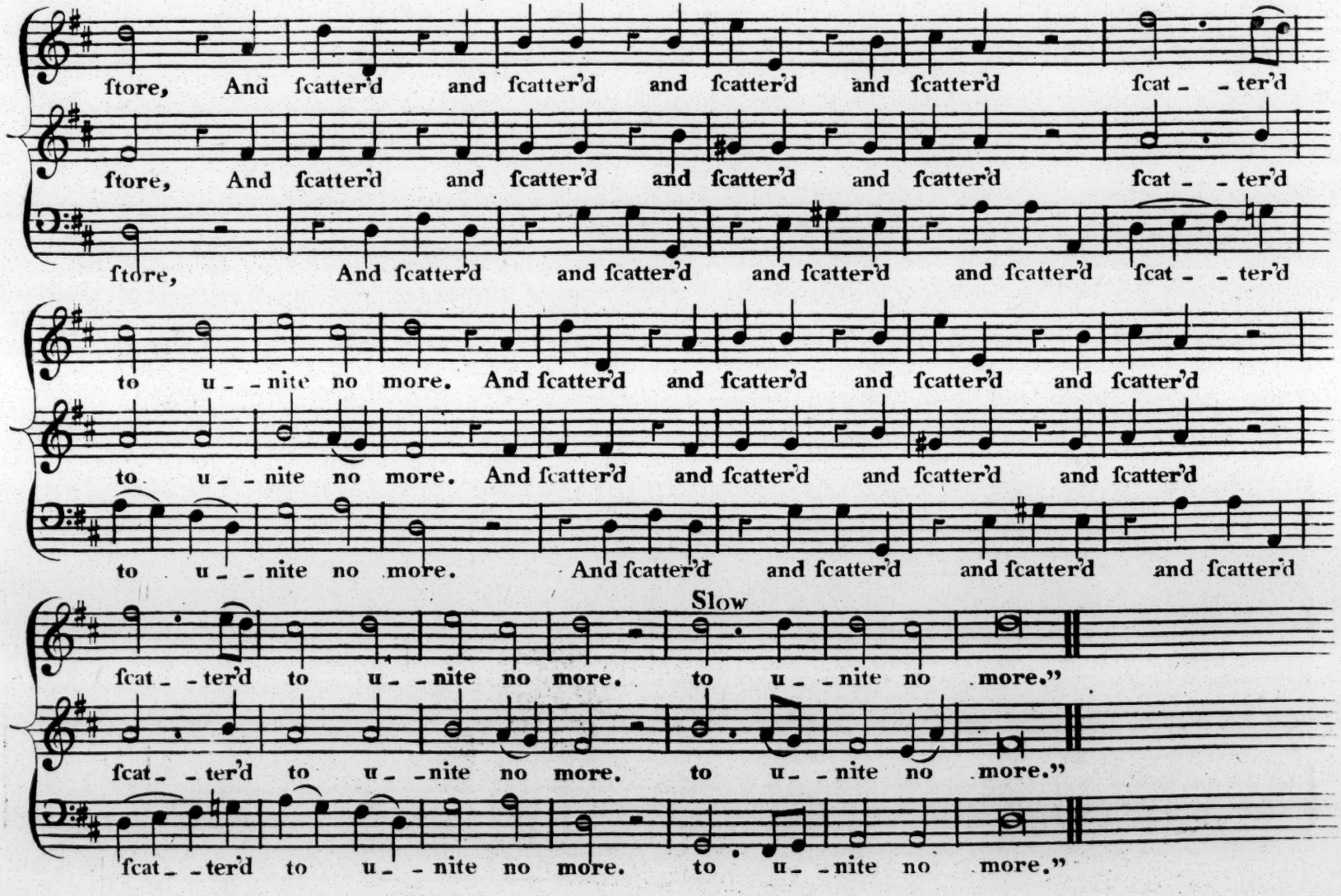

_fer thy wiſh, and to thy hand Lo! I con_ſign each heathen Land. Lo! I conſign each heathen Land. I
_fer thy wiſh, and to thy hand Lo! I con_ſign each heathen Land. Lo! I conſign each heathen Land. I
_fer thy wiſh, and to thy hand Lo! I con_ſign each heathen Land. Lo! I conſign each heathen Land. I
bid thee rule the Nations round, Far as the Earths re_mo_teſt bound; Though join'd in fir_ _meſt
bid thee rule the Nations round, Far as the Earths re_mo_teſt bound; Though join'd in
bid thee rule the Nations round, Far as the Earths re_mo_teſt bound;
league, thy foes With vain at_tempt thy pow'r op_poſe. With vain at_tempt thy pow'r op_poſe.
league, thy foes With vain at_tempt thy pow'r op_poſe. With vain at_tempt thy pow'r op_poſe.
Though join'd thy foes With vain at_tempt thy pow'r op_poſe. With vain at_tempt thy pow'r op_poſe.


Allegro
Thy arm the ir - - on rod ex - - tends; Be - - hold them
Thy arm the ir - - on rod ex - - tends; Be - - hold them
Thy arm the ir - - on rod ex - - tends; Be - - hold them
as the ſtroke de - - ſcends, Crush'd like the potter's brit - - - tle ſtore, And
as the ſtroke de - - ſcends, Crush'd like the potter's brit - - - tle ſtore, And
as the ſtroke de - - ſcends, Crush'd like the potter's brit - - tle ſtore, And
ſcat - - - ter'd to u - - nite no more. Crush'd like the pot - - ter's brit - - tle
ſcat - - - ter'd to u - - nite no more. Crush'd like the pot - - ter's brit - - tle
ſcat - - ter'd to u - - nite no more. Crush'd like the pot - - ter's brit - - tle

turn over

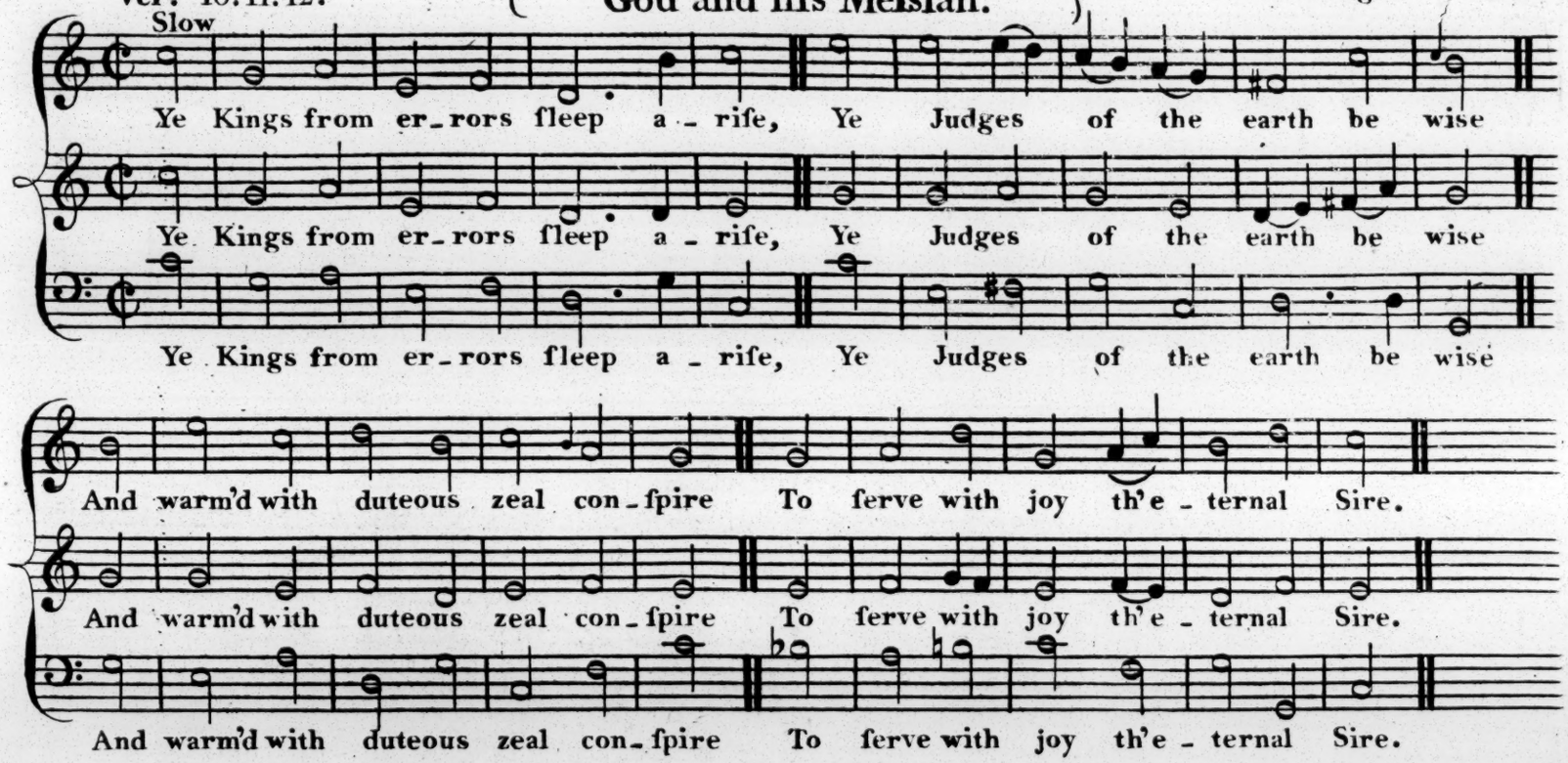

ſtore, And ſcatter'd and ſcatter'd and ſcatter'd and ſcatter'd ſcat - - ter'd
ſtore, And ſcatter'd and ſcatter'd and ſcatter'd and ſcatter'd ſcat - - ter'd
ſtore, And ſcatter'd and ſcatter'd and ſcatter'd and ſcatter'd ſcat - - ter'd
to u - - nite no more. And ſcatter'd and ſcatter'd and ſcatter'd and ſcatter'd
to u - - nite no more. And ſcatter'd and ſcatter'd and ſcatter'd and ſcatter'd
to u - - nite no more. And ſcatter'd and ſcatter'd and ſcatter'd and ſcatter'd
Slow
ſcat - - ter'd to u - - nite no more. to u - - nite no more."
ſcat - - ter'd to u - - nite no more. to u - - nite no more."
ſcat - - ter'd to u - - nite no more. to u - - nite no more."

PSALM 2.

Ver: 10.11.12.

{Kings exhorted to Worship God and his Meſsiah.}

R.d Worgan



11

O leſt Ye periſh from the way
That leads to realms of endleſs day,
With awful love, with holy fear
His Son, the World's great Hope, revere.

12

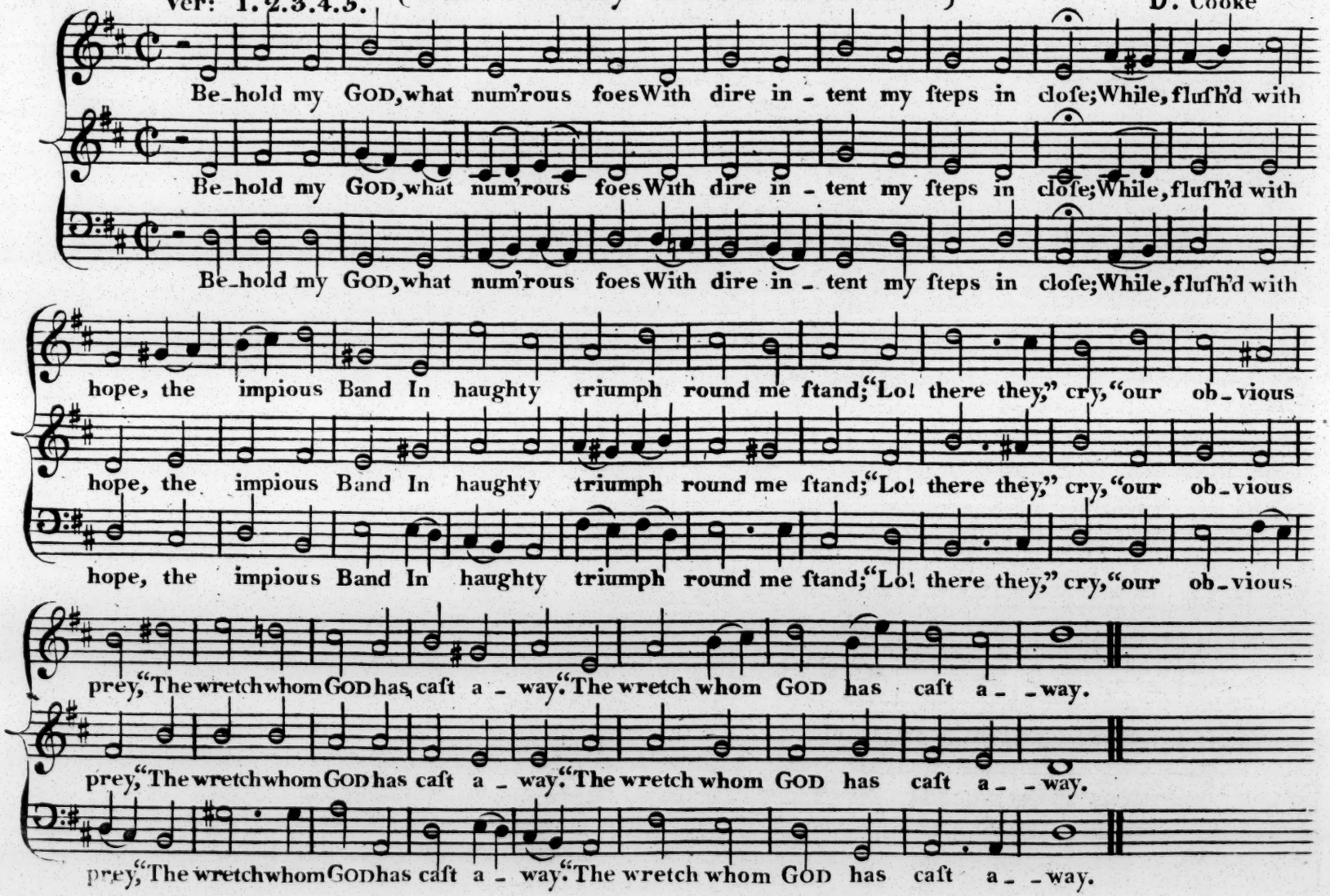
If yet but kindling in his hand
The vengeful bolt uplifted ſtand,
Thrice happy, who on Him depend,
And thankful own th' almighty Friend.

PSALM 3.

Ver: 1.2.3.4.5.

{The Security of God's Protection.}

D.r Cooke



2

But ſee Omnipotence my ſhield!
My head aloft by Thee upheld,
Thy fav'ring beams around me ſhine;
Thou, LORD, from SION's hallow'd ſhrine
With kind regard ſhalt hear my cry,
And inſtant grant the wiſh'd reply.

3

Oppreſs'd with toil, I ſought repoſe,
I laid me down, I ſlept, I roſe;
For Thou, my GOD, wert waking ſtill,
To guard my ſlumb'ring head from ill;
Though Myriads, leagu'd, againſt me riſe,
My heart ſecure their rage defies.

4

Thy aid, bleſt LORD, indulgent yield;
Oft, as I trod the doubtful field,
Each hoſtile cheek has felt thy ſtroke;
Thy rod their teeth vindictive broke;
O yield (nor ſhall I aſk in vain,)
That oft experienc'd aid again.

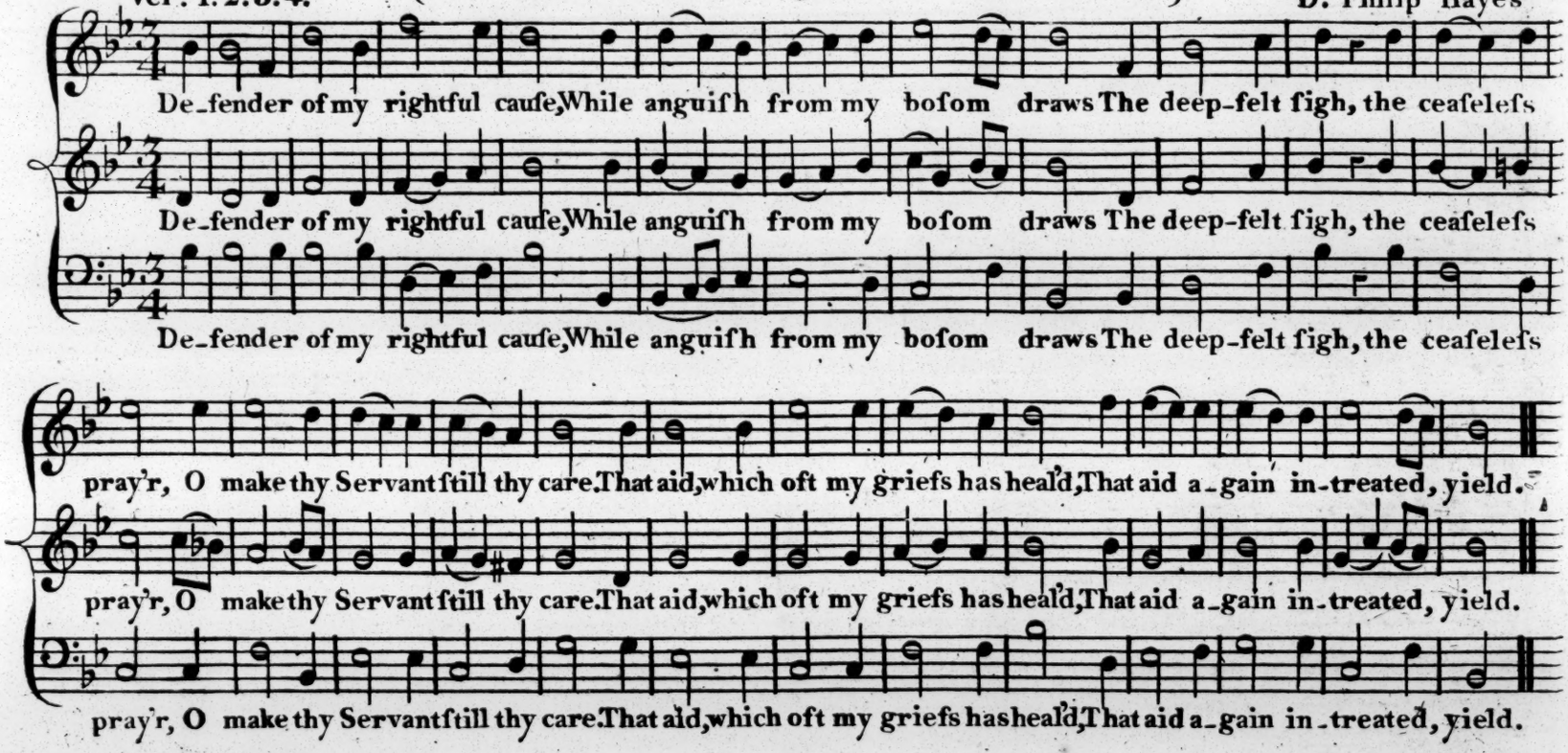
5

Th' impending ſtorm, my GOD, aſswage,
'Tis thine to quell their impious Rage,
'Tis thine, great GOD, 'tis thine to ſave
Thy Servants from th' expecting grave,
'Tis thine to bleſs them from above,
And crown them with eternal Love.

PSALM 4. {An Incitement to private Meditation.}

Ver: 1. 2. 3. 4.

D.r Philip Hayes



2

How long, ye ſons of pride, how long
Shall falſhood arm your impious tongue?
How long ſhall ſecret love of ill
To wretched malice prompt your will,
And erring rage your breaſt inflame,
My pow'r to thwart, my acts defame?

3

To God my heart ſhall vent its woe,
Who, prompt his bleſsings to beſtow
On each whoſe breaſt has learn'd his fear,
Bows to my plaint the willing ear.
Him wouldſt thou pleaſe? With rev'rent awe
Obſerve the dictates of his Law.

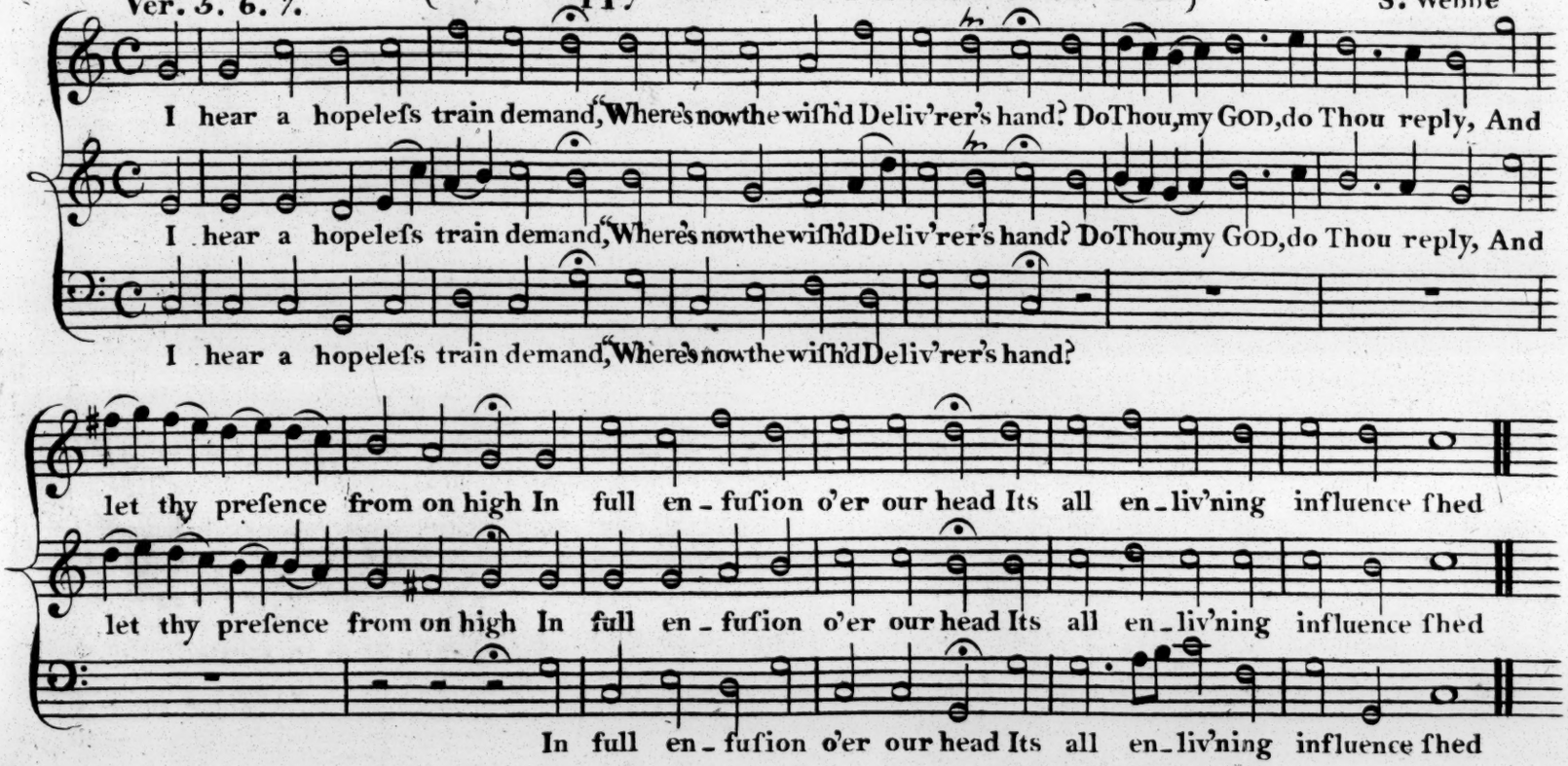
4

In ſecret on thy couch reclin'd
Search to its depth thy reſtleſs mind,
'Till huſh'd to peace the tumult lie,
And wrath and ſtrife within thee die;
With pureſt gifts approach his ſhrine,
And ſafe to him thy care reſign.

PSALM 4. {The happy effects of Confidence in God.}

Ver. 5. 6. 7.

S. Webbe



6

What joy my conſcious heart o'erflows!
Not ſuch th' exulting lab'rer knows,
When to his long-expecting eyes
The vintage and the harveſts riſe,
And, ſhadowing wide the cultur'd ſoil,
With full requital crown his toil.

7

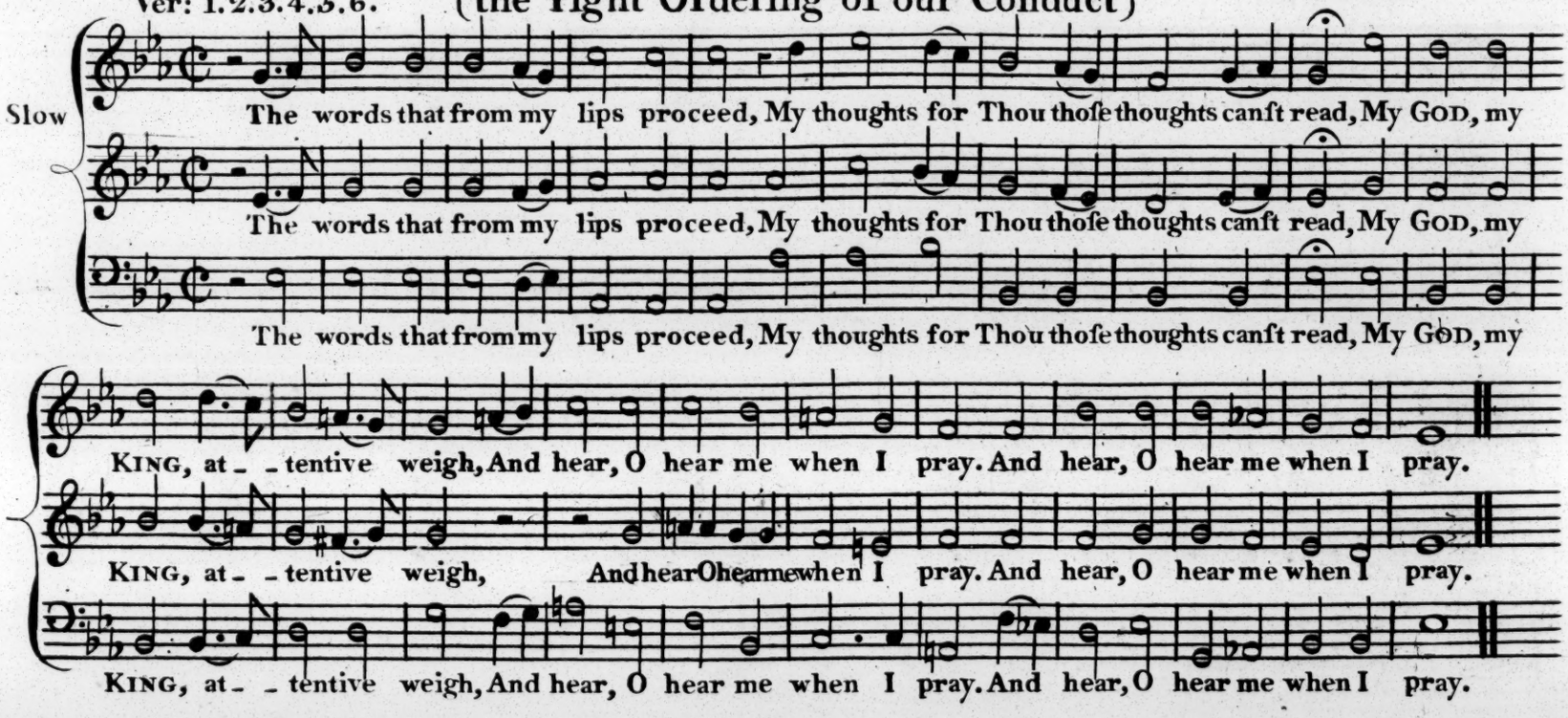
My weary eyes in ſleep I cloſe,
My limbs, ſecure, to reſt compoſe;
For Thou, great GOD, ſhalt ſcreen my head,
And plant a guard around my bed,
Thy choiceſt Gifts ſhalt bid me ſhare,
And make my ſafety ſtill thy care.

PSALM 5.

Ver: 1.2.3.4.5.6.

{A Prayer for Preſervation and for the right Ordering of our Conduct}

D.r Cooke



2

With earlieſt zeal, with wakeful care
To Thee my ſoul ſhall pour its pray'r,
And, ere the dawn has ſtreak'd the ſky,
To Thee direct its longing eye;

3

To Thee, whom nought obſcur'd by ſtain
Can pleaſe; whoſe doors to feet profane
Inexorable ſtand; whoſe Law
Offenders from thy ſight ſhall awe.

4

Let each, whoſe tongue to lies is turn'd,
Who leſſons of deceit has learn'd,
Or thirſts a brother's blood to ſhed,
Thy hate and heavieſt vengeance dread.

5

But I, whoſe hope thy Love ſupports,
(How great that Love!) will tread thy Courts,
My knees in lowlieſt rev'rence bend,
And tow'rd thv ſhrine my hands extend.

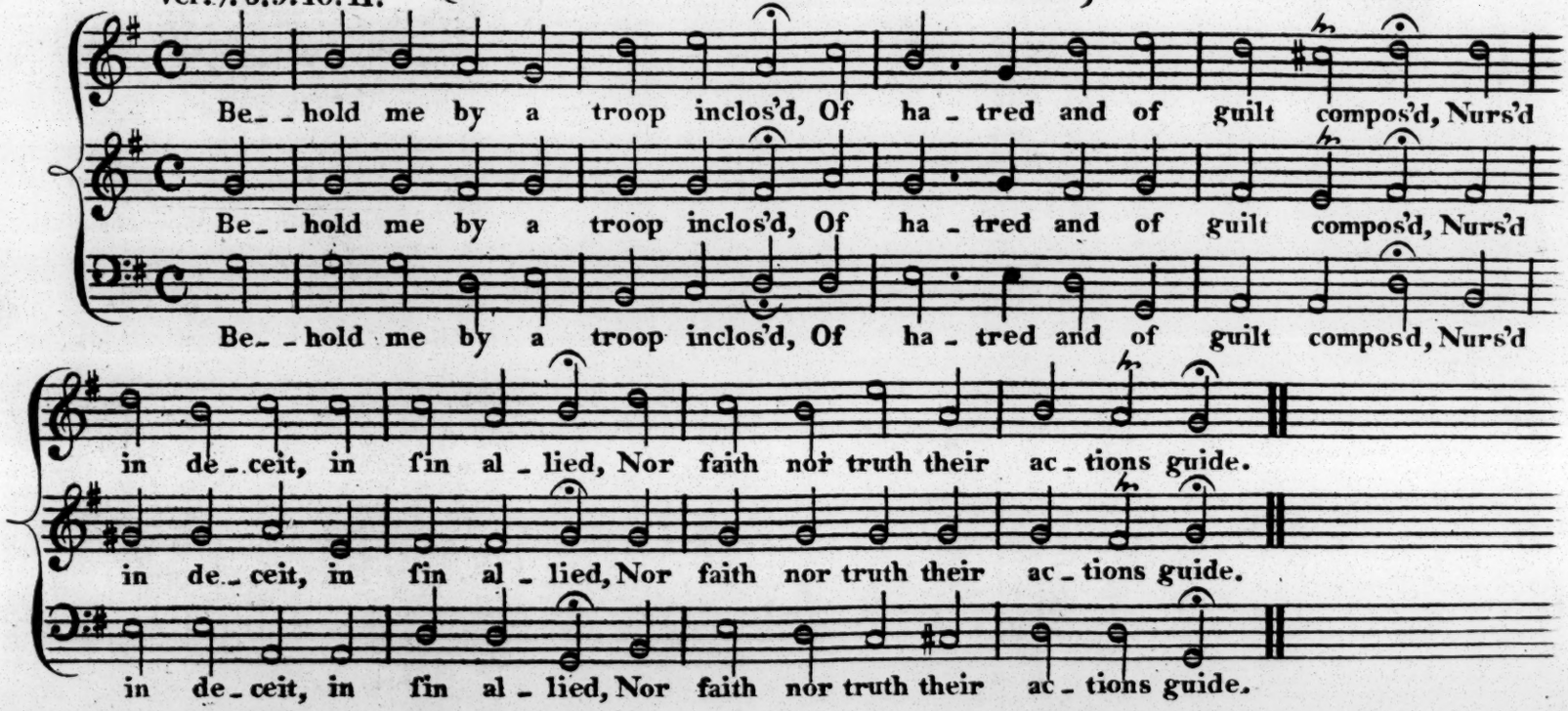
6

Do Thou, juſt GOD, my path prepare,
And guard me from each hoſtile ſnare;
O lend me thy conducting ray,
And level to my ſteps thy way.

PSALM 5.
Ver. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11.

{God is the defender of the Juſt}

S. Webbe



8

Their throat a ſepulchre diſplays,
Deep, wide, inſatiate; in their praiſe
Lurks flatt'ry, and with ſpecious art
Belies the purpoſe of their heart.

9

O let the miſchiefs they intend
Retorted on themſelves deſcend,
And let thy wrath correct their ſin,
Whoſe hearts thy mercy fails to win.

10

May All, who truſt in Thee, employ
Their grateful voice in ſongs of joy,
And ſhare the gifts on thoſe beſtow'd,
Who love the name of Jacob's GOD

11

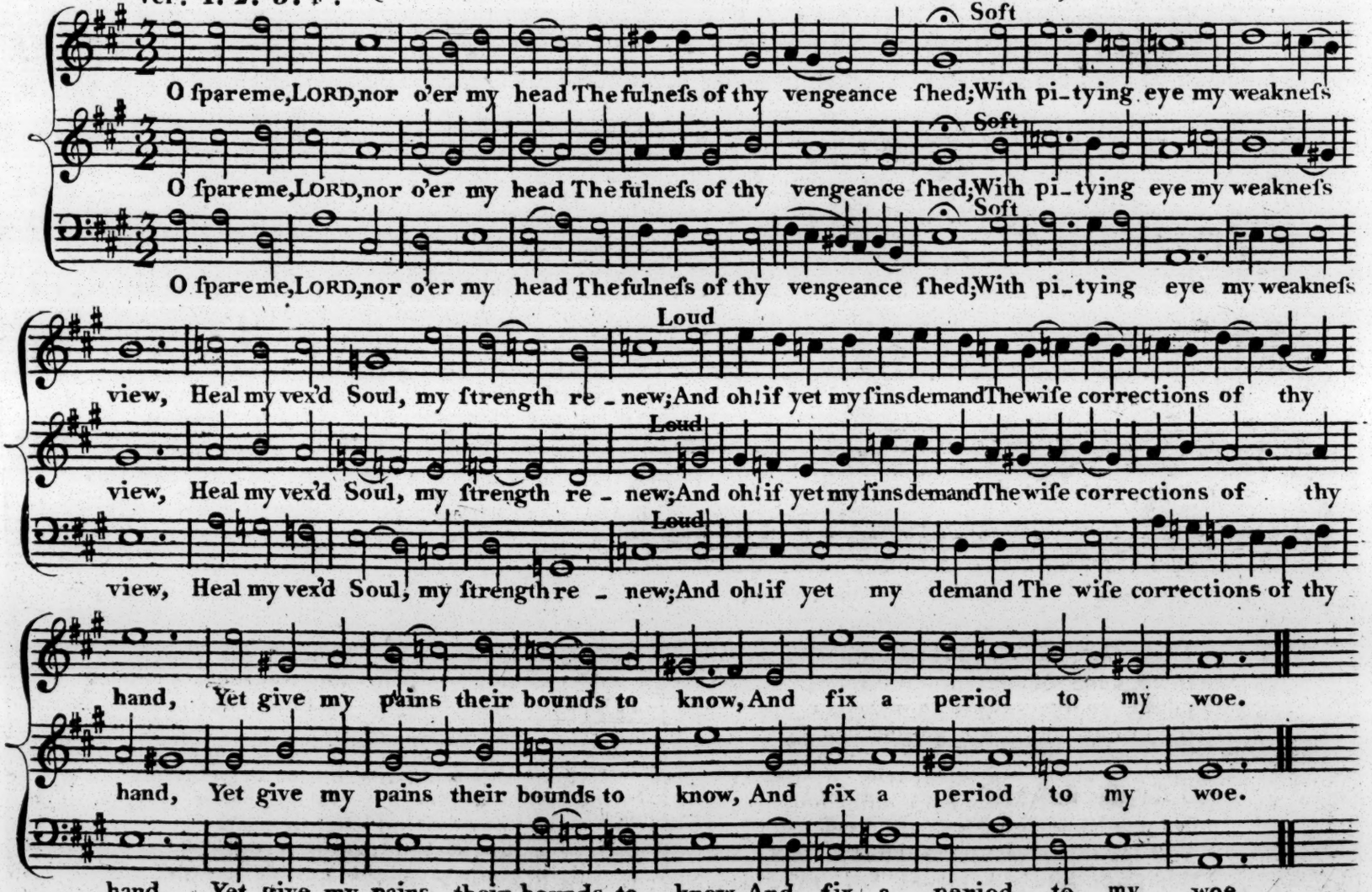
To each, who bears a guiltleſs heart,
Thy grace its bleſsing ſhall impart;
Strong as the brazen ſhield, thy aid
Around him caſts its cov'ring ſhade.

PSALM 6.

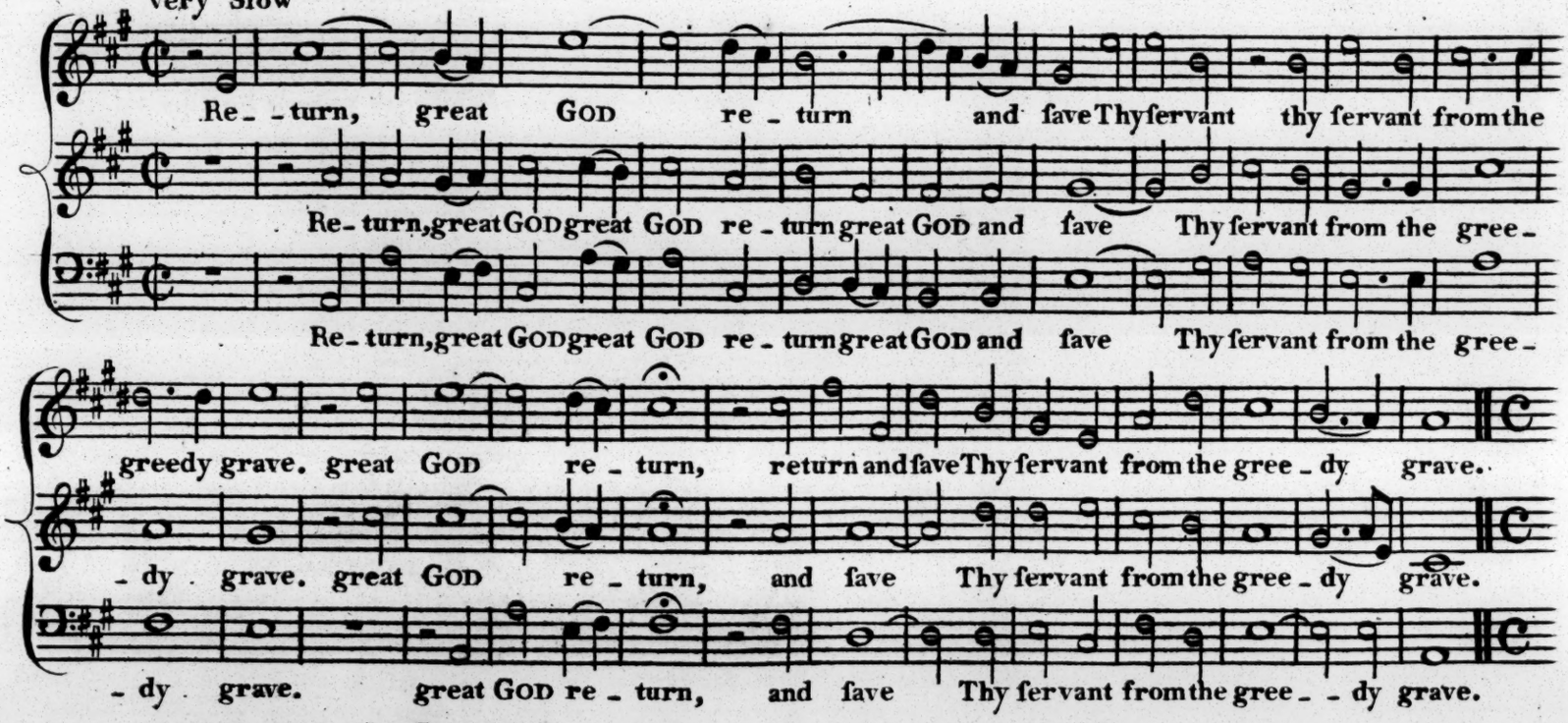
Ver: 1. 2. 3. 4.

{An earneſt Supplication to God for Mercy}

D.r Cooke



Very Slow



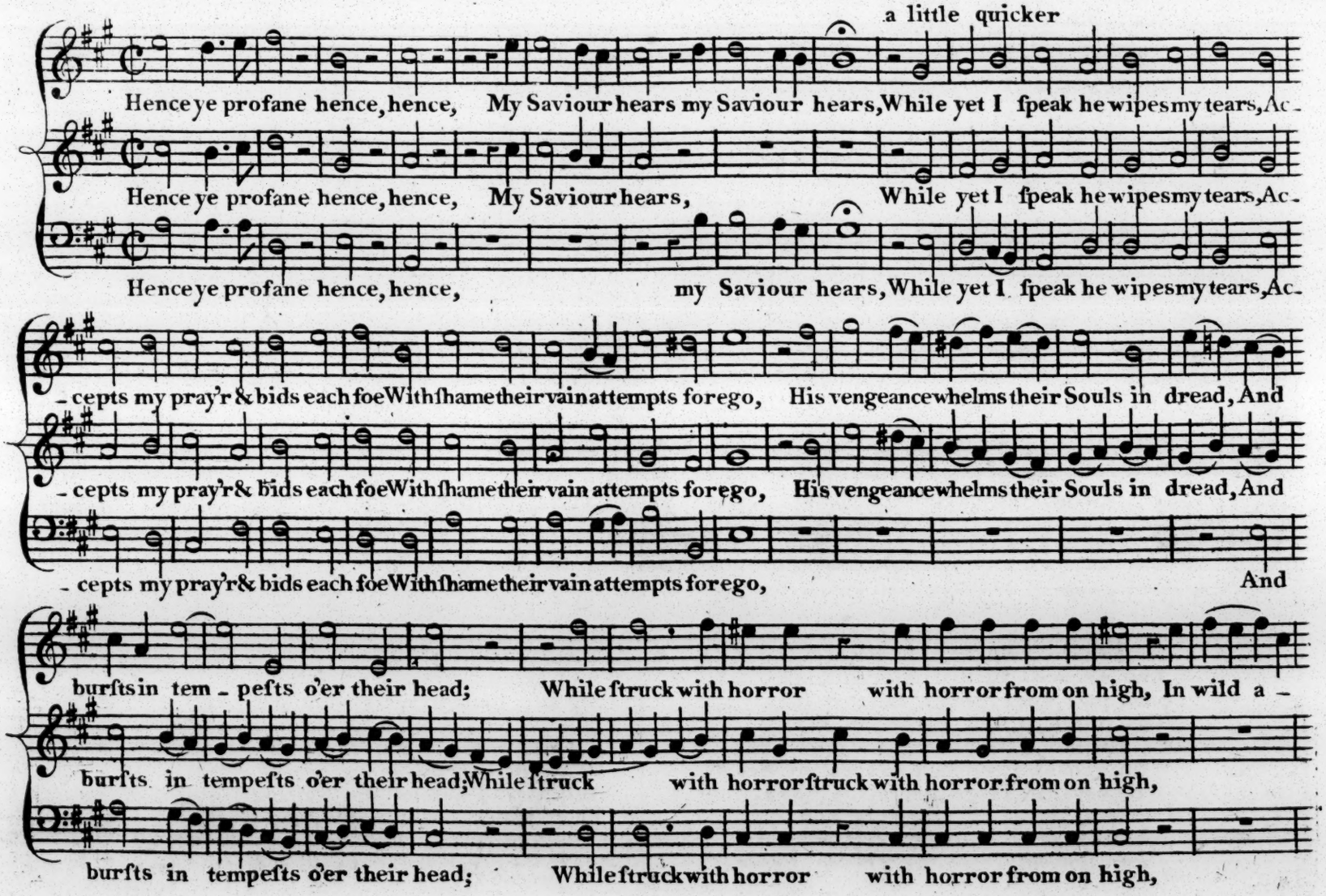
2

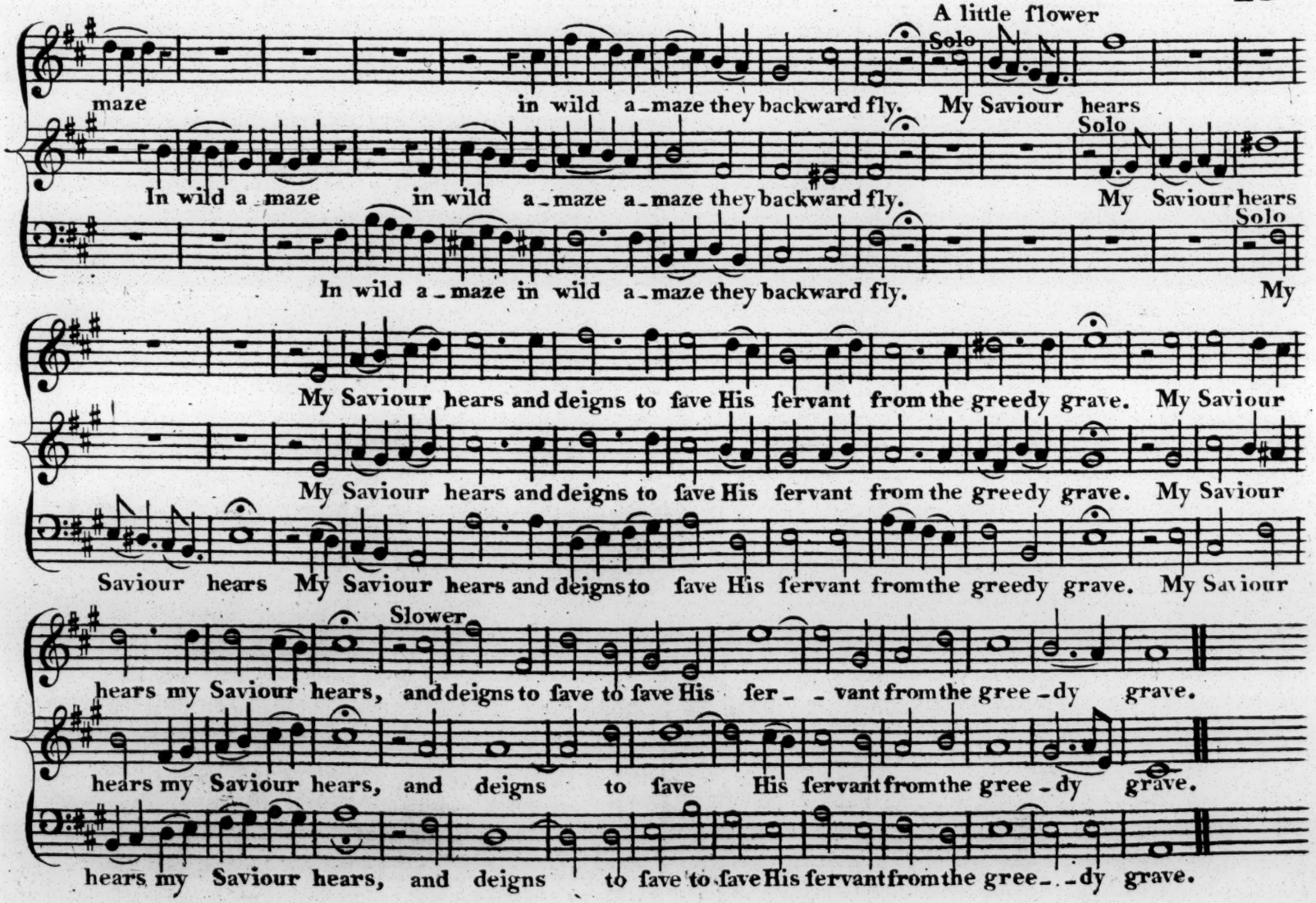
Shall Death's long-ſilent tongue, O ſay,
The records of thy pow'r diſplay,
Shall pale Corruption's ſtartled ear
Thy praiſe within its priſon hear?
By languor, grief, and care oppreſs'd,
With groans perpetual heaves my breaſt,
And tears, in large profuſion ſhed,
Inceſsant lave my ſleepleſs bed.
Return, great GOD, return, and ſave
Thy ſervant from the greedy grave.

3

While clouds of grief around me roll,
And hoſtile ſtorms invade my ſoul,
My life, though yet in mid career,
Beholds the winter of its year
Relentleſs from my cheek each trace
Of youth and blooming health eraſe,
And ſpread before my waſting ſight
The ſhades of all-obſcuring night.
Return, great GOD, return, and ſave
Thy ſervant from the greedy grave.

turn over


a little quicker
Hence ye profane hence, hence, My Saviour hears my Saviour hears, While yet I ſpeak he wipes my tears, Ac-
Hence ye profane hence, hence, My Saviour hears, While yet I ſpeak he wipes my tears, Ac-
Hence ye profane hence, hence, my Saviour hears, While yet I ſpeak he wipes my tears, Ac-
-cepts my pray'r & bids each foe With ſhame their vain attempts forego, His vengeance whelms their Souls in dread, And
-cepts my pray'r & bids each foe With ſhame their vain attempts forego, His vengeance whelms their Souls in dread, And
-cepts my pray'r & bids each foe With ſhame their vain attempts forego, And
burſts in tem-peſts o'er their head; While ſtruck with horror with horror from on high, In wild a-
burſts in tempeſts o'er their head; While ſtruck with horror ſtruck with horror from on high,
burſts in tempeſts o'er their head; While ſtruck with horror with horror from on high,

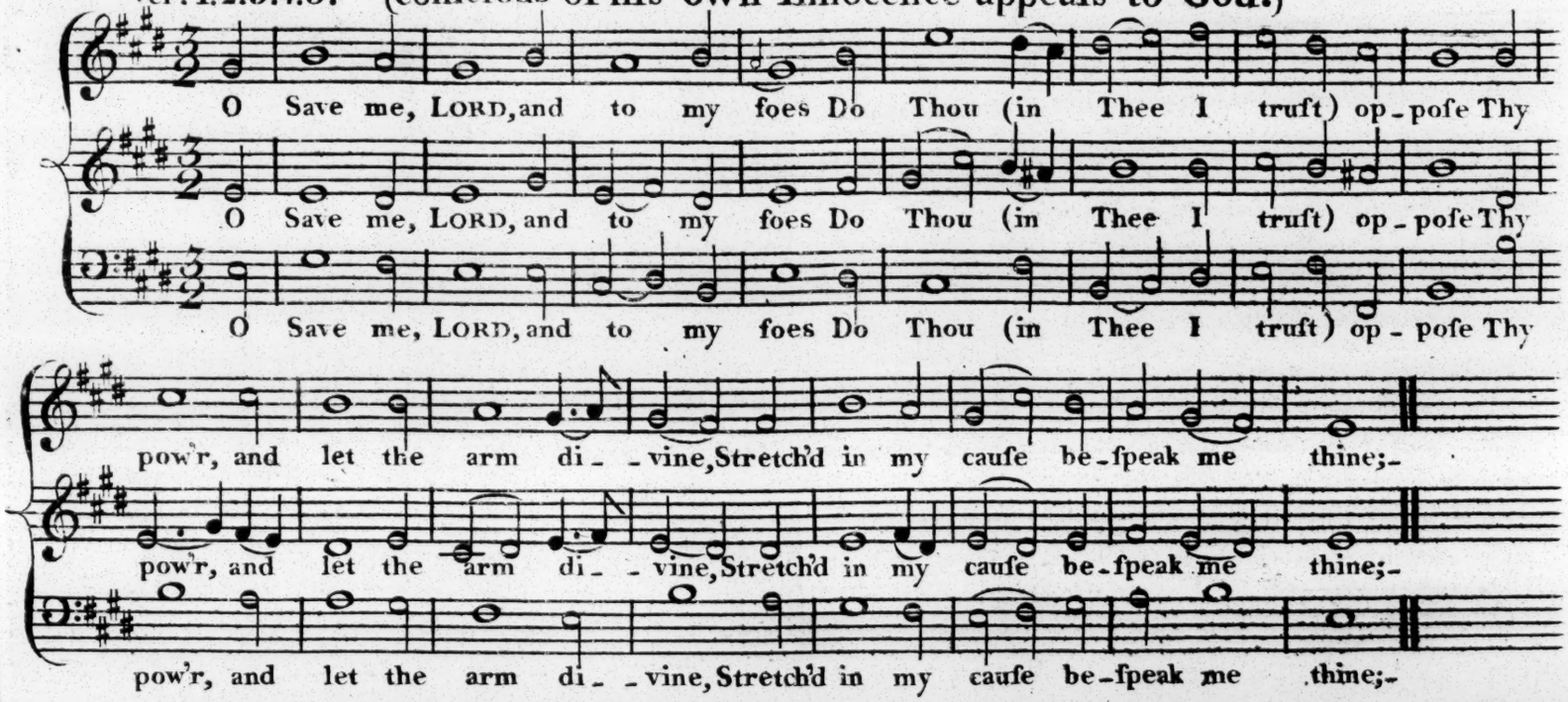

A little flower
Solo
maze in wild a-maze they backward fly. My Saviour hears
Solo
In wild a-maze in wild a-maze a-maze they backward fly. My Saviour hears
Solo
In wild a-maze in wild a-maze they backward fly. My
My Saviour hears and deigns to save His servant from the greedy grave. My Saviour
My Saviour hears and deigns to save His servant from the greedy grave. My Saviour
Saviour hears My Saviour hears and deigns to save His servant from the greedy grave. My Saviour
Slower
hears my Saviour hears, and deigns to save to save His ser- - vant from the gree-dy grave.
hears my Saviour hears, and deigns to save His servant from the gree-dy grave.
hears my Saviour hears, and deigns to save to save His servant from the gree- -dy grave.

PSALM 7.

Ver: 1.2.3.4.5.

The Pſalmiſt prays for Protection and conſcious of his own Innocence appeals to God.

Dr. Philip Hayes



2

Leſt, while I mourn thy abſent aid,
The Lion fierce my ſoul invade,
Pleas'd, with my blood his thirſt allay,
And rend the unreſiſting prey.

3

My GOD, if truth their cenſure guide,
If guilt be in my facts deſcried,
If e'er from my diſsembling heart
My Friend has found the hoſtile part,

4

If, gracious LORD, with ſtubborn mind
To wrathful violence inclin'd,
Impell'd by wrongs, I taught my Foe
The terrors of my hand to know,

5

That Foe's worſt vengeance let me meet,
Till, trampled underneath his feet,
Low in the duſt my life be laid
And Earth's dark womb my glory ſhade.

PSALM 7.

Ver: 6. 7. 8. 9.

{A Declaration of Gods Justice and Knowledge of Mens Hearts.}

D.r Parsons

Soft

Rise mightiest Lord triumphant rise O'er each whose hand thy pow'r defies; O'er each, whose hand thy pow'r de-fies, O

Soft

Rise mightiest Lord triumphant rise O'er each whose hand thy pow'r defies; O'er each, whose hand thy pow'r de-fies, O

Rise mightiest Lord triumphant rise O'er each whose hand thy pow'r defies; O'er each, whose hand thy pow'r de-fies,

let thy wrath chastise my Foes, Hear, and relieve thy Servant's woes. O let thy wrath chastise my Foes, Hear and re-

let thy wrath chastise my Foes, Hear, and relieve thy Servant's woes. O let thy wrath chastise my Foes, Hear and re-

Hear, and relieve thy Servant's woes. Hear and re-

lieve thy Servant's woes.

lieve thy Servant's woes.

lieve thy Servant's woes.

7

Judgement is thine: In awful state,
While circling crouds the doom await,
Ascend thy throne, great GOD, again,
And justify thy ways to Men.

8

O Thou, on whom our fates depend,
My cause, my guiltless cause defend;
Awake, thy aiding strength excite,
Awake, and vindicate my right.

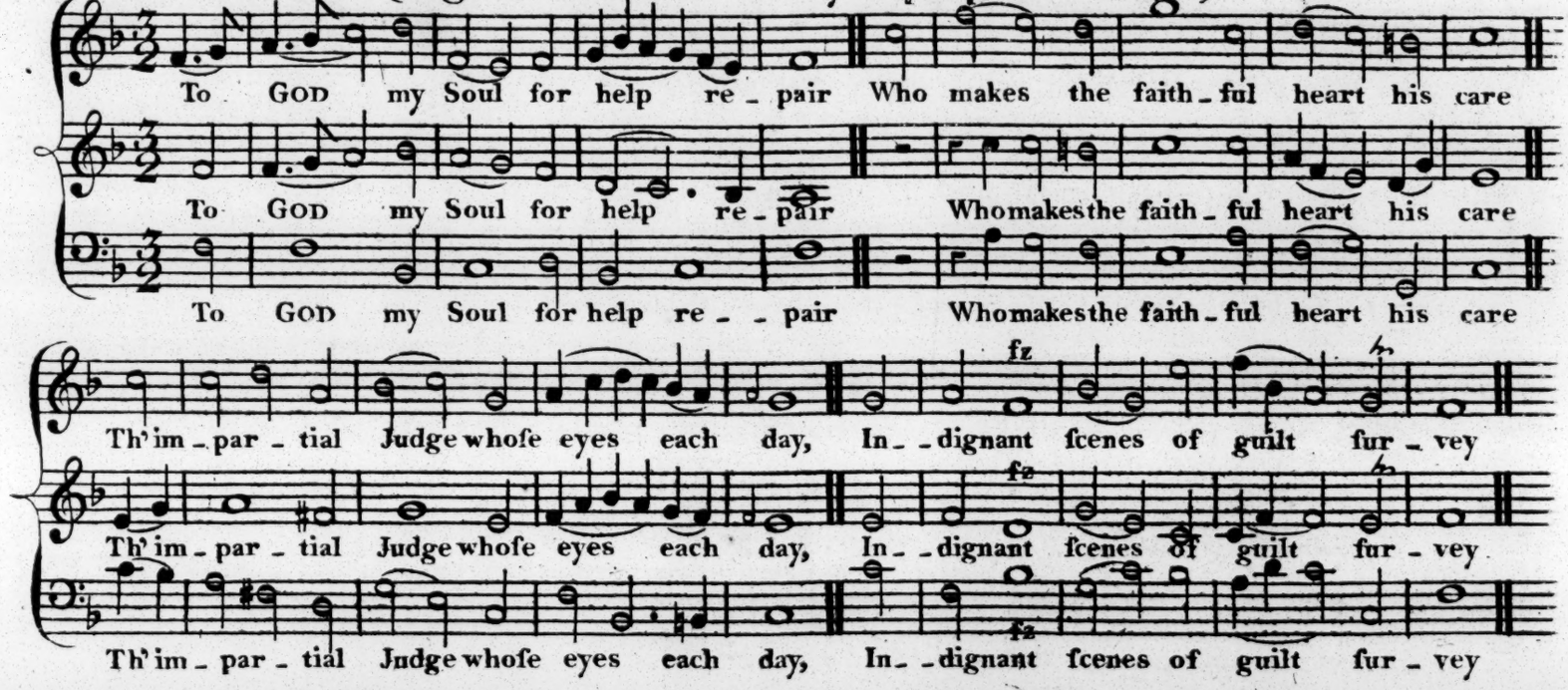
9

Sin's baneful growth do Thou controul,
And guard from ill the upright soul;
For Thou, just LORD, with searching eye
The heart and inmost reins canst try.

PSALM 7.

{Sinners bring Misery on themselves. Gods}
Ver: 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. {Righteousneſs is worthy of perpetual Praiſe}

W. Shield.



11
If Man his Law refuſe to know,
He whets his ſword, he bends his bow,
He tips with fire the fatal dart,
Ordain'd to pierce th' Oppreſsor's heart.

12
With miſchief teem their breaſts, but woe
And fruſtrate hope attend the throe;
They dig, and with exacteſt care
A pit, but for themſelves, prepare.

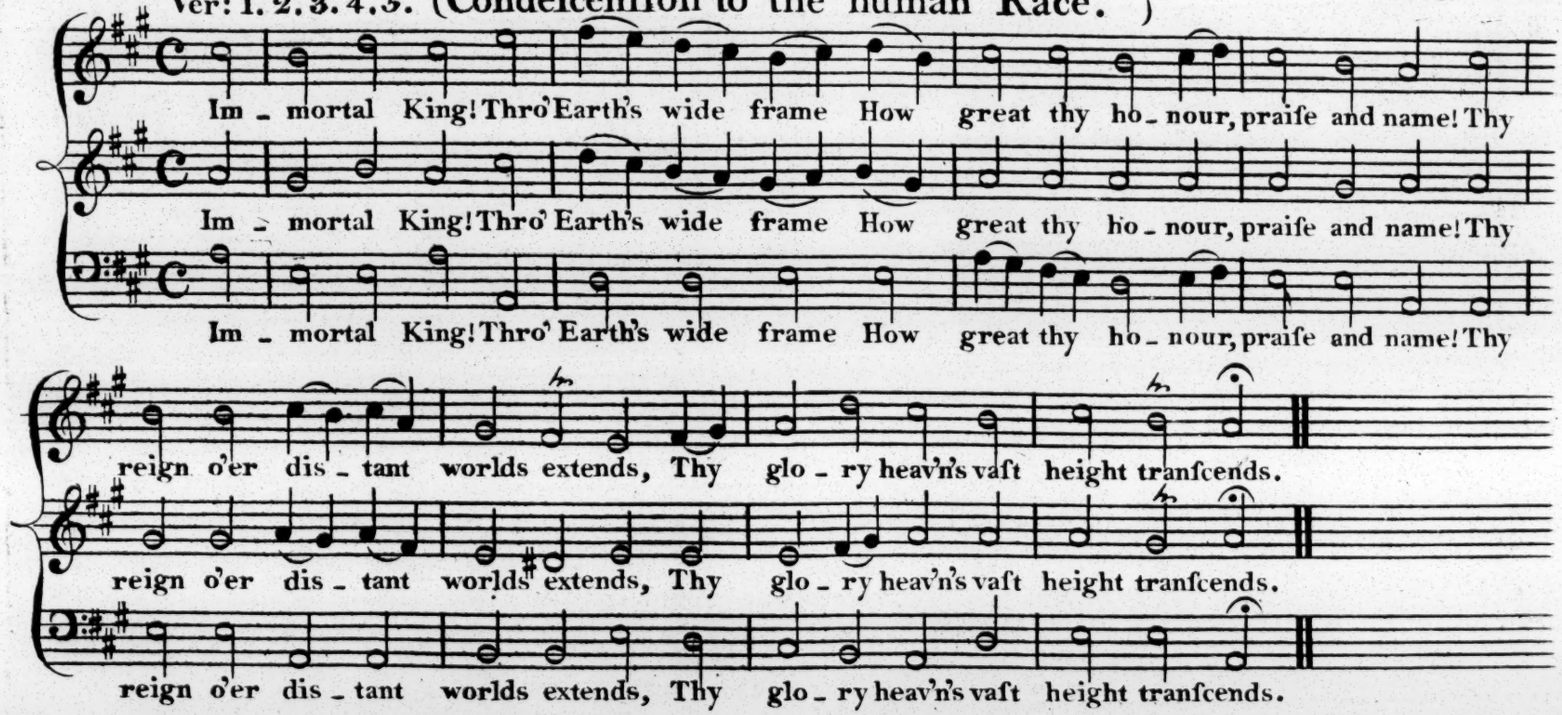
13
They toil, and each, condemn'd to gain
The luckleſs harveſt of his pain,
Ills for a brother's head deſign'd
Retorted on his own ſhall find.

14
Thy juſtice, Lord, ſhall on my breaſt
In ſure remembrance ſtand impreſs'd,
With grateful joy my heart inſpire,
And wake to ceaſeleſs praiſe my lyre.

PSALM 8 — Admiration of Gods Works and his Condeſcenſion to the human Race.

Ver: 1. 2. 3. 4. 5.

S Webbe



2

From infants Thou canſt ſtrength upraiſe,
And form their liſping tongues to praiſe,
That, ſtruck with awe, each wrathful band
In mute aſtoniſhment may ſtand.

3

When, rapt in thought, with wakeful eye
I view the wonders of the ſky,
Whoſe frame thy fingers o'er our head
In rich magnificence have ſpread,–

4

The ſilent Moon, with waxing horn
Along th' ethereal region borne,
The Stars, with vivid luſtre crown'd,
That nightly walk their deſtin'd round,–

5

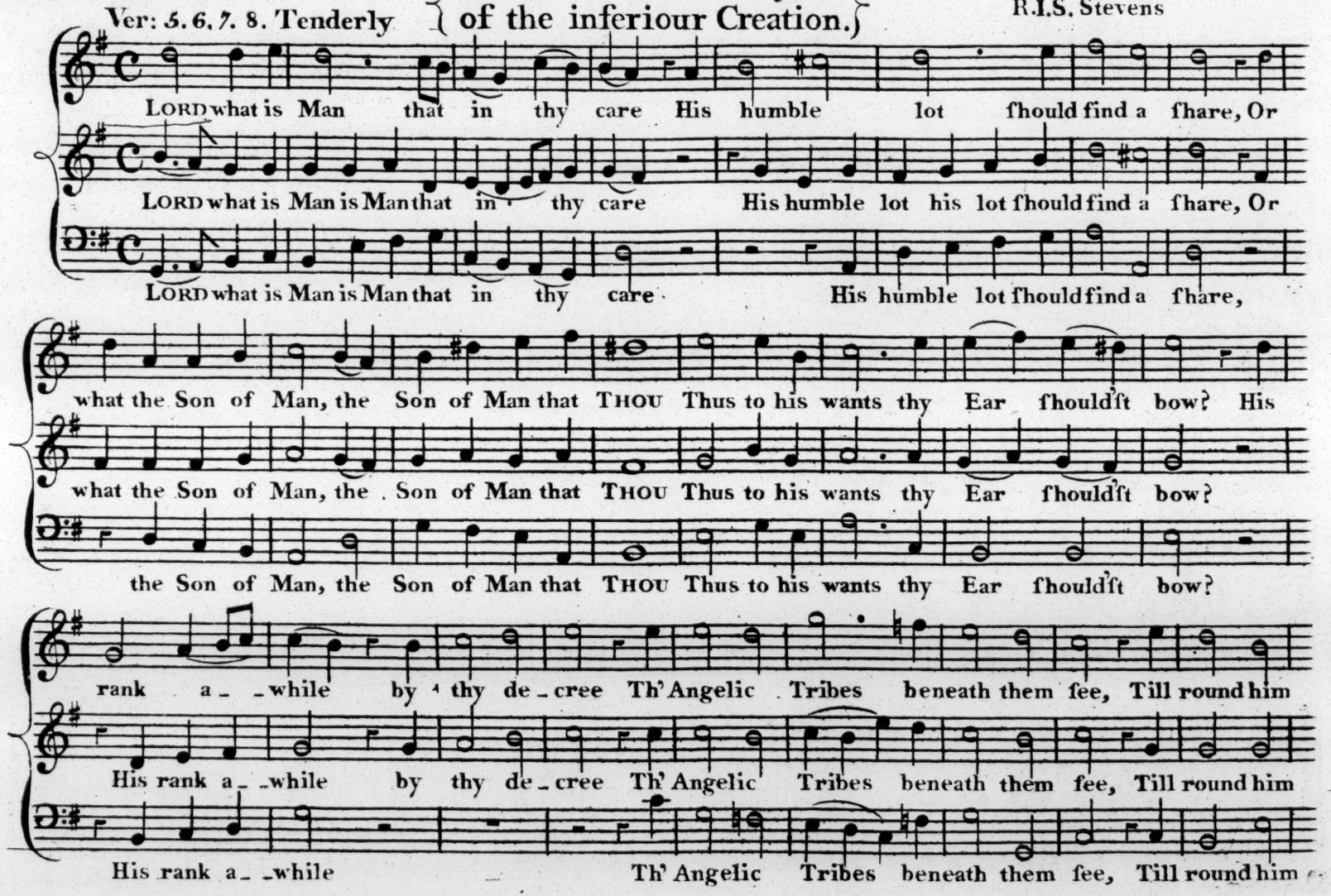
LORD! What is Man, that in thy care
His humble lot ſhould find a ſhare,
Or what the Son of Man, that THOU
Thus to his wants thy ear ſhouldſt bow?

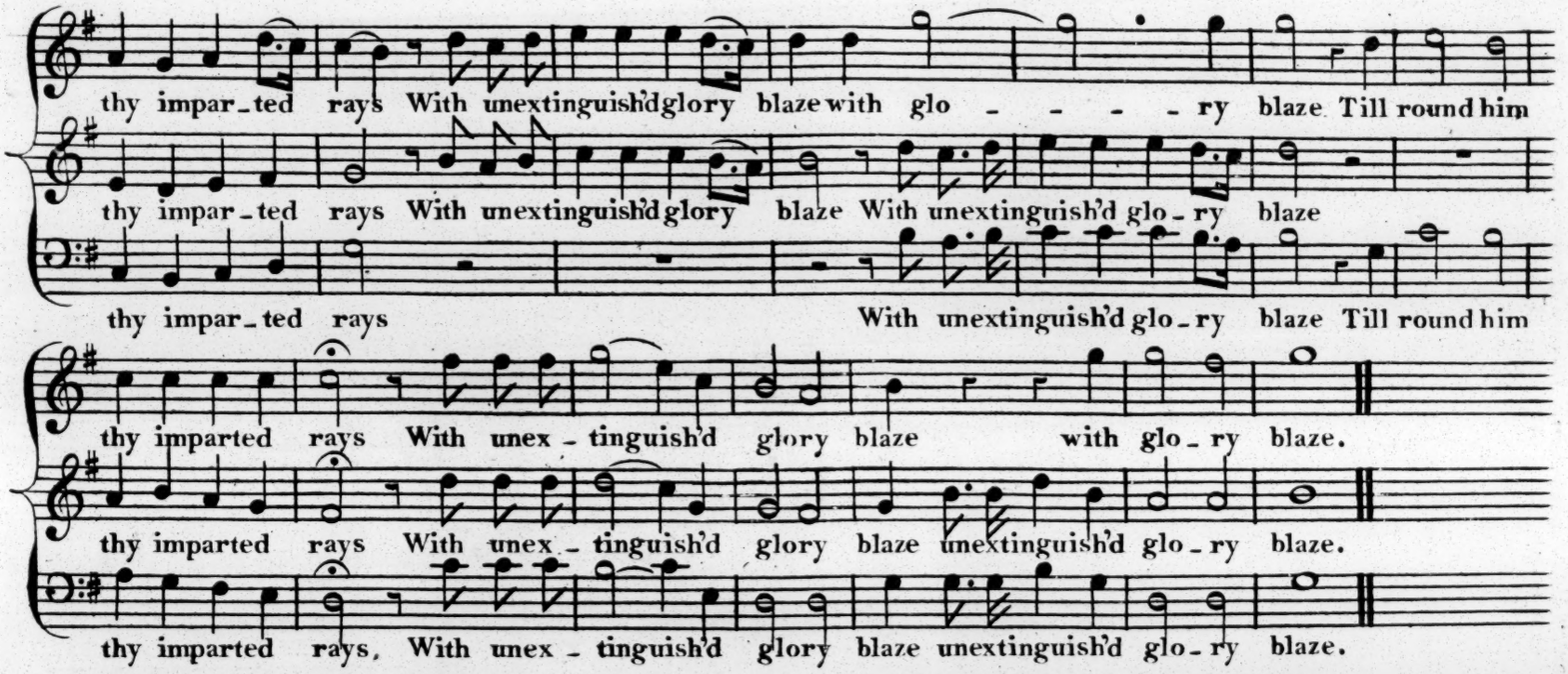
PSALM 8.

Ver: 5. 6. 7. 8. Tenderly

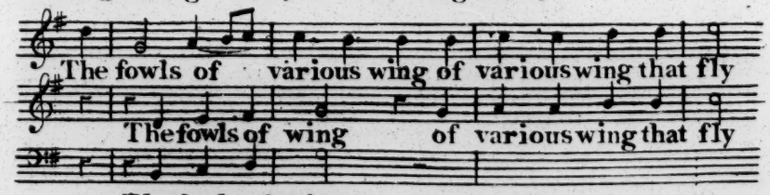
{Man is the chief Object of the inferiour Creation.}

R.I.S. Stevens



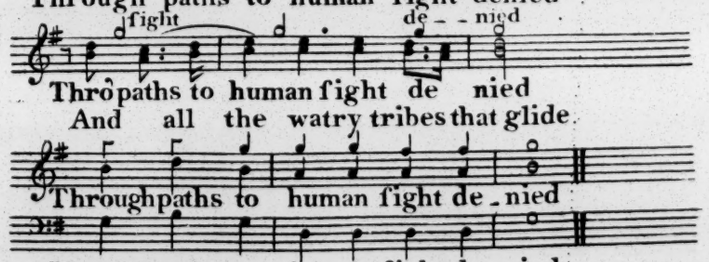


Subjected to his feet by Thee,
To him all Nature bows the knee,
The beasts in him their Lord in him their Lord behold,
The grazing herd, the bleating fold;



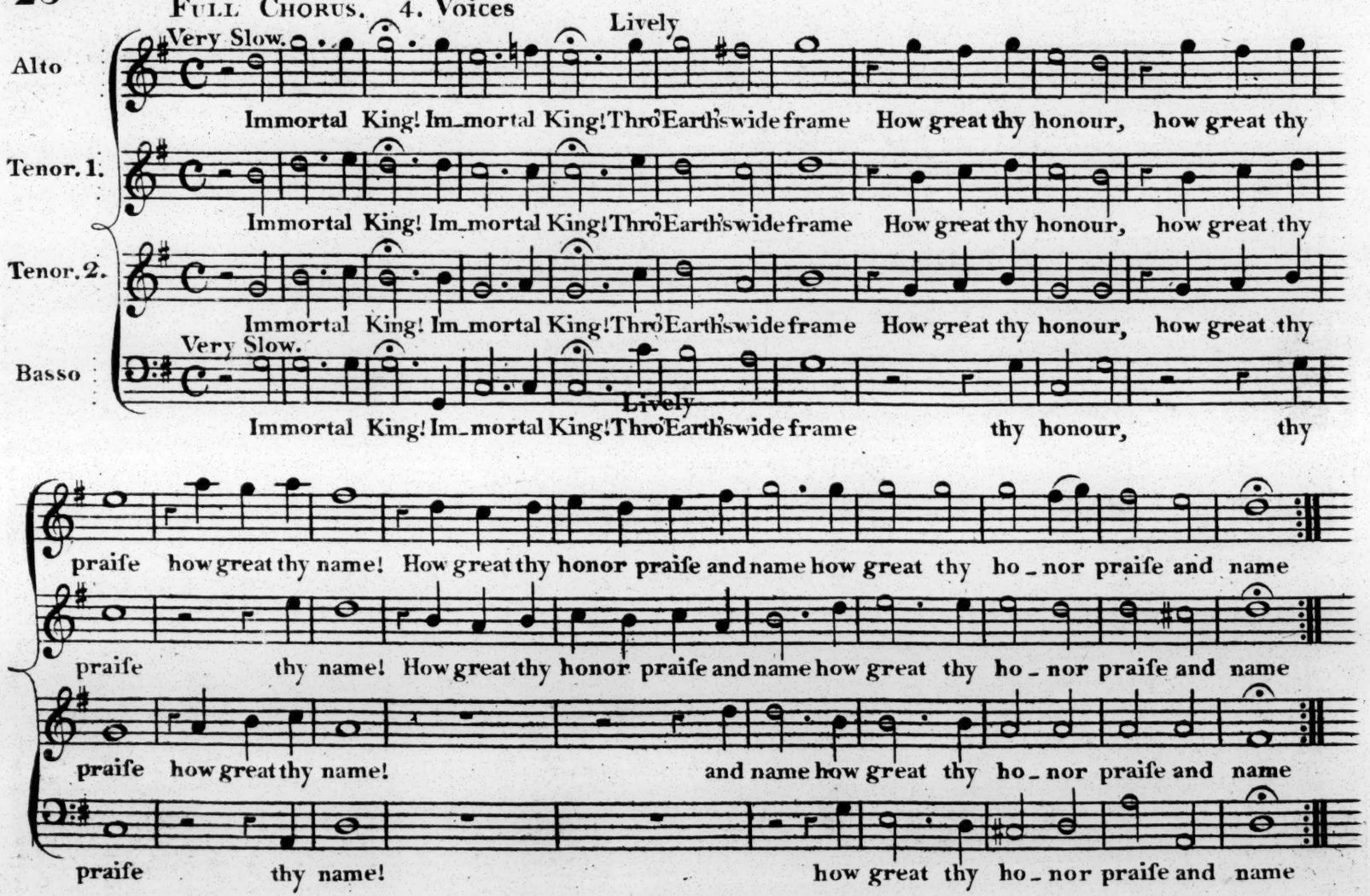
O'er the vast desert of the sky,

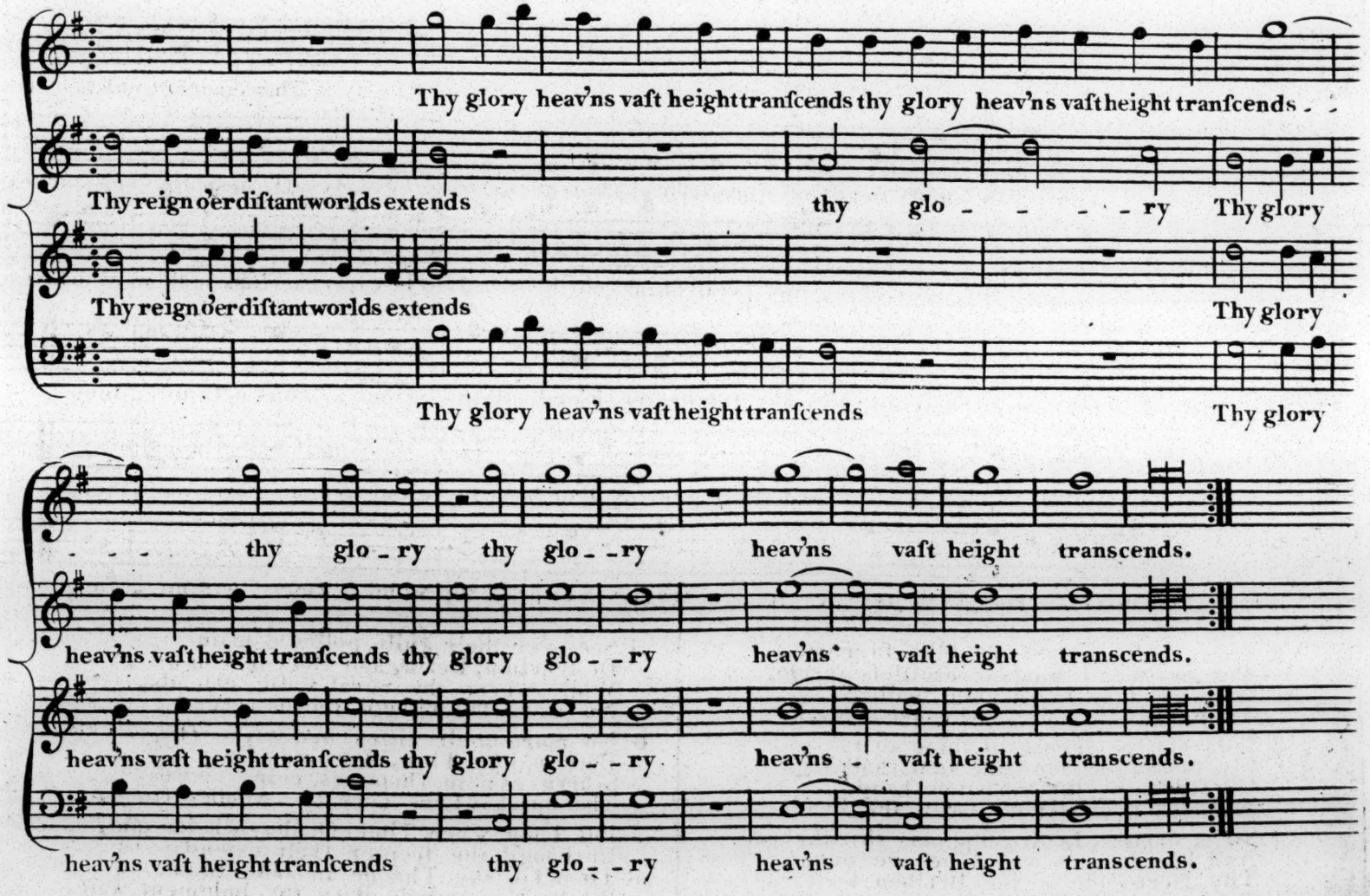
And all the watry tribes that glide
Through paths to human sight denied



turn over

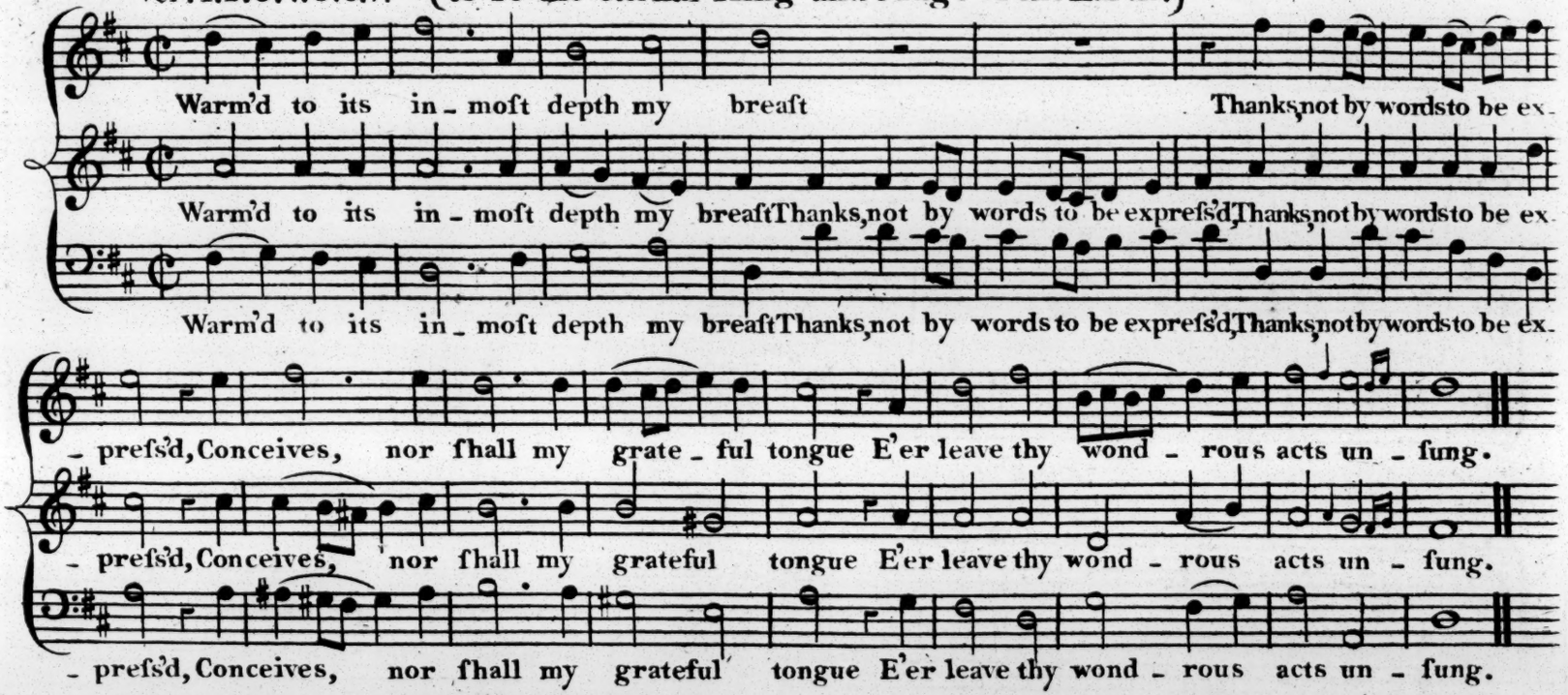
FULL CHORUS. 4. Voices




Thy glory heav'ns vaſt height tranſcends thy glory heav'ns vaſt height tranſcends - -
Thy reign o'er diſtant worlds extends
thy glo - - - - ry Thy glory
Thy reign o'er diſtant worlds extends
Thy glory
Thy glory heav'ns vaſt height tranſcends
Thy glory
- - - thy glo - ry thy glo - - ry heav'ns vaſt height transcends.
heav'ns vaſt height tranſcends thy glory glo - - ry heav'ns vaſt height transcends.
heav'ns vaſt height tranſcends thy glory glo - - ry heav'ns - vaſt height transcends.
heav'ns vaſt height tranſcends thy glo - - ry heav'ns vaſt height transcends.

30 PSALM 9. {God is praised for his Goodneſs and declared to be the eternal King and Judge of the Earth.}
Ver: 1.2.3.4.5.6.7.

D.r Dupuis



2 Thee, LORD, I boaſt my bliſs ſupreme,
Thy praiſe my ſong's exhauſtleſs theme;
O higher than the higheſt, hail!
Thou, Thou haſt bid my cauſe prevail.

3 Lo! from the terror of thine eye
My foes with ſtumbling ſtep ſhall fly
Or, ſtruck by thy resistleſs hand,
In heaps promiscuous ſtrew the Land.

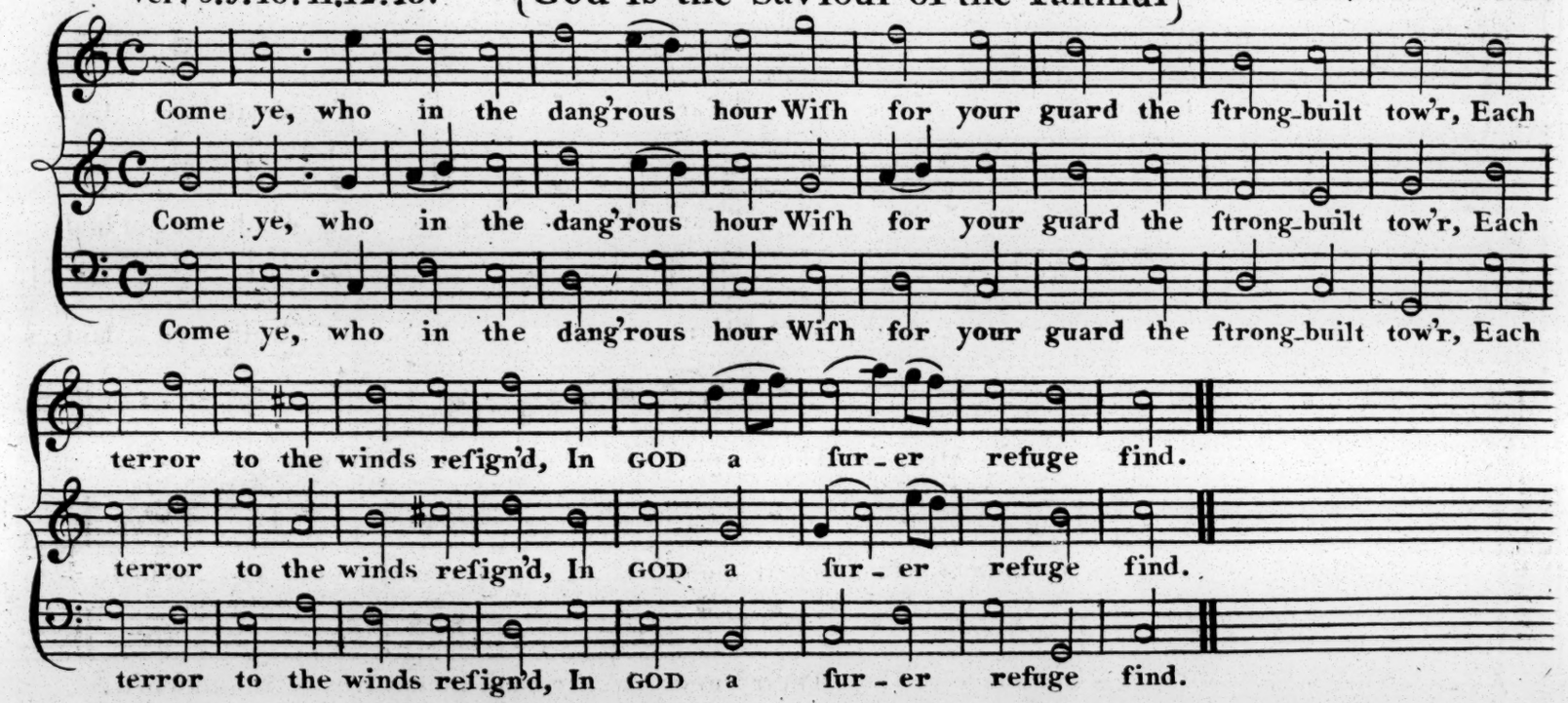
4 Strict Juſtice, LORD, ſupports thy throne,
And her decrees and thine are one;
Thy ſtern rebuke the Heathen feel,
Their name Oblivion's ſhades conceal.

5 See, o'er their guilt polluted plain
Deſtruction, Death, and Horror reign;
While, where the rural waſte extends,
No more the village ſmoke aſcends:

6 No more their cities brave the ſky,
But (ras'd by Thee,) forgotten lie,
Scarce ev'n in ſhapeleſs ruins view'd,
That mark where once the Wonder ſtood.

7 But Thou, when Time ſhall reach its end,
Unchang'd the ſcepter ſhalt extend;
Then fill thy Throne in awful State,
While Man's whole Race thy Judgment wait.

Ver: 8.9.10.11.12.13. {God is the Saviour of the Faithful} I.W. Callcott M.B.



9 The ſouls, that, erſt oppreſs'd with woe,
Have learn'd thy name, great GOD, to know
Their hope on Thee ſhall ſtill ſustain,
Whom none has ſought, and ſought in vain.

10 In Sion GOD has fix'd his reſt;
O be his praiſe aloud confeſt;
His acts through ev'ry clime reſound,
Far as to Earth's extremeſt bound.

11 He from the proud Oppreſsor's hands
The poor man's guiltless blood demands,
And (nor with unregarding ear,)
His juſt complaint from heav'n ſhall hear.

12 O Thou, whoſe care prolongs my breath
And lifts me from the gates of death,
Thy ſervant's woes attentive view,
While impious men my ſteps purſue:

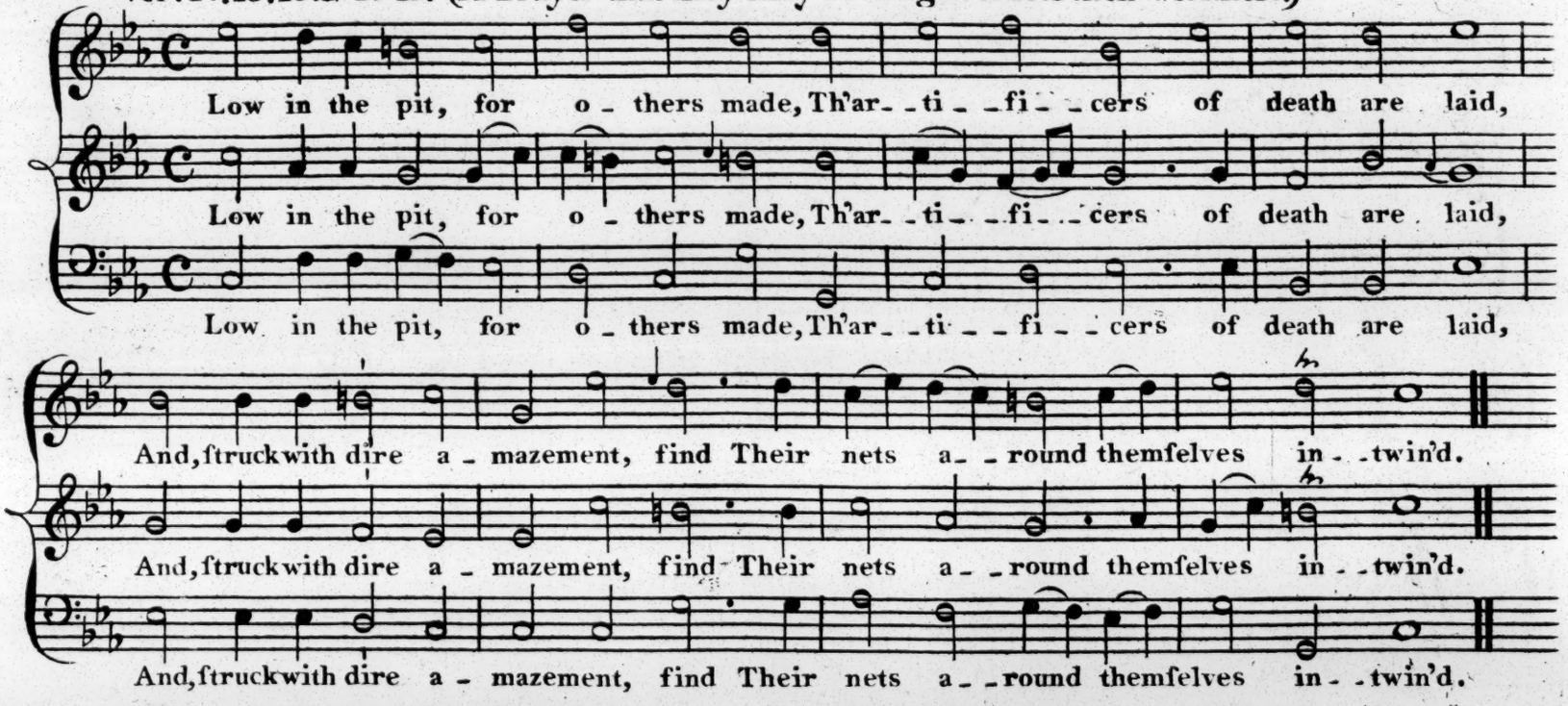
13 So ſhall thy praiſe employ my tongue,
And Sion's portals hear my ſong,
While with experienc'd heart I ſhow
What joys from thy Salvation flow.

PSALM 9.

{The wicked are the Cause of their own Calamities
A Prayer that they may be taught to feel their weakneſs.}

Ver: 14.15.16.17 18 19.

S. Webbe



15 His juſtice thus our GOD displays,
And mischief with itſelf repays
On those, who thus their Arts prepare
And for the guiltleſs plant the Snare.

16 Behold the grave its jaws extend,
While to its depths the crouds deſcend,
Who dare in lawleſs counſels join,
Forgetful of the will divine.

17 For think not, O ye Good diſtreſt,
That in the all-remembring breaſt
Your woes and wrongs unnotic'd riſe,
That Virtue's hope for ever dies.

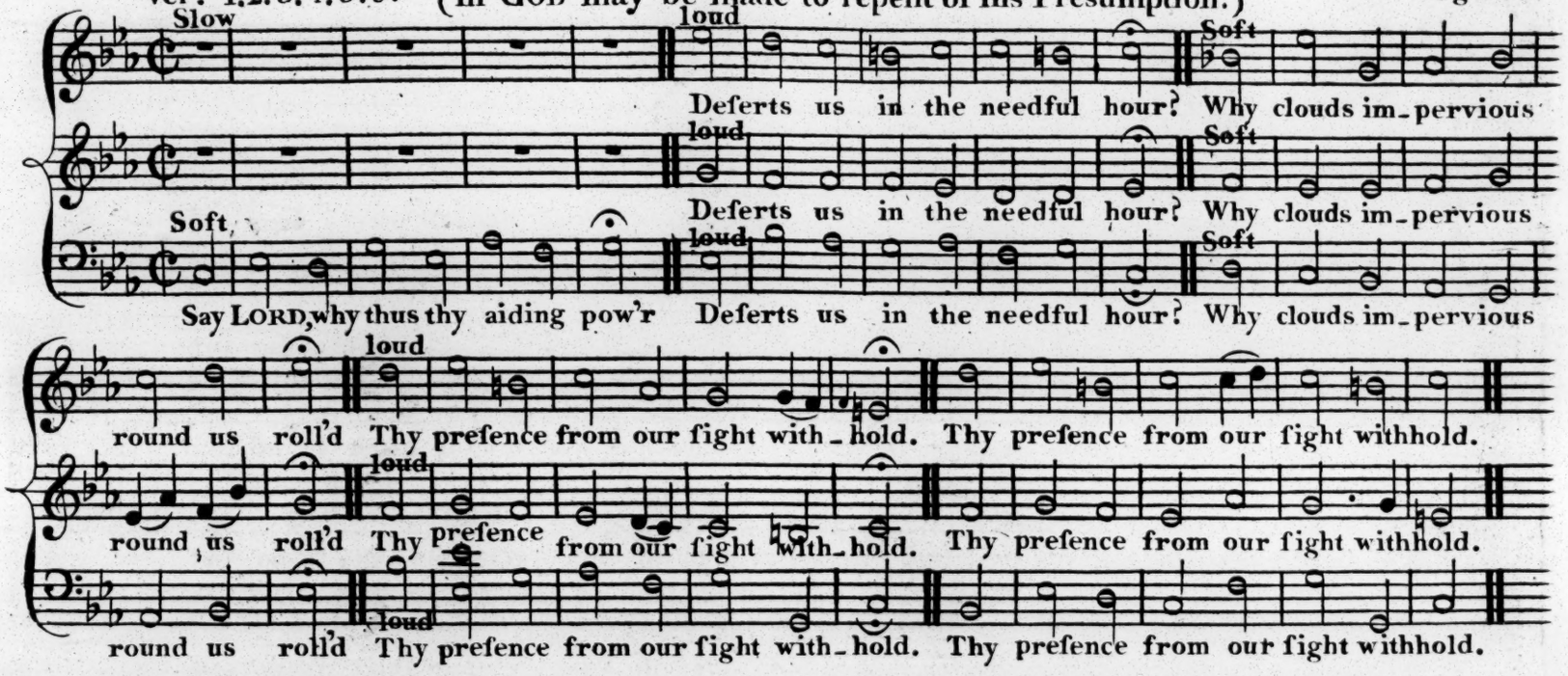
18 Up, LORD, nor let the impious ſoul
Build ſin on ſin without controul;
Thy balance, mightieſt Judge, aſsume,
Paſs on the heathen race their doom.

19 O let thy terrors, ſcatter'd wide,
Correct them, till each ſon of pride
By Thee convinc'd, his weakneſs ſcan,
And, humbled, own himſelf but Man.

PSALM 10

Ver: 1.2.3.4.5.6. {A Prayer that the wicked who does not believe in GOD may be made to repent of his Presumption.}

R.d Worgan



2 Shall impious men eſcape thy view
While thus the guiltleſs they purſue?
O let them, by themſelves chaſtis'd,
The ills ſuſtain for Him devis'd,–

3 No longer boaſt their mad deſires,
And acts which headlong rage inſpires,
Or joyous graſp their lawleſs gain,
And Thee, the ſoul's beſt wealth, disdain.

4 Proud Wretch! who ſhuns o'er Nature's face
The footſteps of thy care to trace,
And Thee, th' all potent Monarch, thee
Denies, who gav'ſt himſelf to be.

5 Behold, while, high above all height,
Thy Judgements, LORD, his diſtant ſight
Elude, this Miniſter of woe.
Blaſt with his breath each obvious foe:

6 "See, proof to each aſſault I ſtand:
"What pow'r ſhall e'er my fear demand?
"What ill, to life's remoteſt day,
"Obſtruct the tenour of my way?"

Not too Slow

PSALM 10.

Ver: 7.8.9.10.11.12.

{THE BASE DESIGNS OF AN IMPIOUS BOASTER.}

Rev.d Osborne Wight

The Sinner's Lips with cur_ _ses fraught, Words ill ac_ _cor_ _ding

The Sinner's Lips with cur_ _ses fraught, Words ill ac_ _cor_ _ding

The Sinner's Lips with cur_ _ses fraught, Words ill ac_ _cor_ _ding

to his thought Have ut_ter'd, and be_ _neath his tongue Lurk fraud, and vi_ _o_

to his thought Have ut_ter'd, and be_ _neath his tongue Lurk fraud, and vi_ _o_

to his thought Have ut_ter'd, and be_ _neath his tongue Lurk fraud, and vi_ _o_

Soft

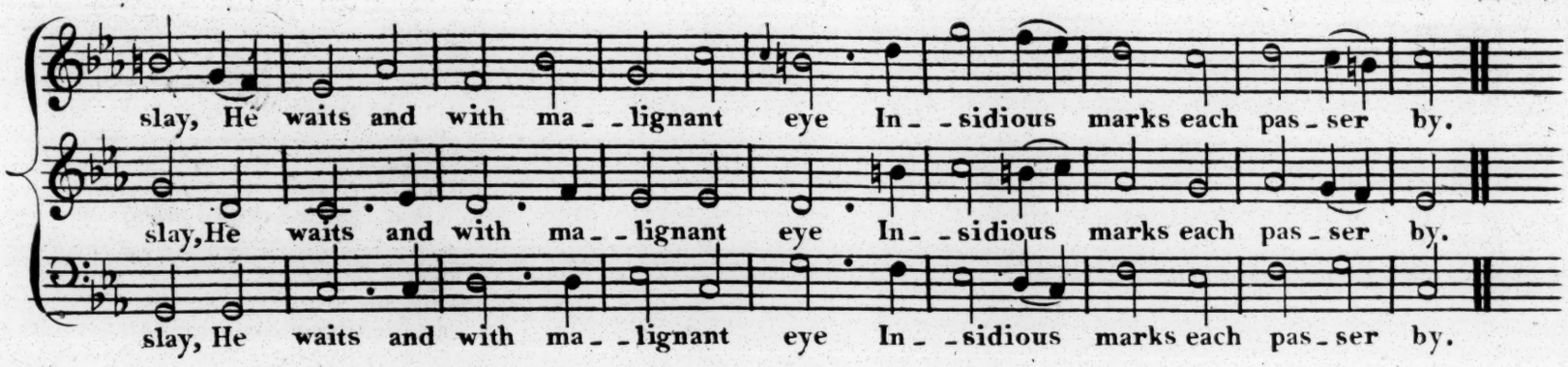
_lence and wrong. Be_side the so_li_ _ta_ _ry way, In_ _tent the helpleſs poor to

Soft

_lence and wrong. Be_side the so_li_ _ta_ _ry way, In_ _tent the helpleſs poor to

Soft

_lence and wrong. Be_side the so_li_ _ta_ _ry way, In_ _tent the helpleſs poor to



9

As, couch'd within his bushy lair,
The lion fierce with hideous glare
Around him casts his wide survey,
And meditates the future prey,

10

So longs the man of blood to seize
The Souls that own thy just decrees;
When planted with succeſsful care,
His nets their captive feet insnare.

11

What, LORD, his fury shall withstand,
Or save them from the murth'rous Band,
That, leagu'd in sin, aſsist his toil,
And share with him the guilty spoil?

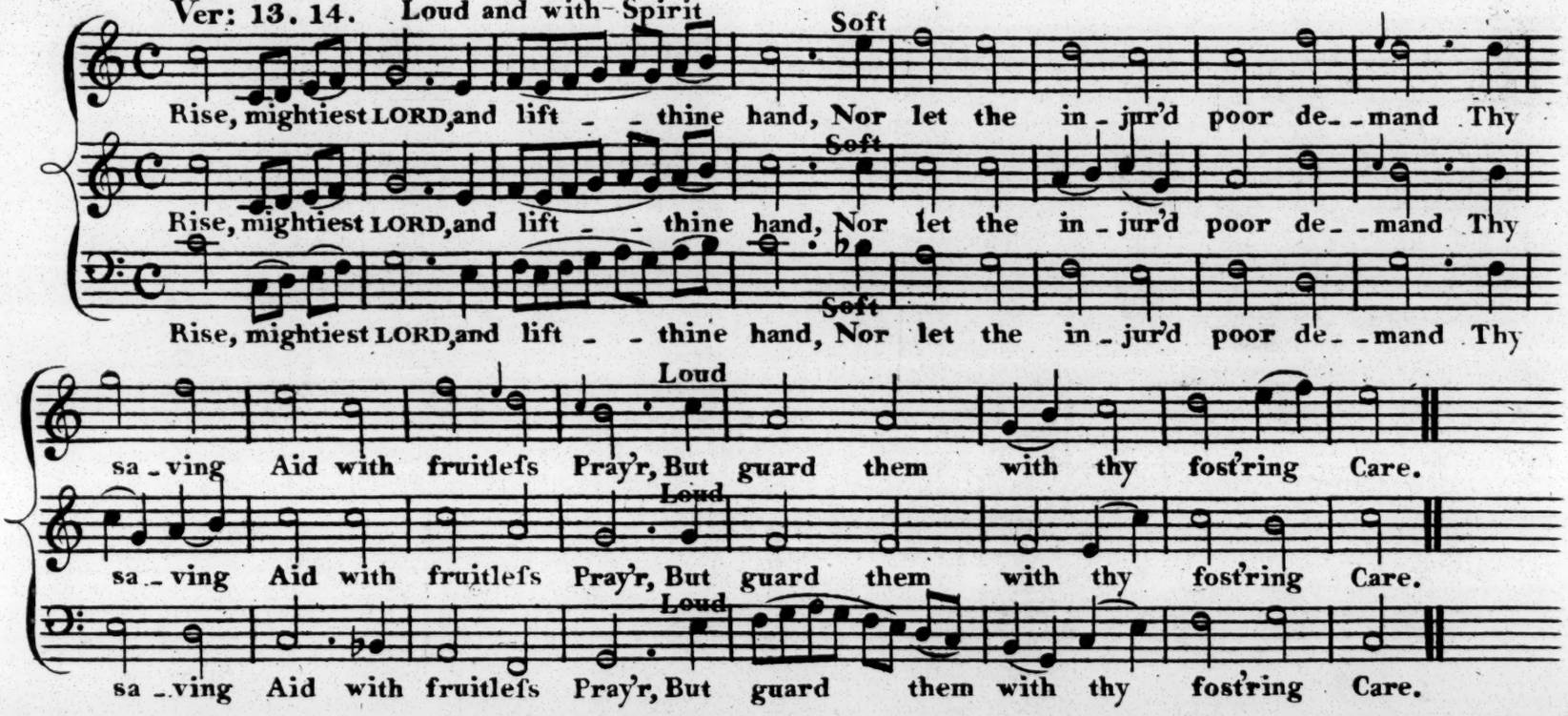
12

"Shall Heav'n's high LORD," he cries, "descend
"The human actions to attend?
"The paths, by Me at will pursu'd,
"His mem'ry and his thought elude."

turn over

PSALM 10. Continued

Ver: 13. 14. Loud and with Spirit



14

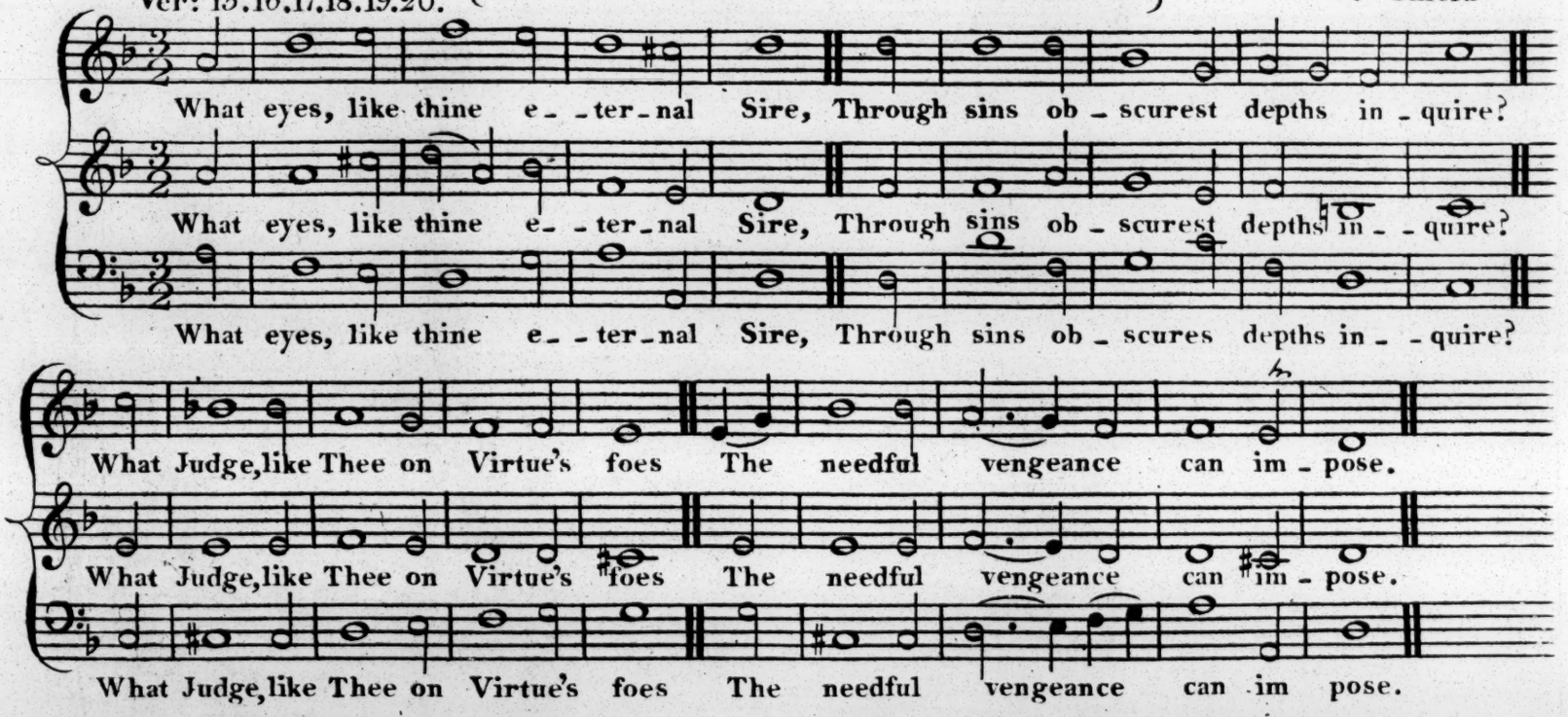
Why should the souls, who Thee defy,
With impious Tongue reproachful cry,
"'Tis not within th'Almighty's plan,
" To scrutinize the acts of Man?"

PSALM. 10.

Ver: 15.16.17.18.19.20.

{An Interceſsion for the Afflicted}

Wm. Shield



16 The meek obſerver of thy Laws
To Thee commits his injured cauſe;
In Thee, each anxious fear resign'd,
The fatherleſs a Father find.

17 O break the arm of impious might;
So ſhall their threats no more excite
Our dread, nor thy offended eye
The triumphs of their guilt deſcry.

18 Thine is the throne: Beneath thy reign
Immortal King! the tribes profane
Behold their dreams of conqueſt o'er,
And vanish to be ſeen no more.

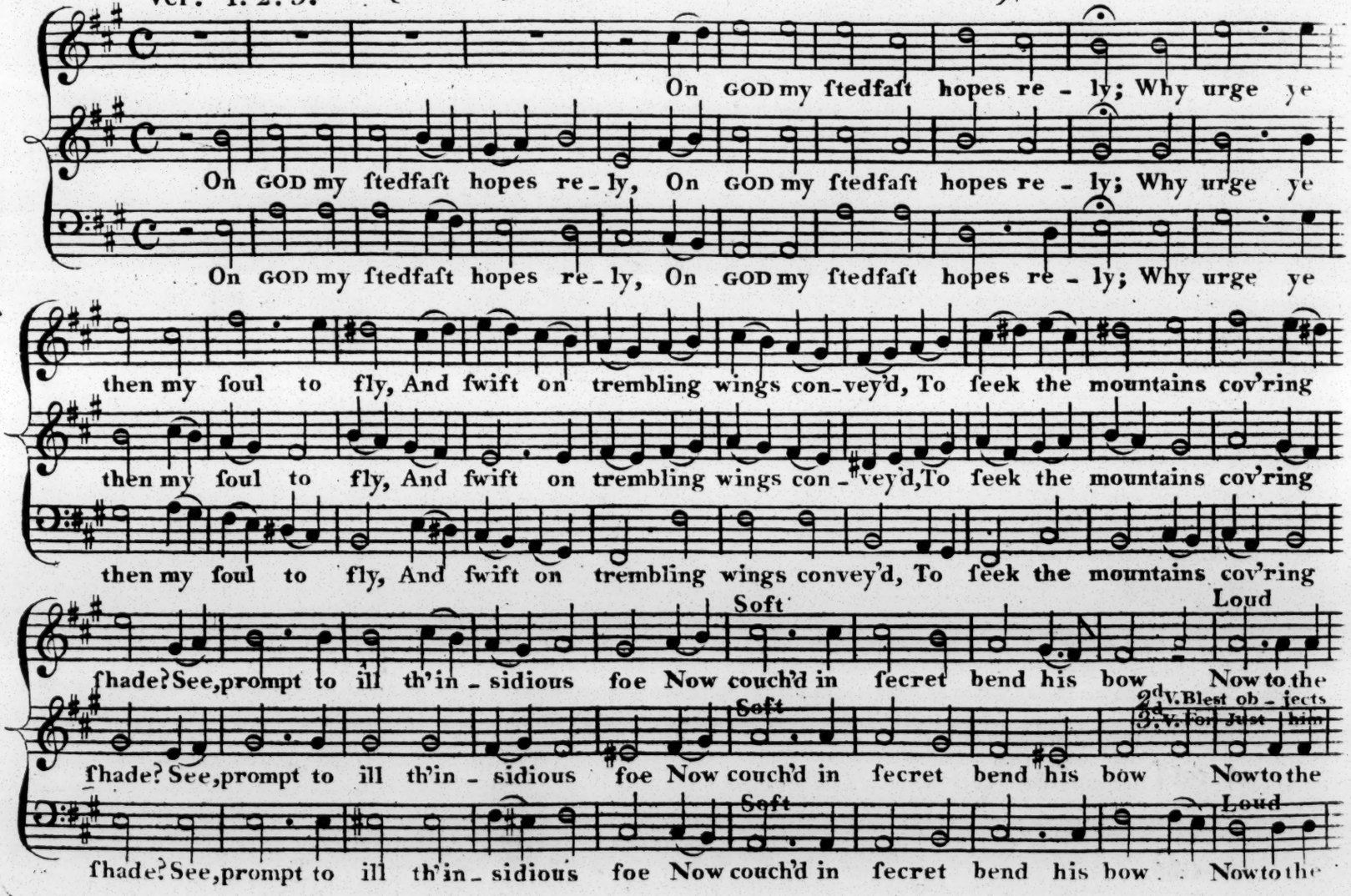
19 Thou, LORD, thy People's wiſh canſt read,
Ere from their lips the pray'r proceed;
'Tis thine their drooping hearts to rear,
And when they call incline thine ear.

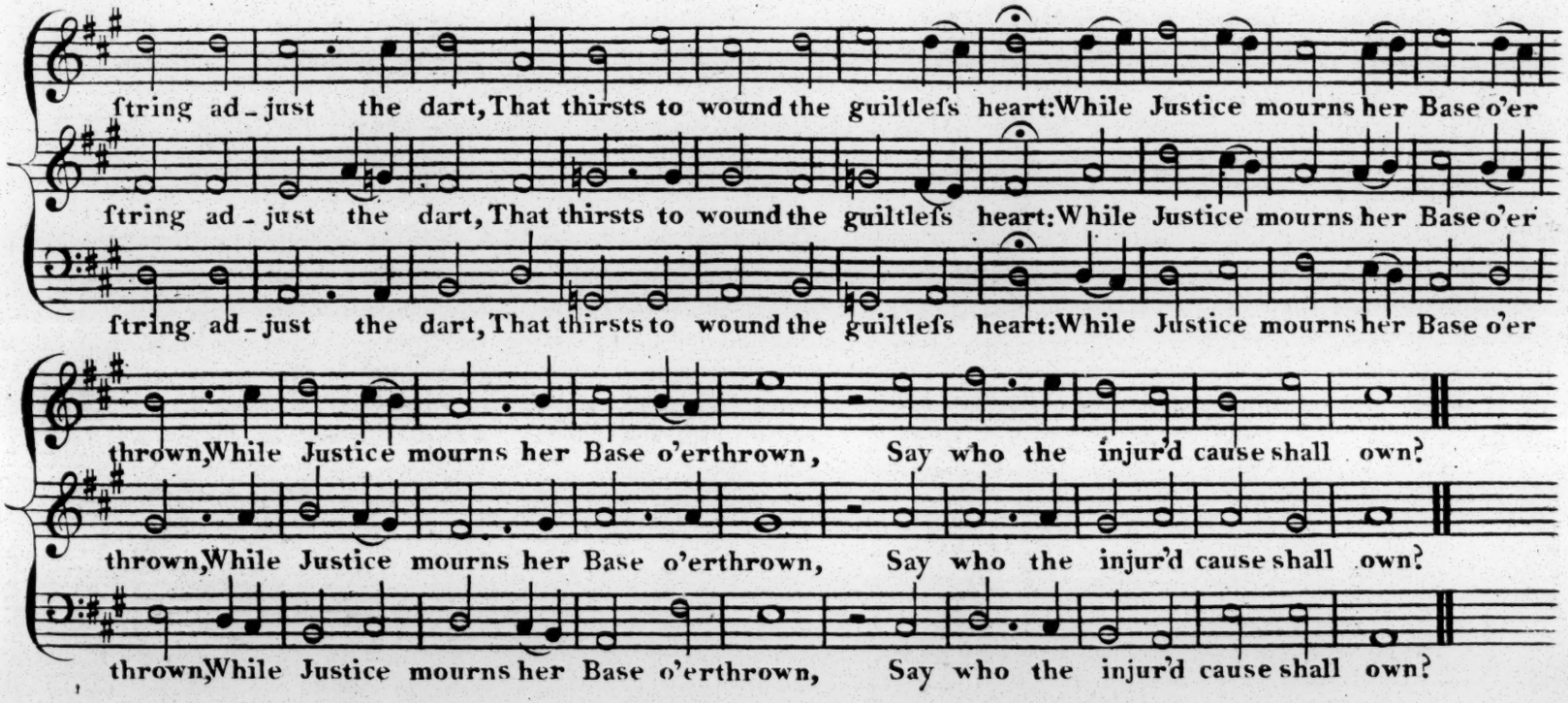
20 'Tis thine the Orphan's cheek to dry,
The guiltleſs Suffrer's cauſe to try,
To rein each earthborn Tyrant's will,
And bid the Sons of Pride be ſtill.

PSALM 11.
Ver: 1. 2. 3.

{GOD protects the faithful and Just}

D.r Cooke





2

Thou, LORD, that cause wilt ſtill ſuſtain;
Thou, thron'd amid thy heav'nly fane,
Shalt caſt, regardful, from on high
On ſuff'ring innocence thine eye,
Each human heart intent to prove,
And bid the ſouls, that ſeek thy Love,
Bleſt objects of thy conſtant care;
The fulneſs of thy bounty ſhare,
While lawleſs hands and hearts impure
Thy wrath and ſtedfaſt hate endure.

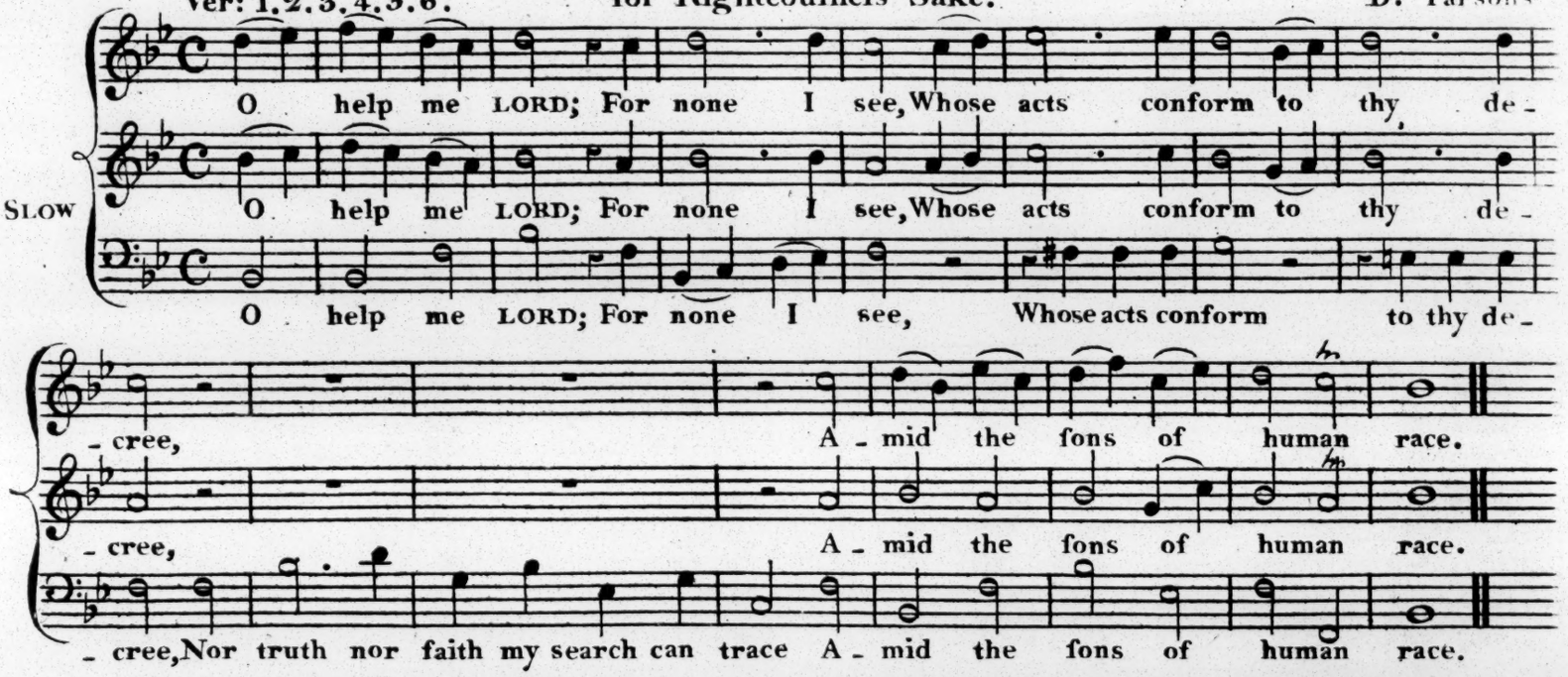
3

Behold the lightnings wing their way,
Behold the fires vindictive ſtray;
While from thy hand the baleful draught,
With ſtorm and mingled ſulphur fraught,
In wild amaze the impious Train
Low to its utmoſt dregs ſhall drain;
For (juſt himſelf,) where'er it ſhines
To Juſtice GOD his Love inclines,
Delighted in the upright mind
His own reflected beams to find.

40 **PSALM 12.** GOD will afsist such as are persecuted for Righteouſneſs Sake. D.r Parsons

Ver: 1.2.3.4.5.6.

SLOW



2 New plans of fraud each Mind has known,
And ſpeaks a language not its own;
Their Lips have learn'd with ſpecious Art
To veil the Purpoſe of the Heart.

3 But GOD, with vengeance arm'd, ſhall riſe
The tongue of Flatt'ry to chaſtiſe,
And Juſtice to the lip of Pride
Its ſtroke with aim unerring guide.

4 What force, exclaims the impious Band,
Shall eloquence like ours withſtand?
And ſay, to whom the taſk belongs
To fix the bridle on our tongues?

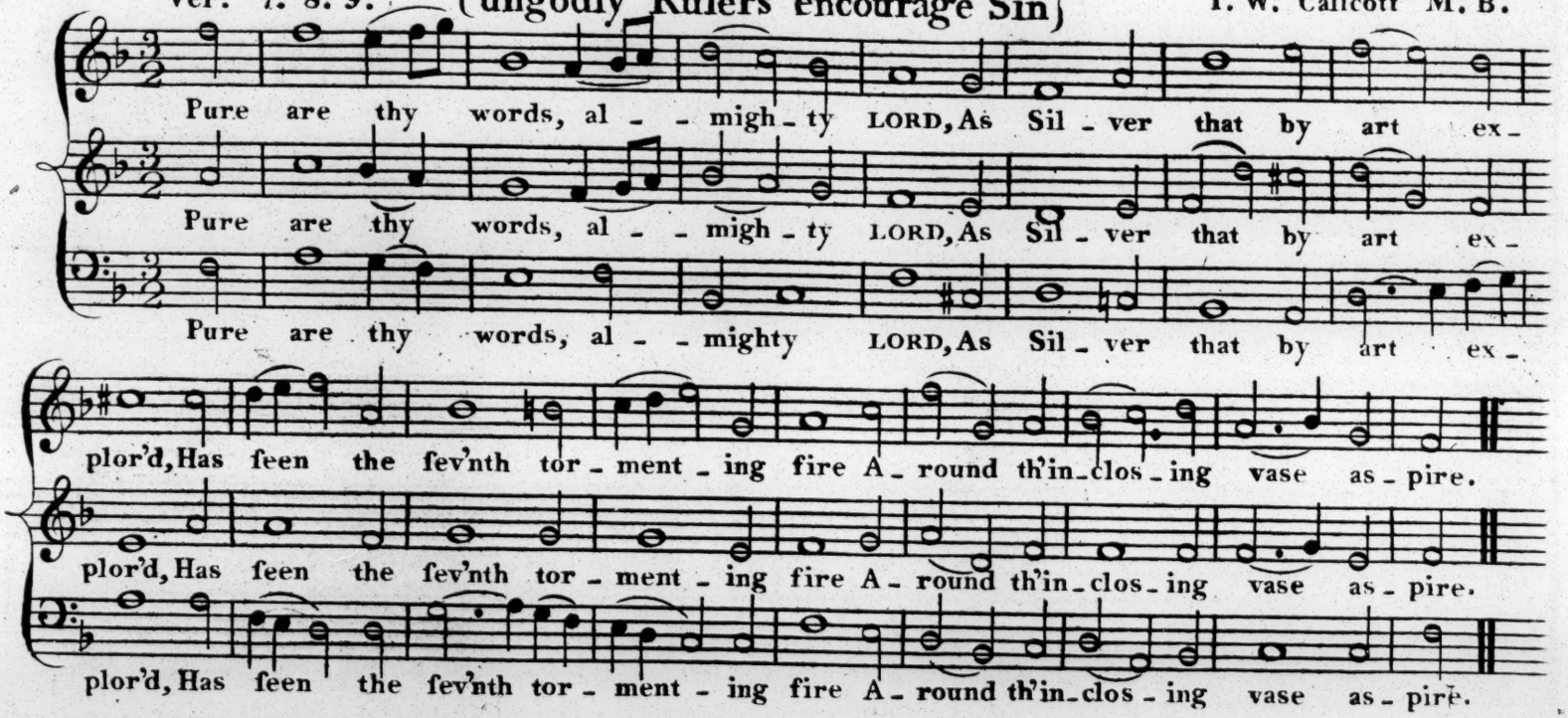
5 "Enough" (th' eternal Sire has cried)
"Enough my ſuff'ring Saints have ſigh'd,
"To me diſcloſ'd their ceaſeleſs fear,
"And pour'd their ſorrows in mine ear.

6 "My hand ſhall ſee their wrongs redreſt,
"And ſooth to peace their troubled breaſt,
"Its ſaving Aid around them throw,
"And guard them from th' inſulting Foe."

PSALM 12. {GODS Promises never fail: / ungodly Rulers encourage Sin}

Ver: 7. 8. 9.

I. W. Callcott M. B.



8.

Thy Love thy Servants, LORD, ſhall ſhare,
And, ſafe in thy protecting care,
Behold, unmov'd, an impious age
Aim at their life its fruitleſs rage.

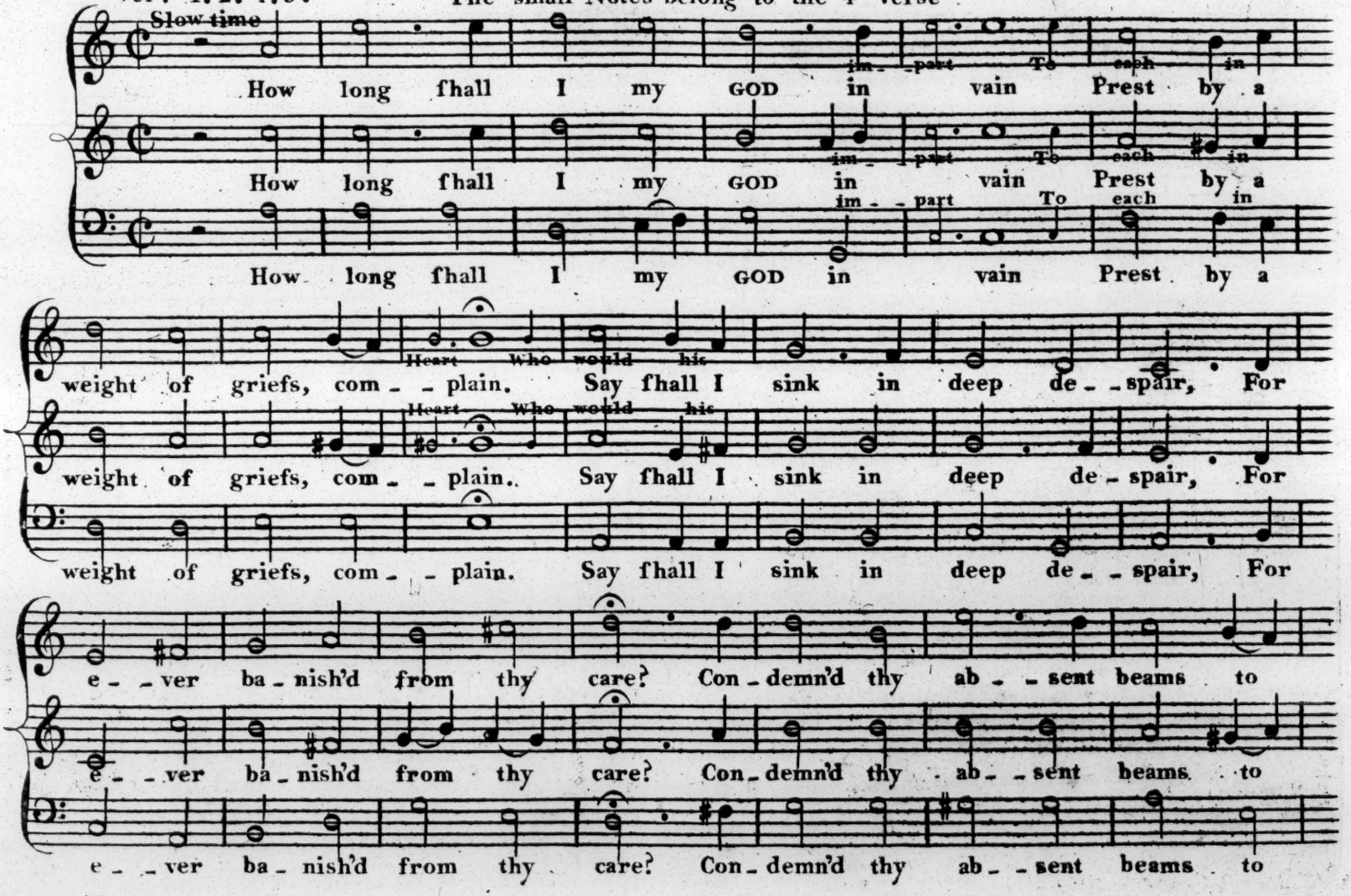
9

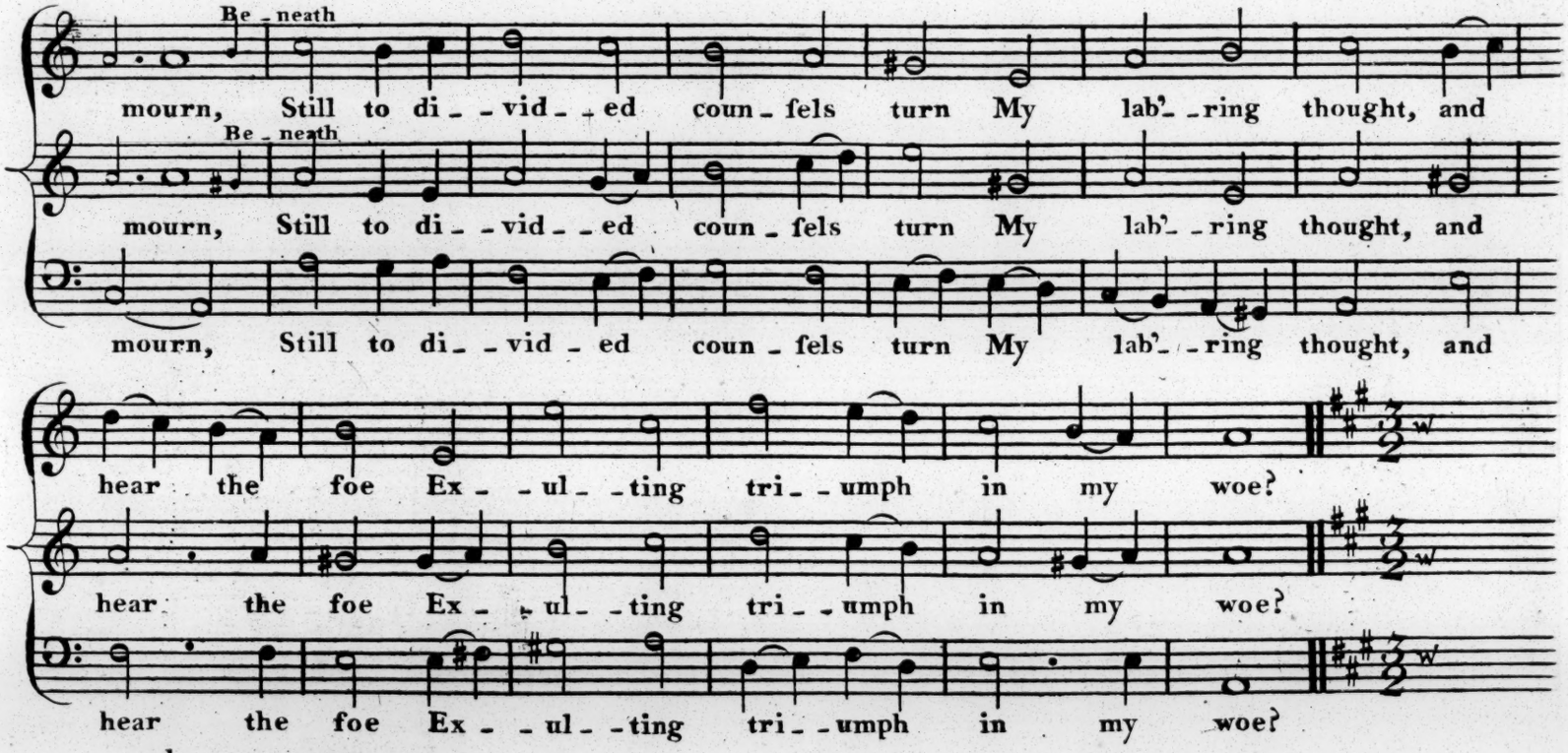
When Men, by ev'ry Crime debas'd,
In Seats of ſov'reign Rule are plac'd
Then wrong and fraud the Earth o'erſpread,
And vice triumphant lifts the head.

42 PSALM 13. {Confidence and hope in GOD.}

Ver: 1. 2. 4. 5. The small Notes belong to the 4th Verse

D.r Cooke





3d. Verse turn over

4

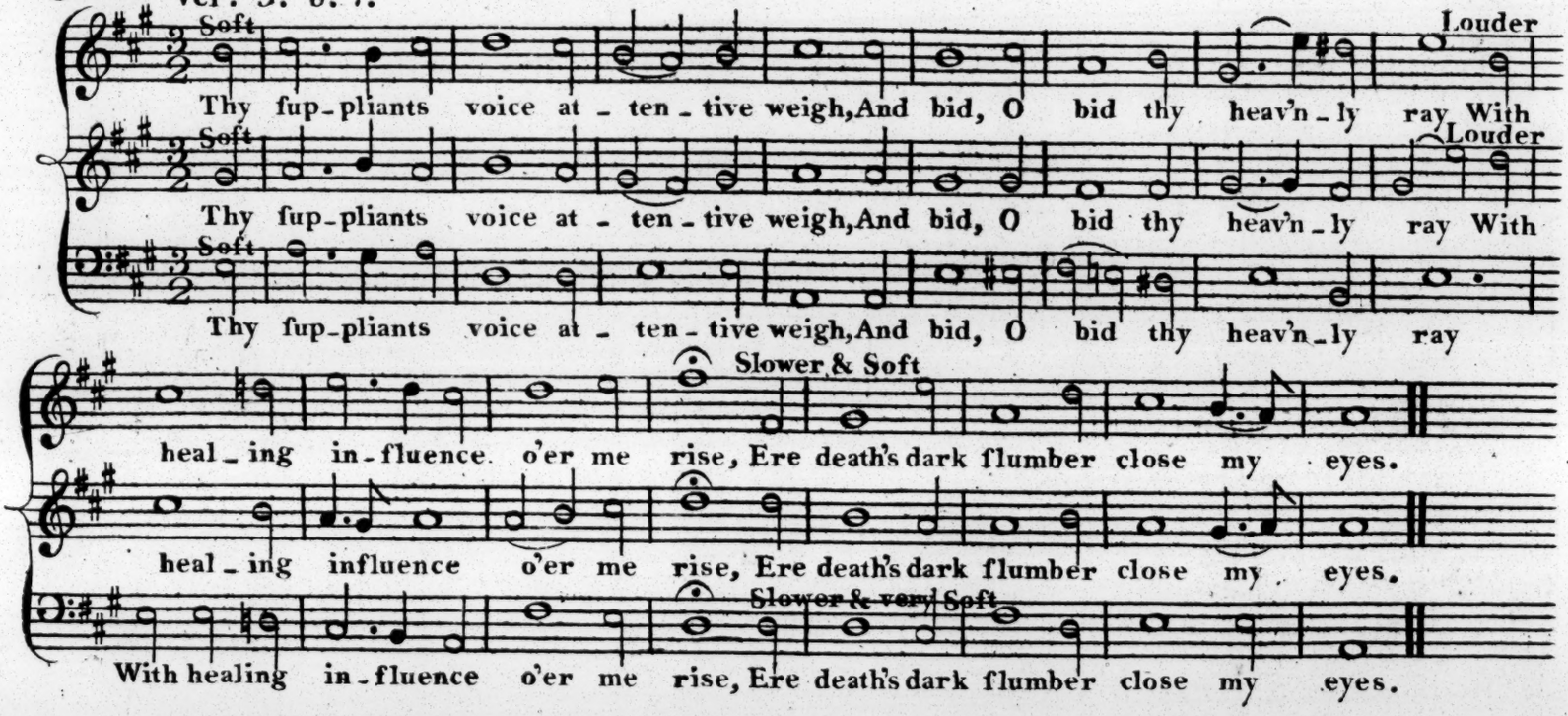
What Transport would my fall impart,
To each incens'd Opposer's Heart,
Who would his utmoft Art addreſs
The friend of peace and truth t' oppreſs!

5

"Behold," the hostile tongue would cry,
"Beneath my feet behold him lie,
"The wretch, that, hasting to his end,
"With pow'r ſuperior durst contend."

for Verse 6 & 7 turn over

Quicker Ver: 3. 6. 7.



4.& 5. Verses turn back

6

But, while their ceaseleſs threats I hear,
Thy mercy, LORD, dispels my fear;
My hopes on thy Salvation rest,
And fill with conscious joy my breast.

7

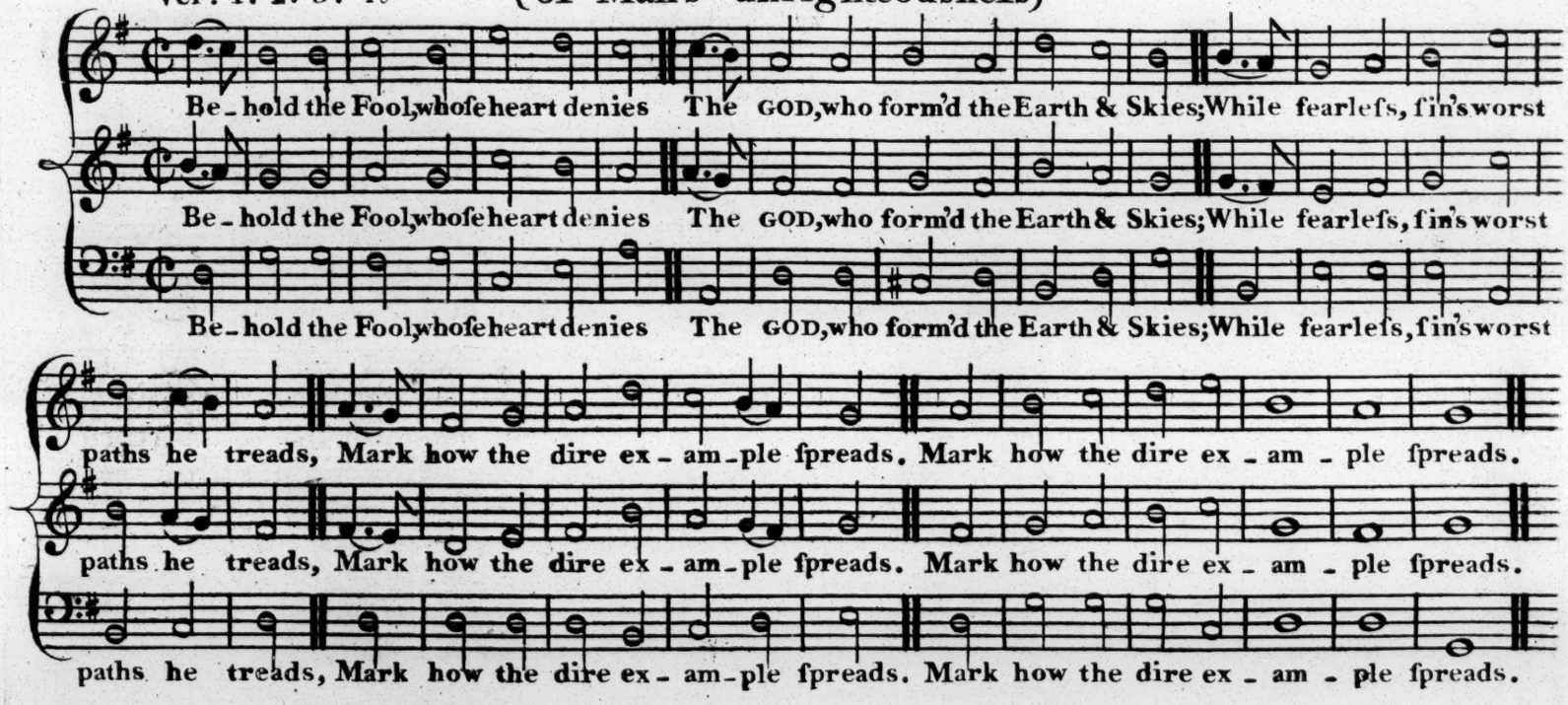
Well pleas'd that mercy to proclaim,
To Thee, inſtinct with holy flame,
To Thee my tongue from day to day
Shall meditate the grateful lay.

PSALM 14.

Ver: 1. 2. 3. 4.

{The extravagant height of Man's unrighteousneſs}

I. W. Callcott M. B.



2

Of Man's whole race not one we find
To virtue's Heav'n-taught rules inclin'd,
Who 'midst infectious times has ſtood
Unſtain'd, and obstinately good.

3

Th' eternal Monarch from on high
Cast on the ſons of Earth his eye,
If haply some he yet might see
True to their GOD, from Error free.

4

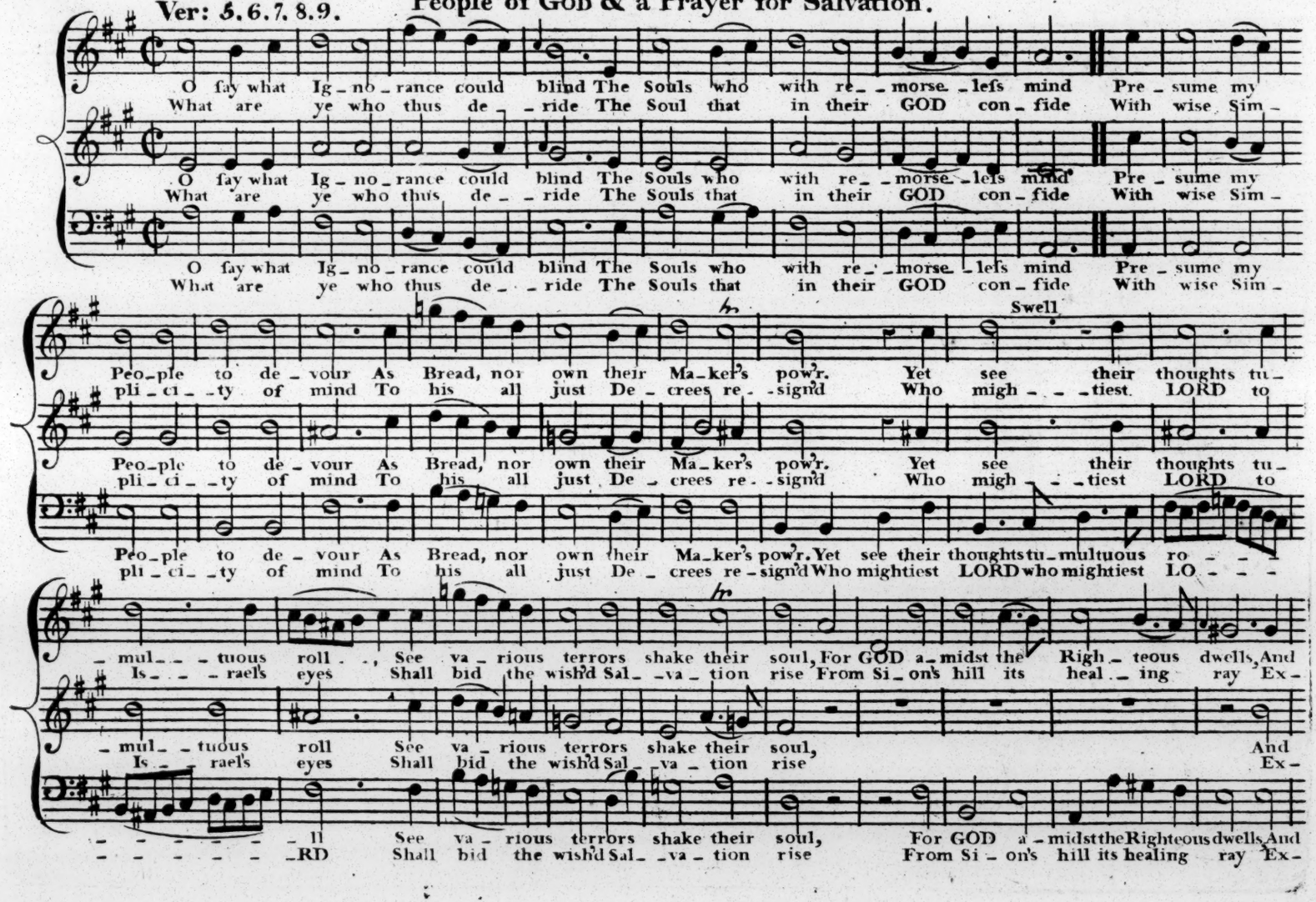
Hē look'd:-but ah! not one could find
To Virtue's Heav'n-taught rules inclin'd;
Each, led from Wisdom's path astray,
Pursues the tenour of his way.

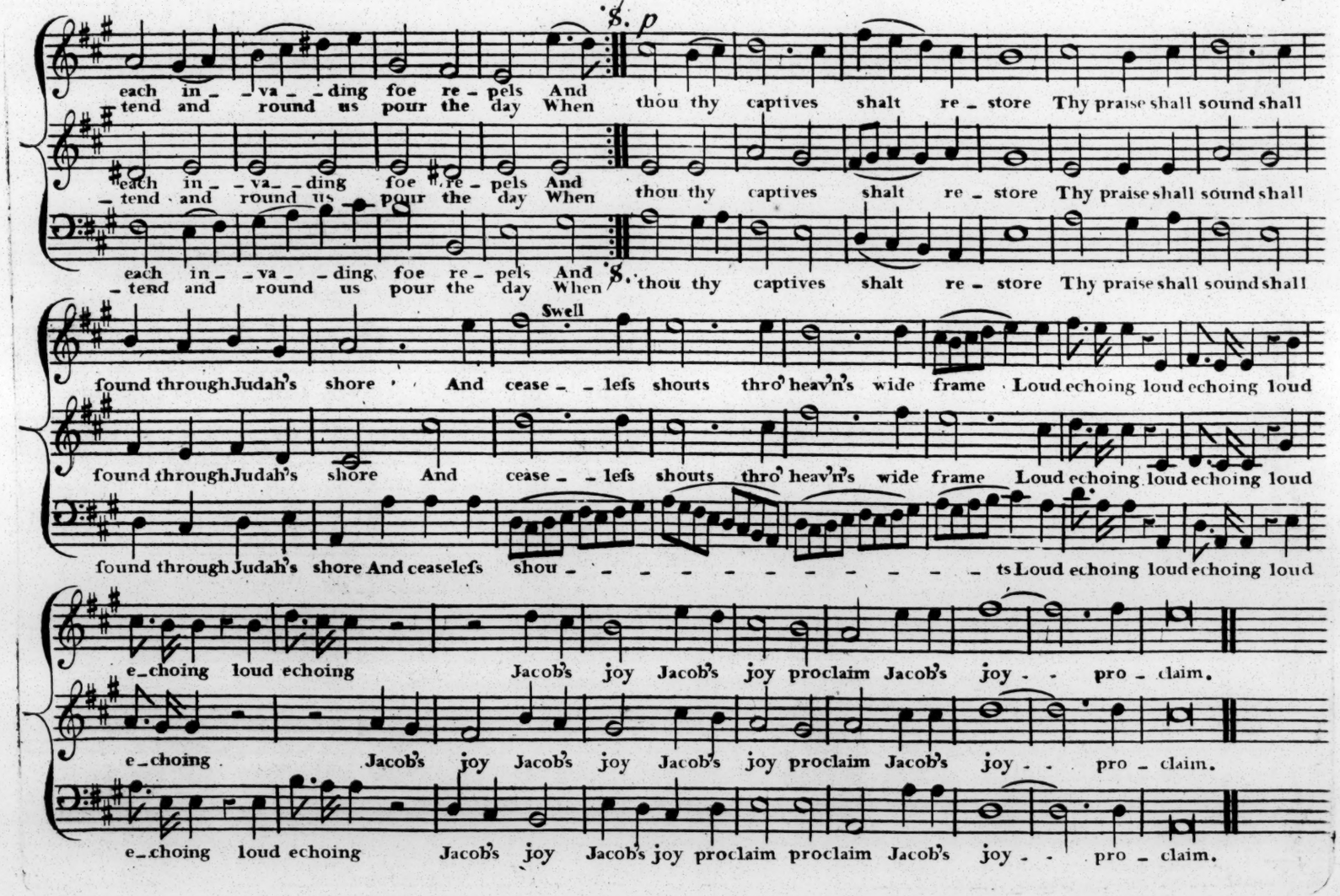
PSALM 14.

Ver: 5.6.7.8.9.

The Enmity of the wicked againſt the People of GOD & a Prayer for Salvation.

Wm. Shield

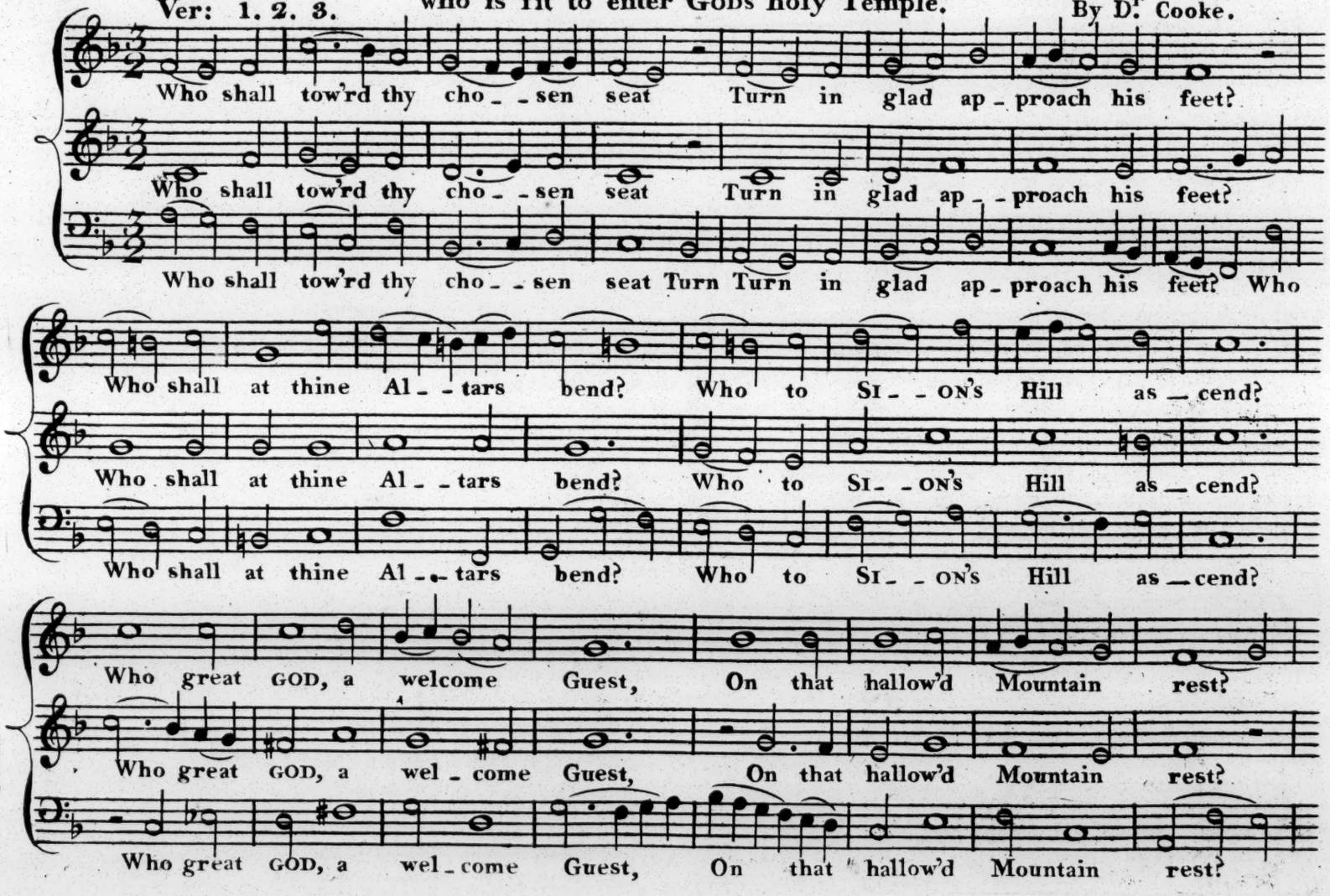


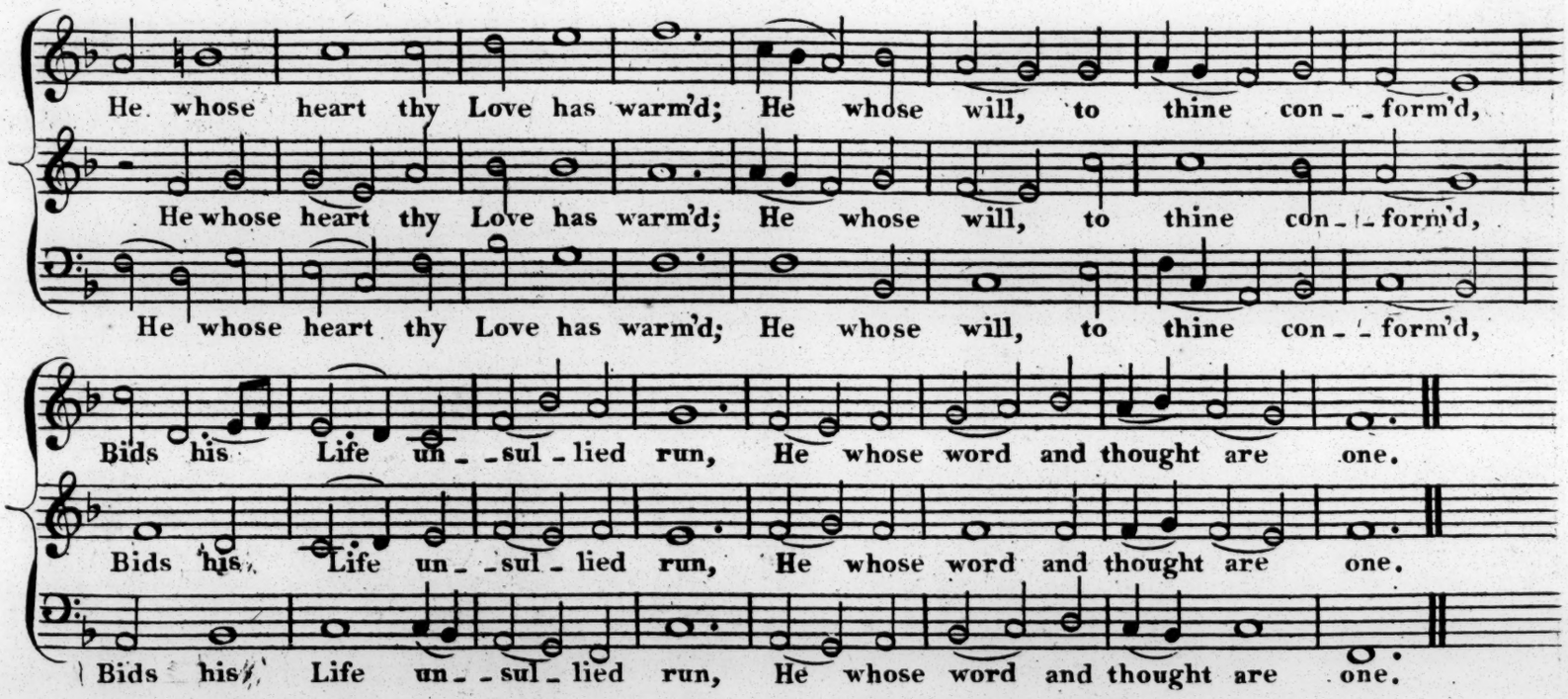

each in_ _va_ _ding foe re_pels And
tend and round us pour the day When
thou thy captives shalt re_store Thy praise shall sound shall
found through Judah's shore And ceaseless shouts thro' heav'n's wide frame Loud echoing loud echoing loud
Swell
found through Judah's shore And ceaseless shou_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ ts Loud echoing loud echoing loud
e_choing loud echoing Jacob's joy Jacob's joy proclaim Jacob's joy_ _ pro_claim.
e_choing Jacob's joy Jacob's joy Jacob's joy proclaim Jacob's joy_ _ pro_claim.
e_choing loud echoing Jacob's joy Jacob's joy proclaim proclaim Jacob's joy_ _ pro_claim.

PSALM. 15.
Ver: 1. 2. 3.

The Qualifications of that Man who is fit to enter Gods holy Temple.

Adapted from Handel
By D.r Cooke.





2

He who ne'er with cruel aim
Seeks to wound an honest fame,
Nor, with gloomy joy poſſeſs'd,
Can a Brother's peace molest,
Or to Slander's tongue severe
Stoops with easy faith his ear;
Who from servile terror free
Spurns at those who spurn at Thee,
And to each, who Thee obeys,
Love and lowliest rev'rence pays.

3

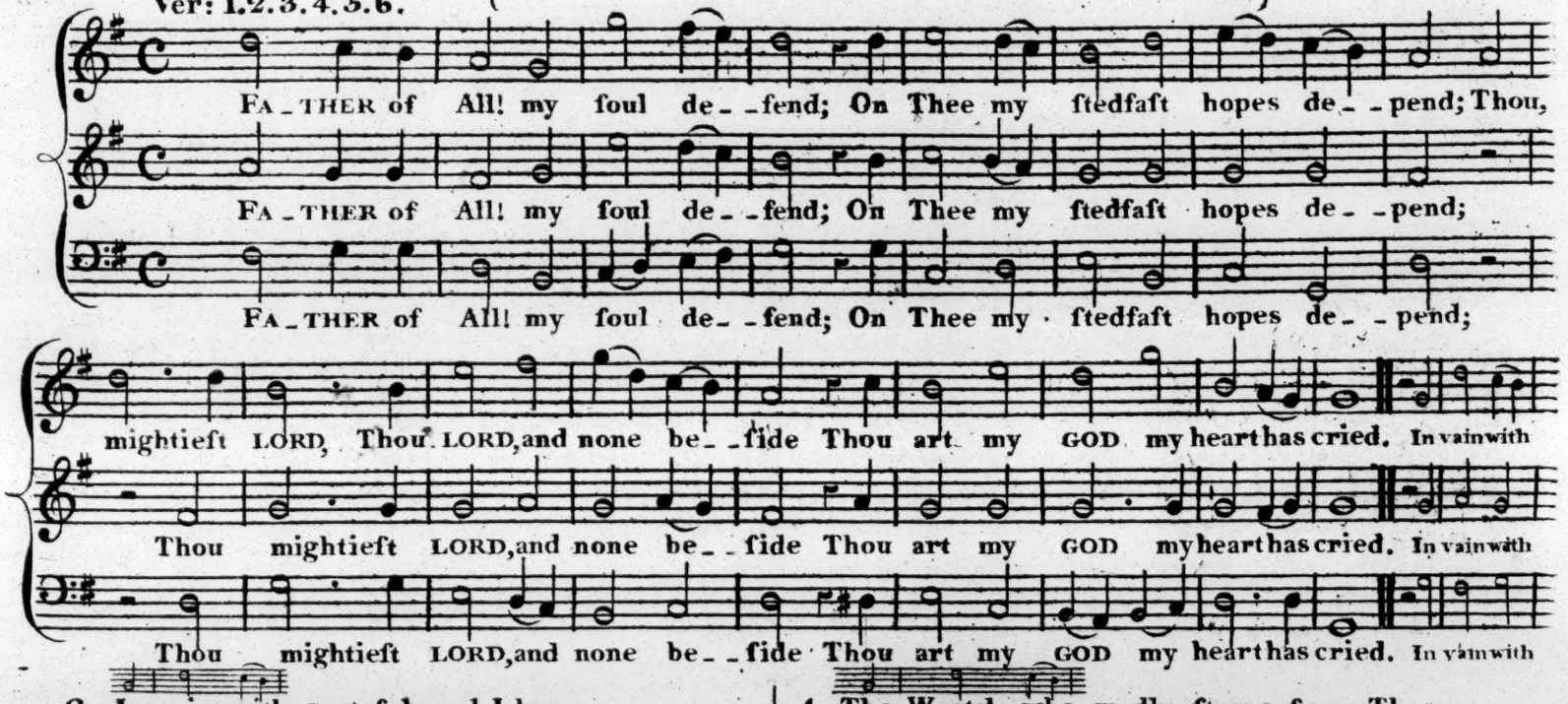
What he ſwears, with stedfast will
To his loſs he shall fulfil,
Nor by avaricious loan
Make the poor man's bread his own;
Nor can bribes his sentence guide
'Gainst the guiltleſs to decide.
He who thus, with heart unstain'd,
Treads the path by Thee ordain'd,
He, great GOD, shall own thy care,
And thy constant bleſsing share.

PSALM 16.

Ver: 1.2.3.4.5.6.

{A PROFESSION of the firmest RELIANCE on GOD.}

D.r Dupuis



2. In vain with grateful zeal I burn
Thy boundleſs goodneſs to return;
In vain would gifts by Me beſtow'd
Augment the treaſures of my GOD.

3. Yet ſhall my love on All deſcend,
Whoſe Souls to thy Decrees attend,
My heart's deſire to each incline,
Whoſe faintlike Virtue marks him Thine.

4. The Wretch, who madly ſtrays from Thee,
And bows to GODS miſcall'd the knee,
Shall find new ſorrows round him roll,
And whelm in dread his conſcious ſoul.

5. Be witneſs to my guilt, if e'er
Their draughts of offer'd blood I ſhare,
If, while thy breath my life ſuſtains,
Their name my hallow'd lip profanes.

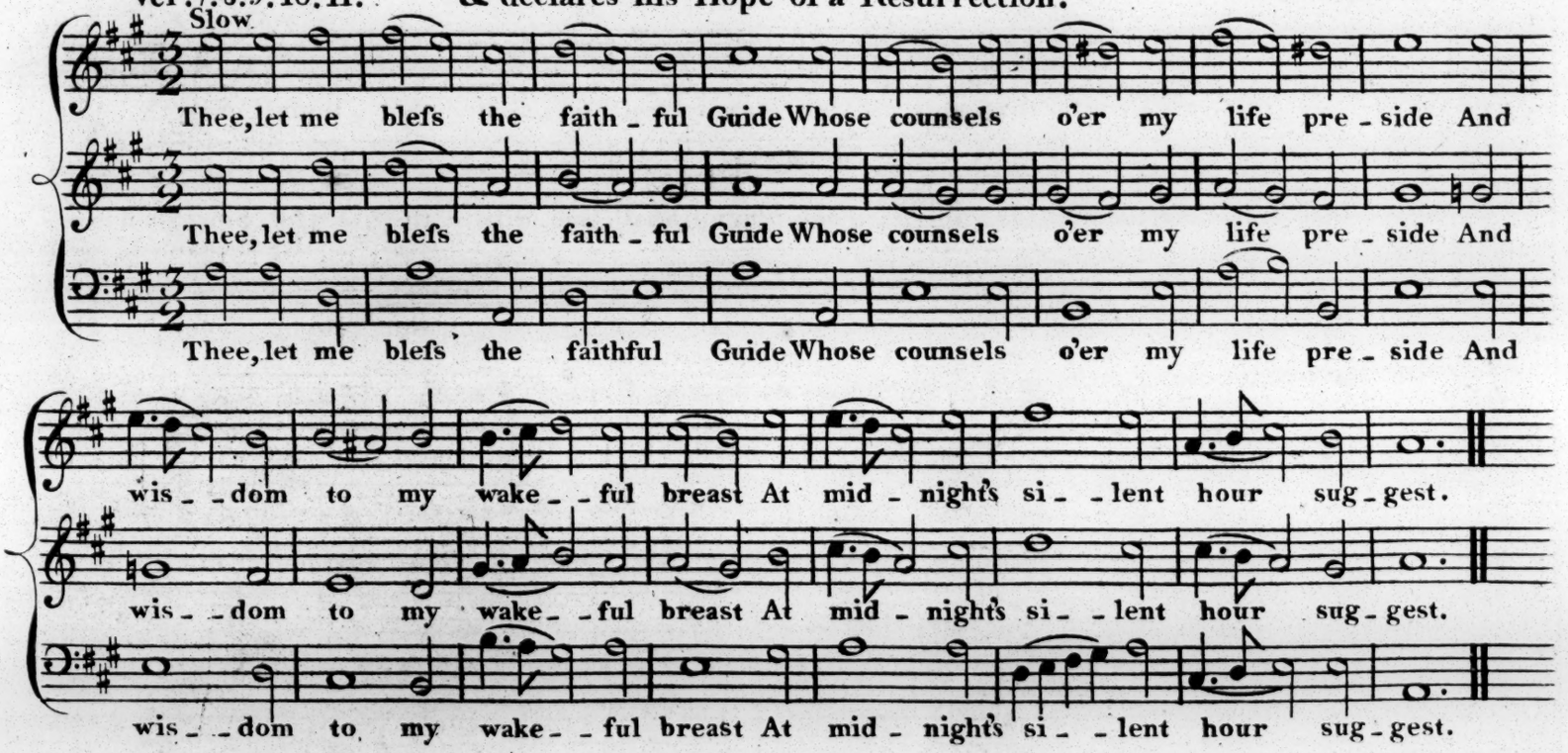
6. Thee, LORD, my patrimony, Thee
The portion of my cup I ſee;
Thy care my envied lot ſecures,
And life's beſt gifts around me pours.

PSALM 16.

Ver. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11.

The Psalmist boasts of the divine Protection & declares his Hope of a Resurrection.

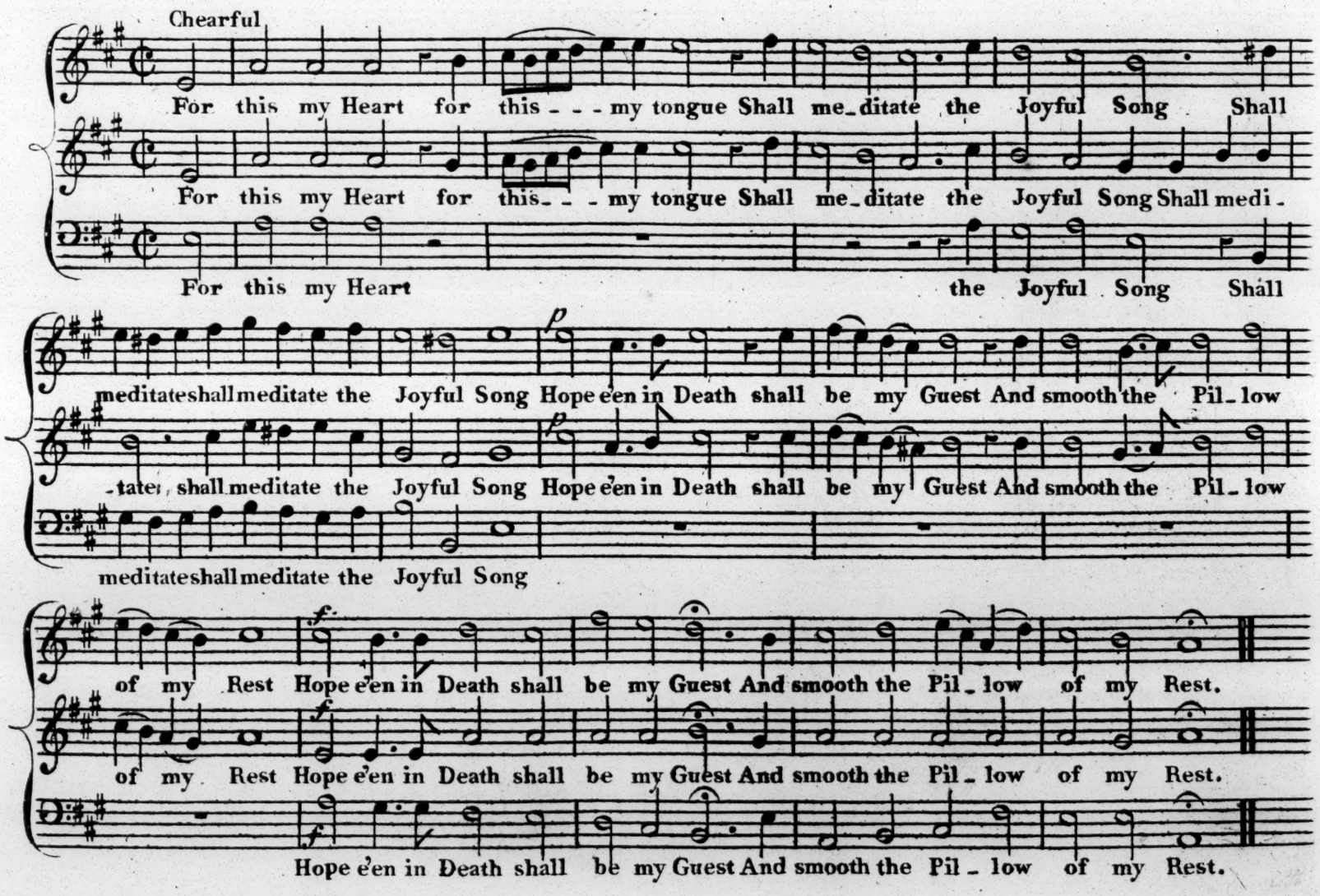
R. I. S. Stevens

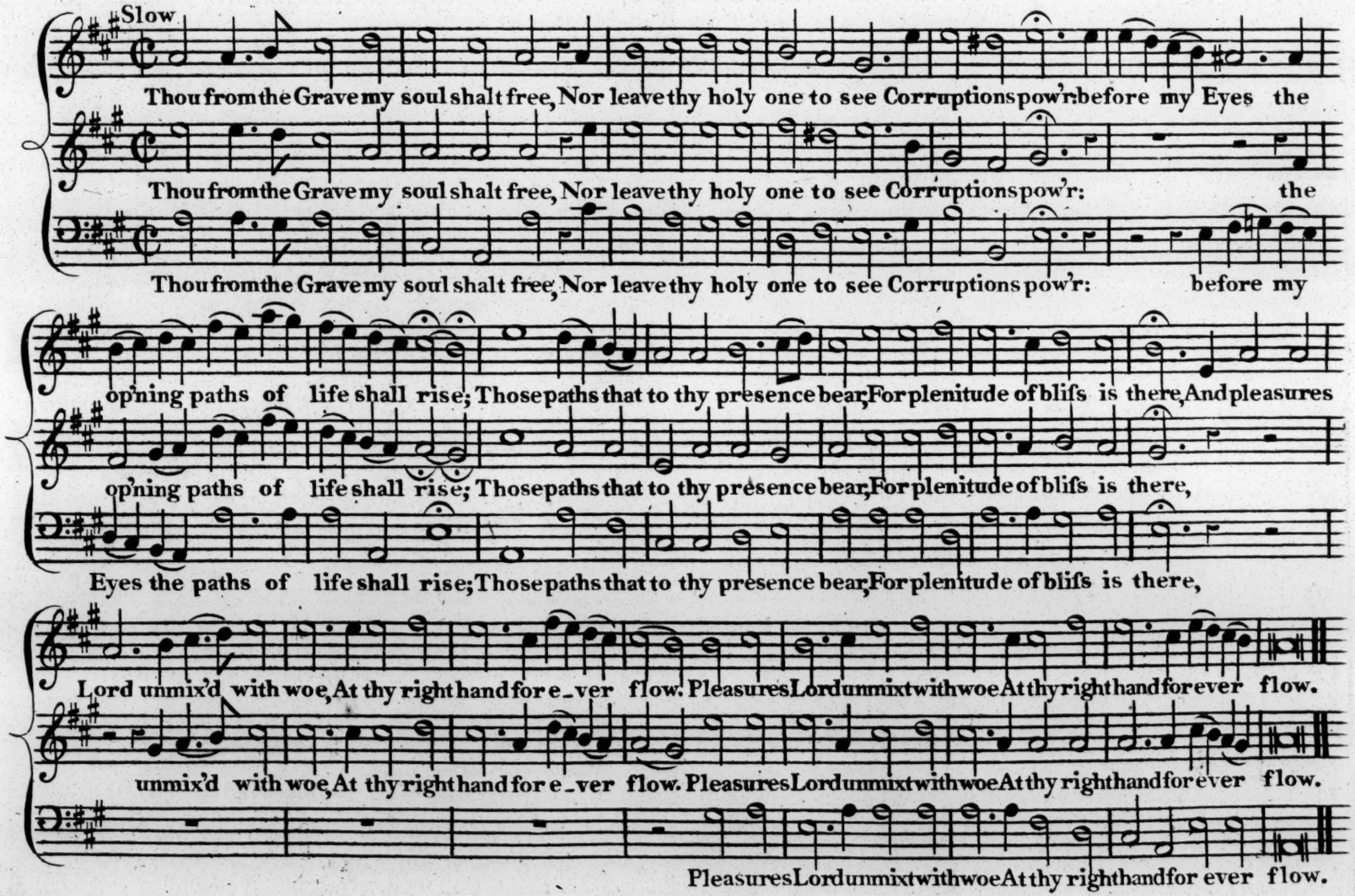


8

In all my Acts, in each intent
Thee to my Soul my thoughts present
Whoſe sure defence my Gate has barr'd
And planted on my right a Guard.

Turn over


Chearful
For this my Heart for this - - - my tongue Shall me_ditate the Joyful Song Shall
For this my Heart for this - - - my tongue Shall me_ditate the Joyful Song Shall medi -
For this my Heart the Joyful Song Shall
meditateshall meditate the Joyful Song Hope e'en in Death shall be my Guest And smooth the Pil_low
-tate, shall meditate the Joyful Song Hope e'en in Death shall be my Guest And smooth the Pil_low
meditateshall meditate the Joyful Song
of my Rest Hope e'en in Death shall be my Guest And smooth the Pil_low of my Rest.
of my Rest Hope e'en in Death shall be my Guest And smooth the Pil_low of my Rest.
Hope e'en in Death shall be my Guest And smooth the Pil_low of my Rest.

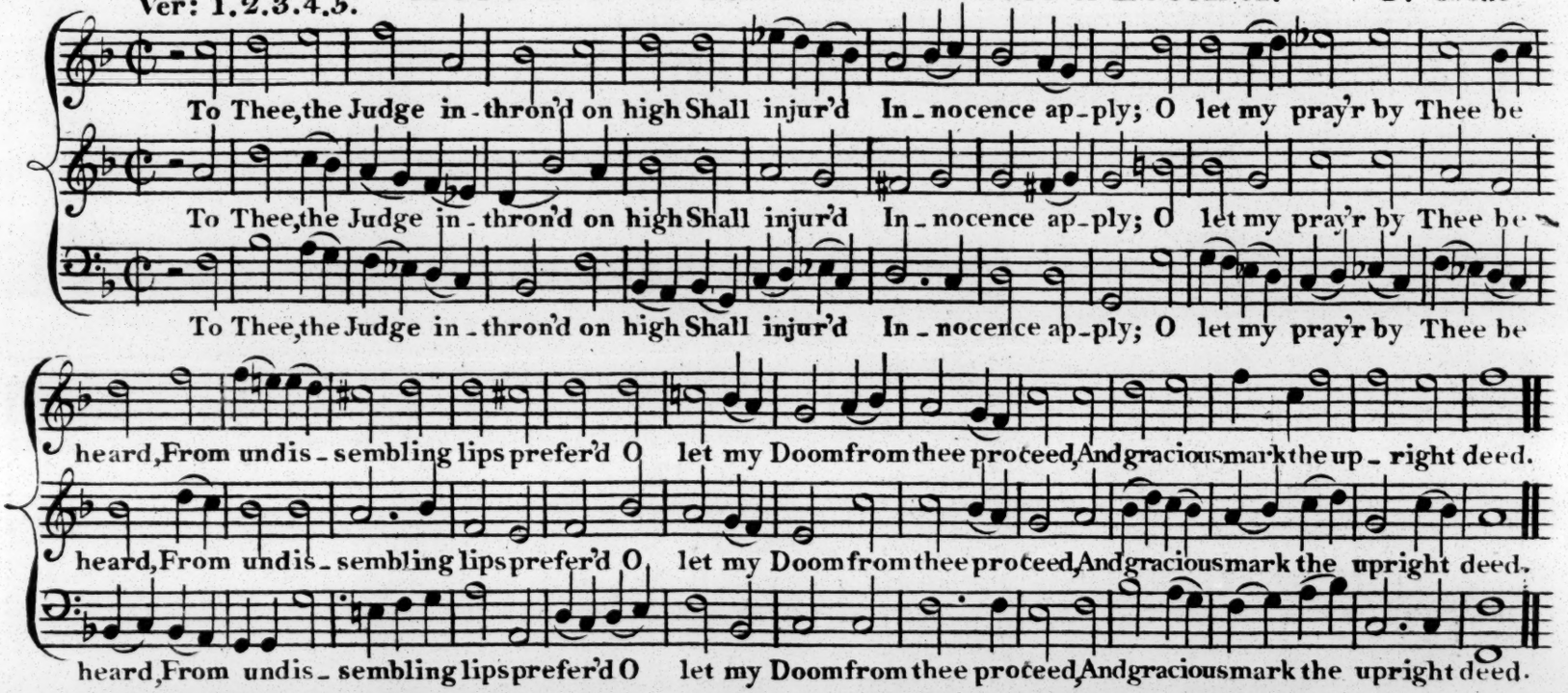

Slow
Thou from the Grave my soul shalt free, Nor leave thy holy one to see Corruptions pow'r: before my Eyes the
Thou from the Grave my soul shalt free, Nor leave thy holy one to see Corruptions pow'r: the
Thou from the Grave my soul shalt free, Nor leave thy holy one to see Corruptions pow'r: before my
op'ning paths of life shall rise; Those paths that to thy presence bear, For plenitude of bliss is there, And pleasures
op'ning paths of life shall rise; Those paths that to thy presence bear, For plenitude of bliss is there,
Eyes the paths of life shall rise; Those paths that to thy presence bear, For plenitude of bliss is there,
Lord unmix'd with woe, At thy right hand for e_ver flow. Pleasures Lord unmix't with woe At thy right hand for ever flow.
unmix'd with woe, At thy right hand for e_ver flow. Pleasures Lord unmix't with woe At thy right hand for ever flow.
Pleasures Lord unmix't with woe At thy right hand for ever flow.

PSALM 17.

Ver: 1.2.3.4.5.

A Prayer for the Protection and safety of Innocence.

D.r Cooke



2. When night's dark shades were round me pour'd,
Thy thoughts my spirit have explor'd;
Say, to thy all discering eyes
If aught of guilt within me rise,
If offer'd violence and wrong
Have urg'd to Sin my thoughtleſs tongue.

3. Taught by thy Word, my stedfast mind
Has each nefarious path declin'd;
O still my Guardian, still my Guide,
Forbid my wav'ring feet to slide;
To Thee (for Thou the pray'r canst hear,)
To Thee my suppliant voice I rear.

4. O treat me not with cold disdain,
Nor let my vows return in vain;
O Thou, whose hand th' oppreſsor quells,
And each invading pow'r repels
From him, whose hopes on Thee repose,
To me thy wondrous grace disclose.

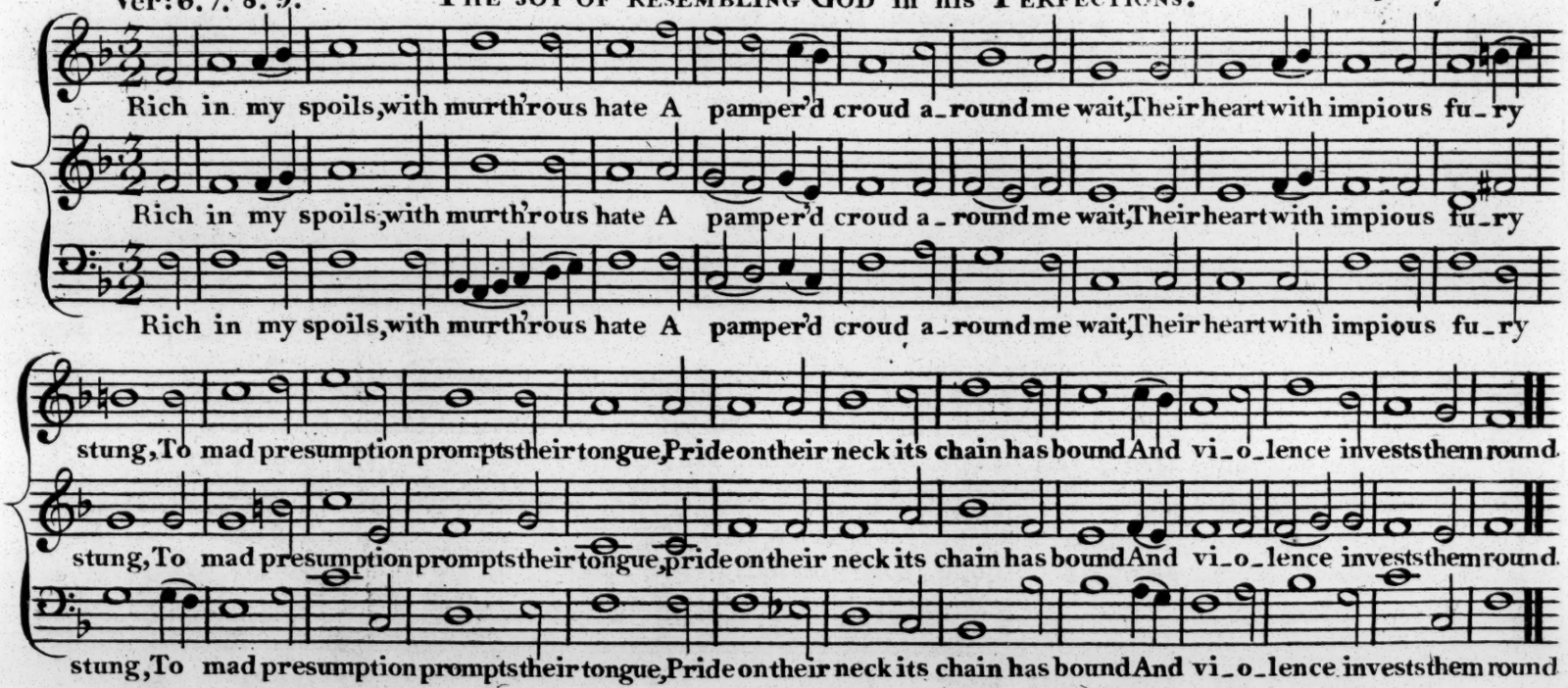
5. What care the pupil of the eye
Demands, that care to me apply;
Let thy prevailing beams dispel
The clouds of grief that o'er me dwell,
"And keep, O keep me, King of Kings
"Beneath thy own almighty wings."

PSALM 17.

Ver: 6. 7. 8. 9.

GODS VENGEANCE IMPLORED upon the WICKED.
THE JOY OF RESEMBLING GOD in his PERFECTIONS.

D.r Philip Hayes



7. With watchful look they mark my way,
As lurks, expectant of the prey,
The Lion, or his tawny Brood
To rapine born, and nurs'd in blood;
Rise, Lord, and let me, by thy aid
Preserv'd, their threatning jaws evade.

8 With sword unsheath'd, and lifted hand
Preventive crush the lawless Band,
Whose days, with Life's full blessings fraught,
To Earth's low scene confine their thought;
Whose eyes a num'rous race behold
To heir their heaps of treasur'd gold.

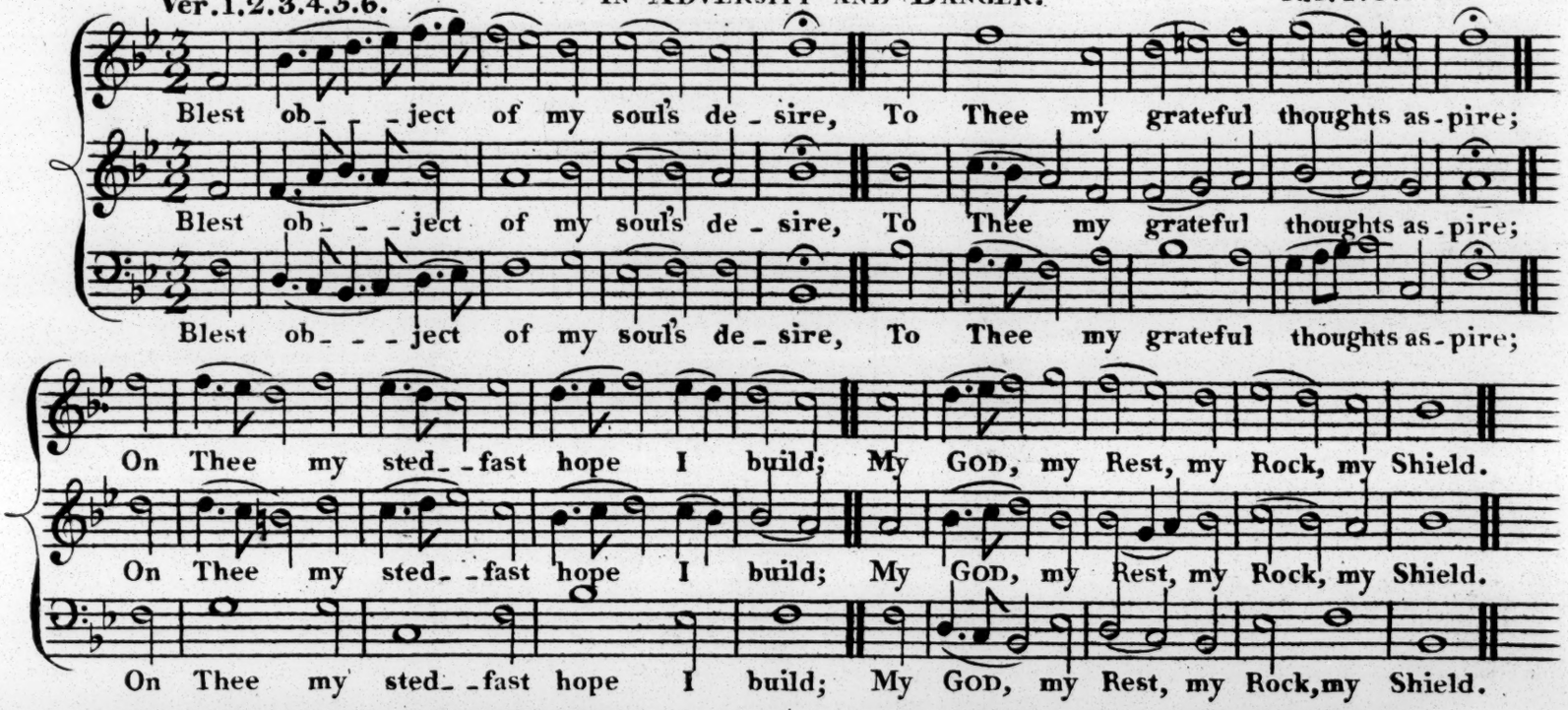
9. Far other bliss my soul shall own,
A bliss to guilty minds unknown:
O! when, awaken'd by thy care,
Thy face I view, thy image bear,
How shall my breast with transport glow,
What full delight my heart o'erflow!

PSALM 18.

Ver. 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6.

The Psalmist's reliance upon God in Adversity and Danger.

R. I. S. Stevens



2. The Strength of my Salvation Thee,
And Tow'r of sure defence I see;
Protected by thy pow'rful arm,
No danger can my soul alarm.

3. What foe shall e'er my terror raise,
While thus I pay my debt of praise,
And, as the doubtful field I tread,
To God my suppliant hands outspread?

4. Woes heap'd on woes my heart deplor'd,
While Sin's tumultuous torrents roar'd,
And, spreading wide before my view,
Their gloomy horrors round me threw.

5. The Sepulchre's extended hands
Had wrapt me in its strongest bands,
And Death, insulting, o'er my head
Th' inextricable toils had spread.

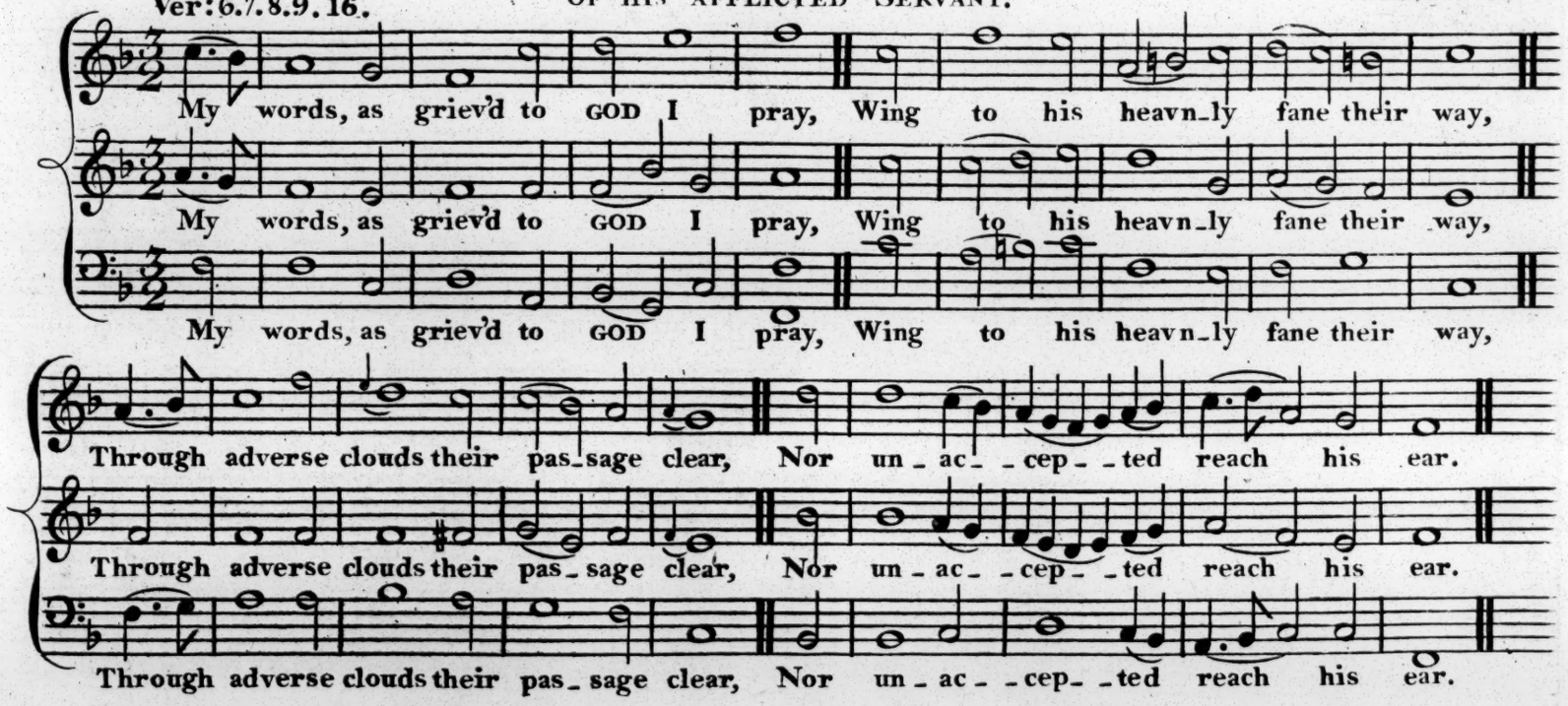
6. My words, as griev'd to God I pray,
Wing to his heav'nly fane their way,
Through adverse clouds their paſsage clear,
Nor unaccepted reach his ear.

PSALM 18.

Ver: 6. 7. 8. 9. 16.

Gods awful appearance in Behalf of his afflicted Servant.

M.r Shield



7

With strong convulsions groan'd the ground;
The hills, with waving forests crown'd,
Loos'd from their base, their summits nod,
And own the presence of their GOD.

8

Collected clouds of wreathing smoke
Forth from his angry nostrils broke,
And orbs of fire, with dreadful glare,
Rush'd onward through the glowing air.

9

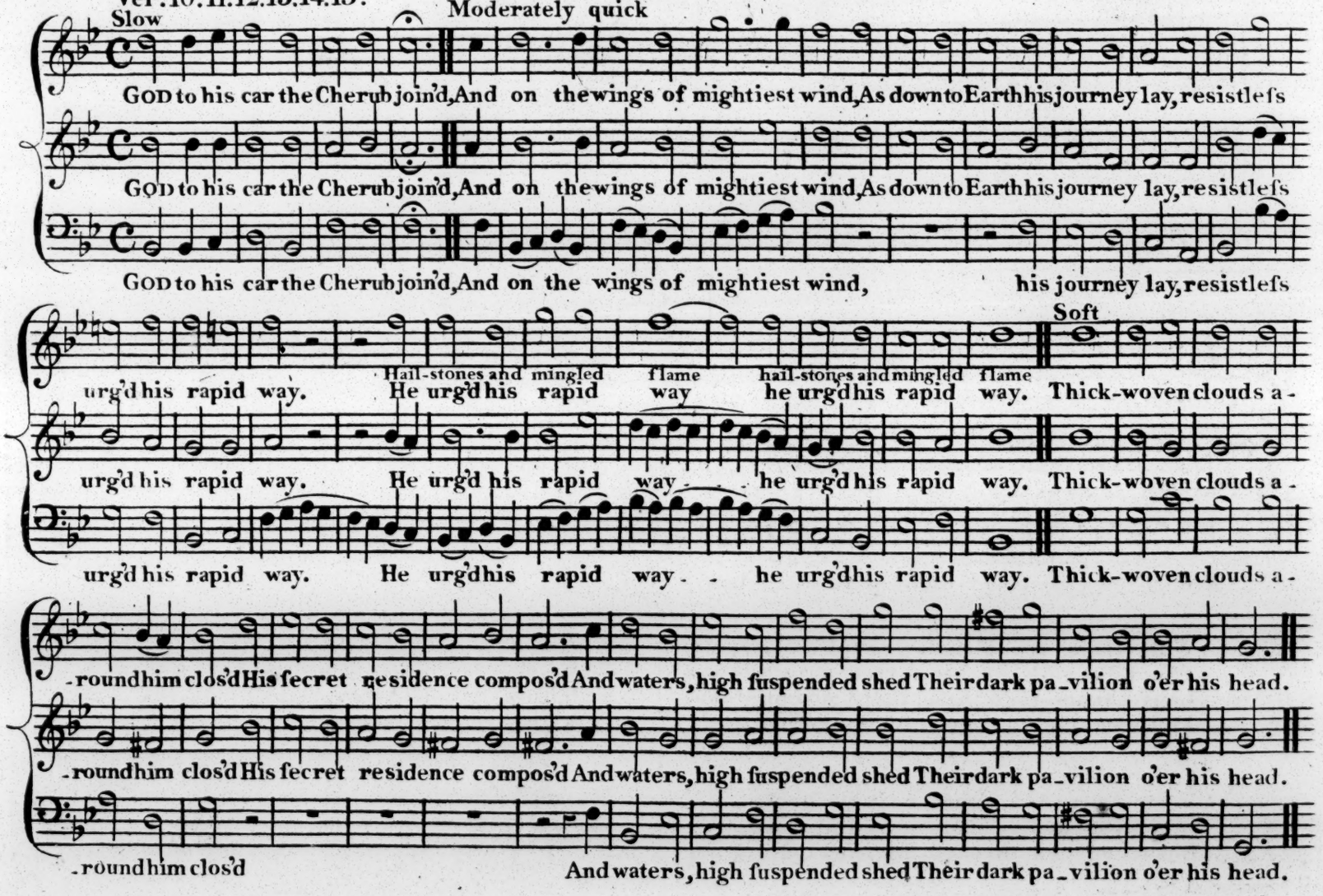
Incumbent on the bending sky
The Lord descended from on high,
And bade the darkneſs of the pole
Beneath his feet tremendous roll.

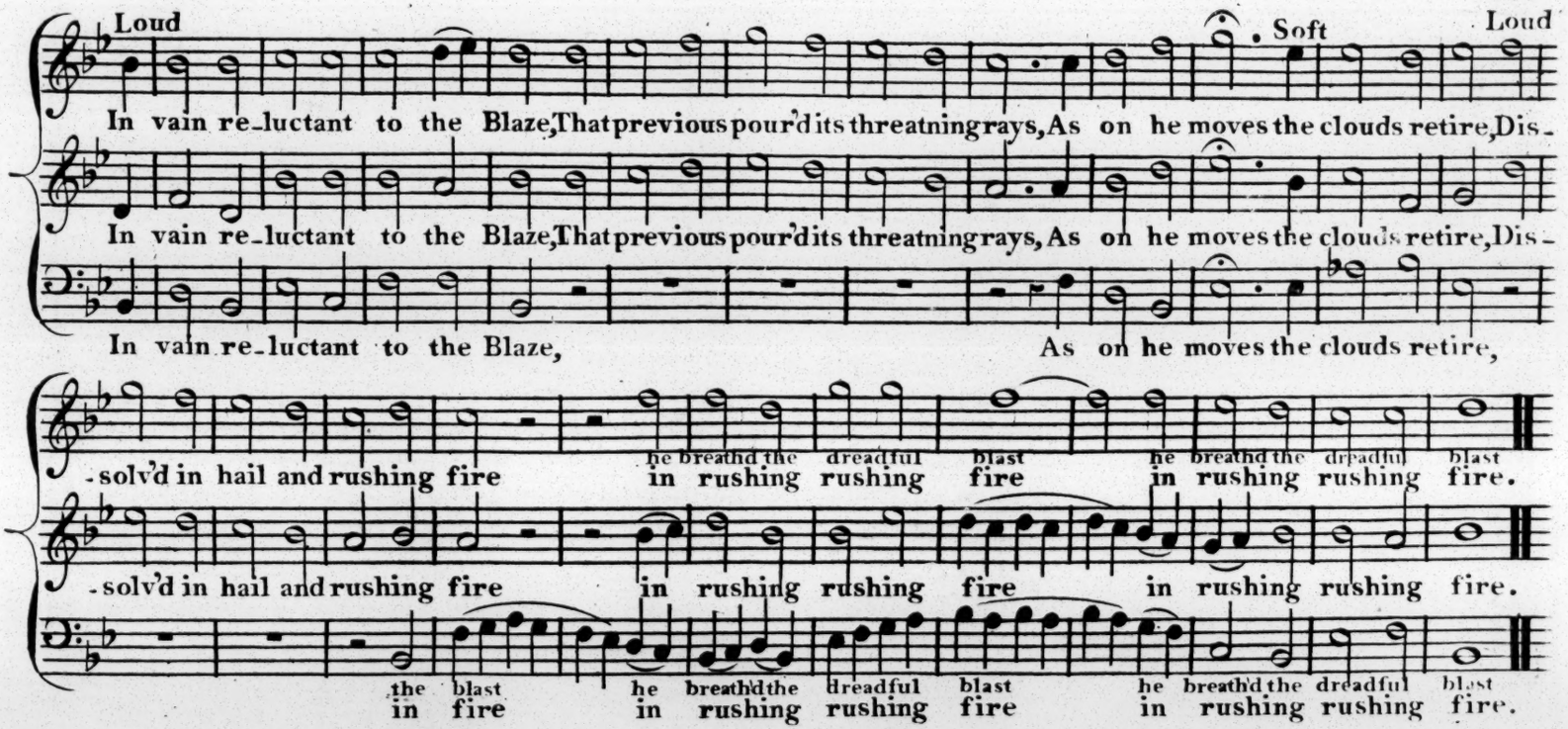
16

GOD in my rescue from the skies
His arm extends, and bids me rise
Emergent from the flood profound,
Whose waves my struggling soul surround.

PSALM 18

Ver. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. The effects of GODS awful Appearance. R. I. S. Stevens





13

His voice th' almighty Monarch rear'd,
Thro' heav'n's high vault in thunders heard,
And down in fiercer conflict came
The hailstones dire with mingled flame.

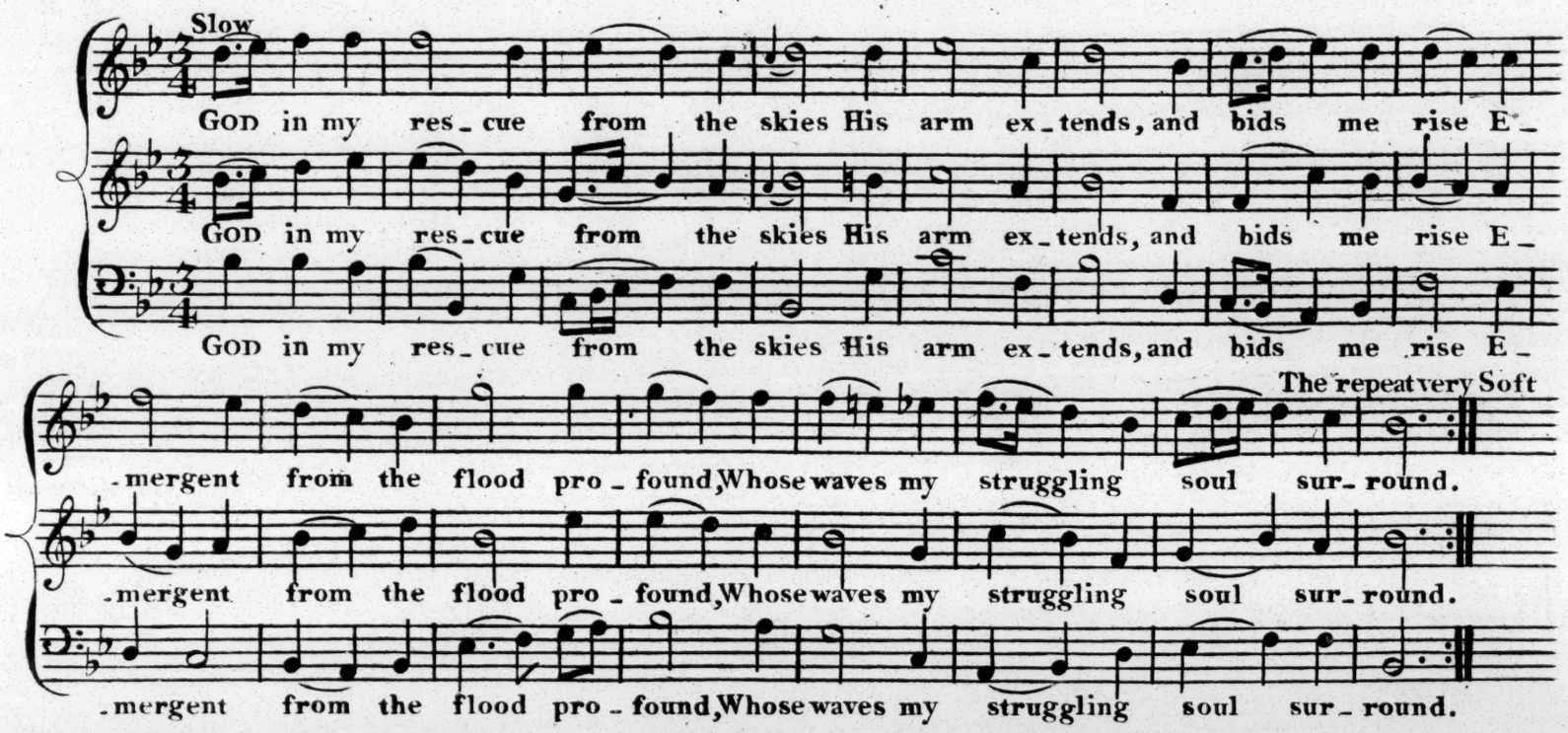
14

With aim direct his shafts were sped;
In vain his foes before them fled,
Now here, now there his lightnings stray,
And sure destruction marks their way.

15

Earth's basis open to the eye,
And Ocean's springs were seen to lie,
As, chiding loud, his fury past,
And o'er them breath'd the dreadful blast.

turn over



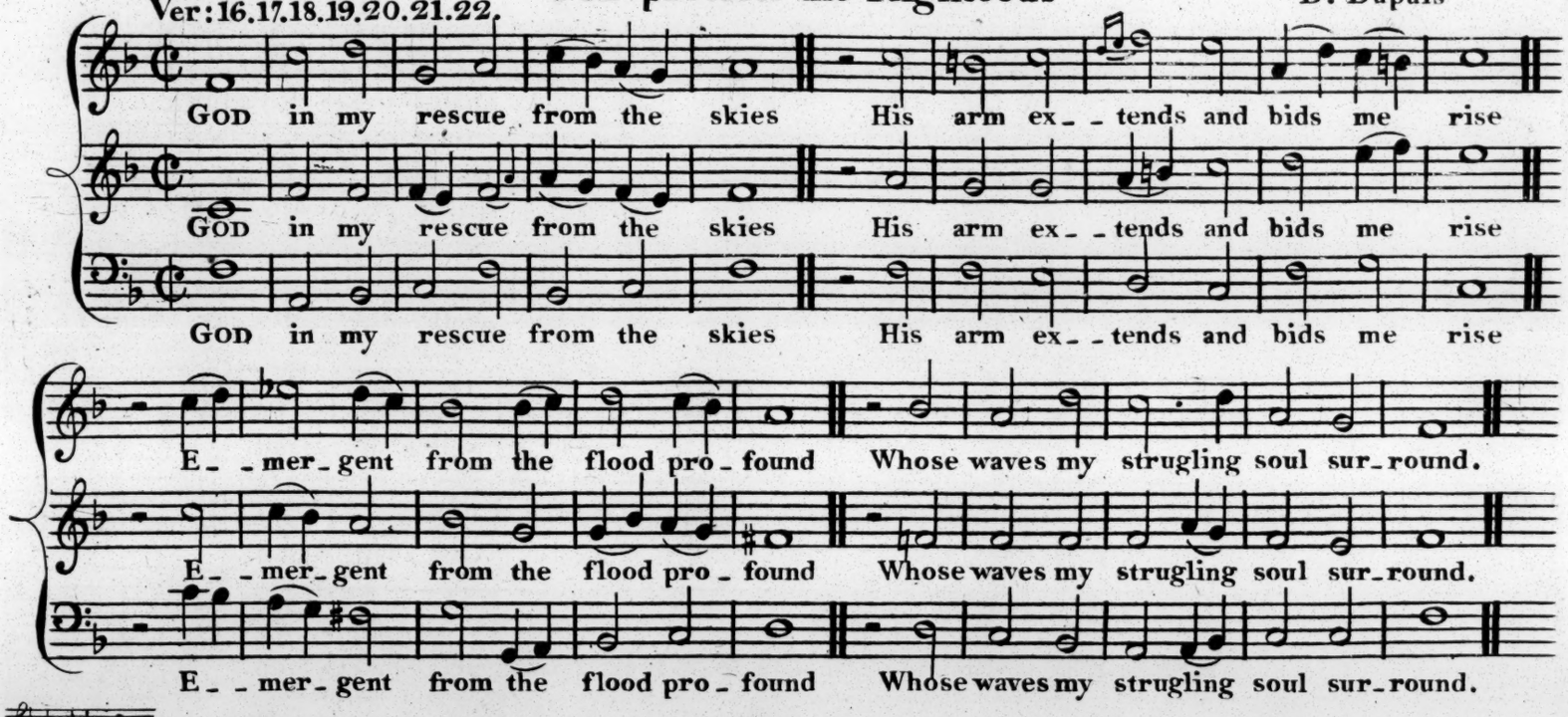
This tune beginning at "God to his Car," was composed in four Parts but has been reduced to three at the particular Request of the Editor as it deviated in ſome degree from his Plan of Simplicity.

It is hoped that the Context of this Pſalm will not appear to be materially injured by the repetition of the 16th. Verſe. The neceſsity of the Meaſure muſt be obvious to every intelligent Reader.

PSALM 18. GOD protects the Righteous

Ver: 16.17.18.19.20.21.22.

D.r Dupuis



17

His hand my strongest foes repell'd,
Their force by force superior quell'd,
And I, unequal to the fight,
Ev'n I have triumph'd in his might.

18

Oppreſs'd, with languor, grief, and pain,
Ere yet my nerves their strength regain,
His fierce aſsault th' Invader gave;
But Thou wert present, Lord, to save.

19

My spacious path, by Thee outspread,
With course secure behold me tread;
From thee, when terrors clos'd me round,
My soul its fullest succour found.

20

Blest in the favour of my God,
I speak the grace on all beſtow'd,
Who guiltleſs hands to him can raise,
And offer unpolluted praise.

21

His precepts, fix'd before my view,
My thoughts with stedfast aim pursue,
Nor error's cloud nor arts of sin
My soul from his obedience win.

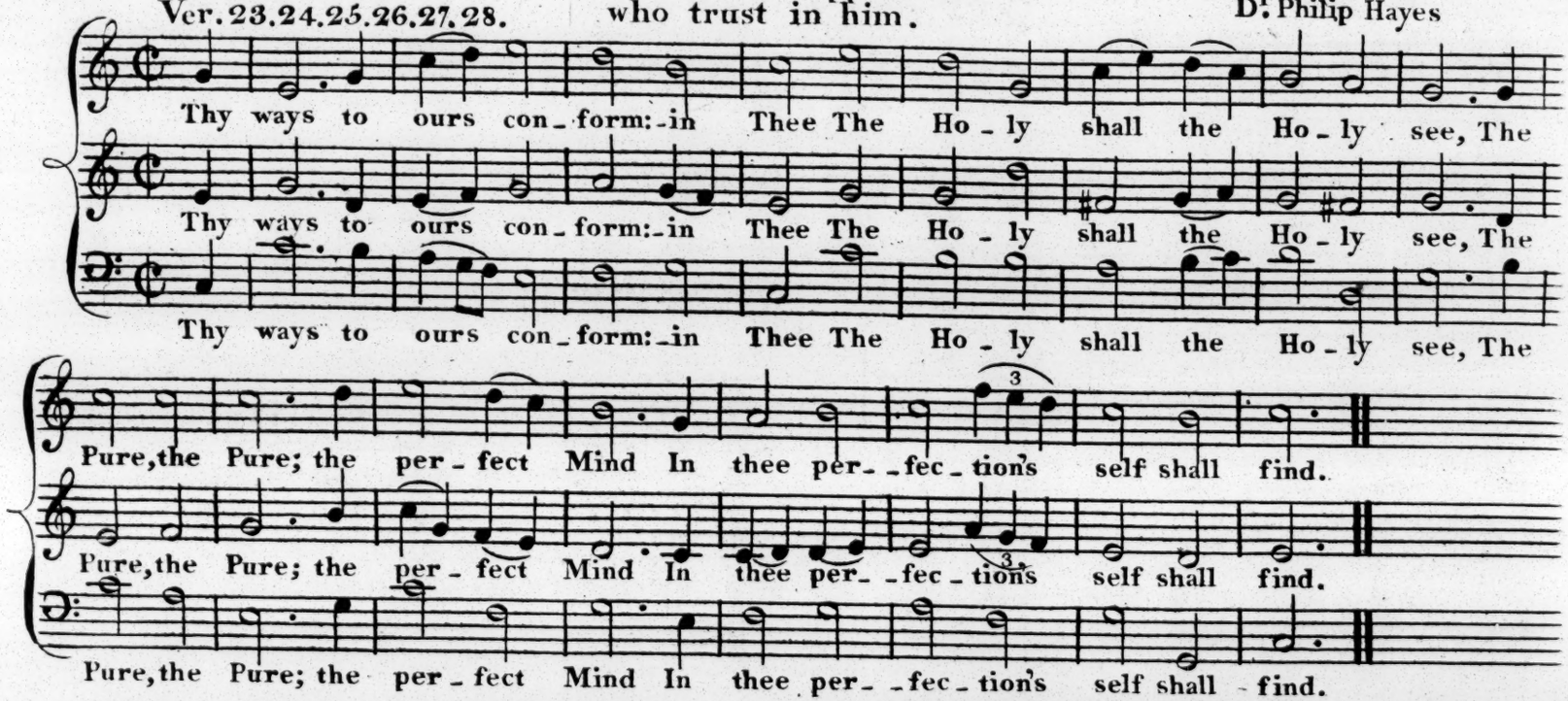
22

Thou seest, eternal Judge, my breast
Each taint of inward guilt detest;
Thine eye my innocence surveys,
Thy pow'r with fullest bliſs repays.

62. PSALM 18. Ver. 23.24.25.26.27.28.

God never disappoints those who trust in him.

Dr. Philip Hayes



24. Their arts the men of froward turn,
Surpafs'd by deeper art, shall mourn,
While they their pow'rs with effort vain
Unite against the pious Train.

25. By Thee, their Guardian ever nigh
The poor are sav'd; the haughty eye,
Chastis'd by thy afflicting stroke,
Bends to the earth its humbled look.

26. While night's thick shades around me stand,
My lamp, illumin'd by thy hand,
Pours through the gloom its steady ray,
And turns my darkneſs into day.

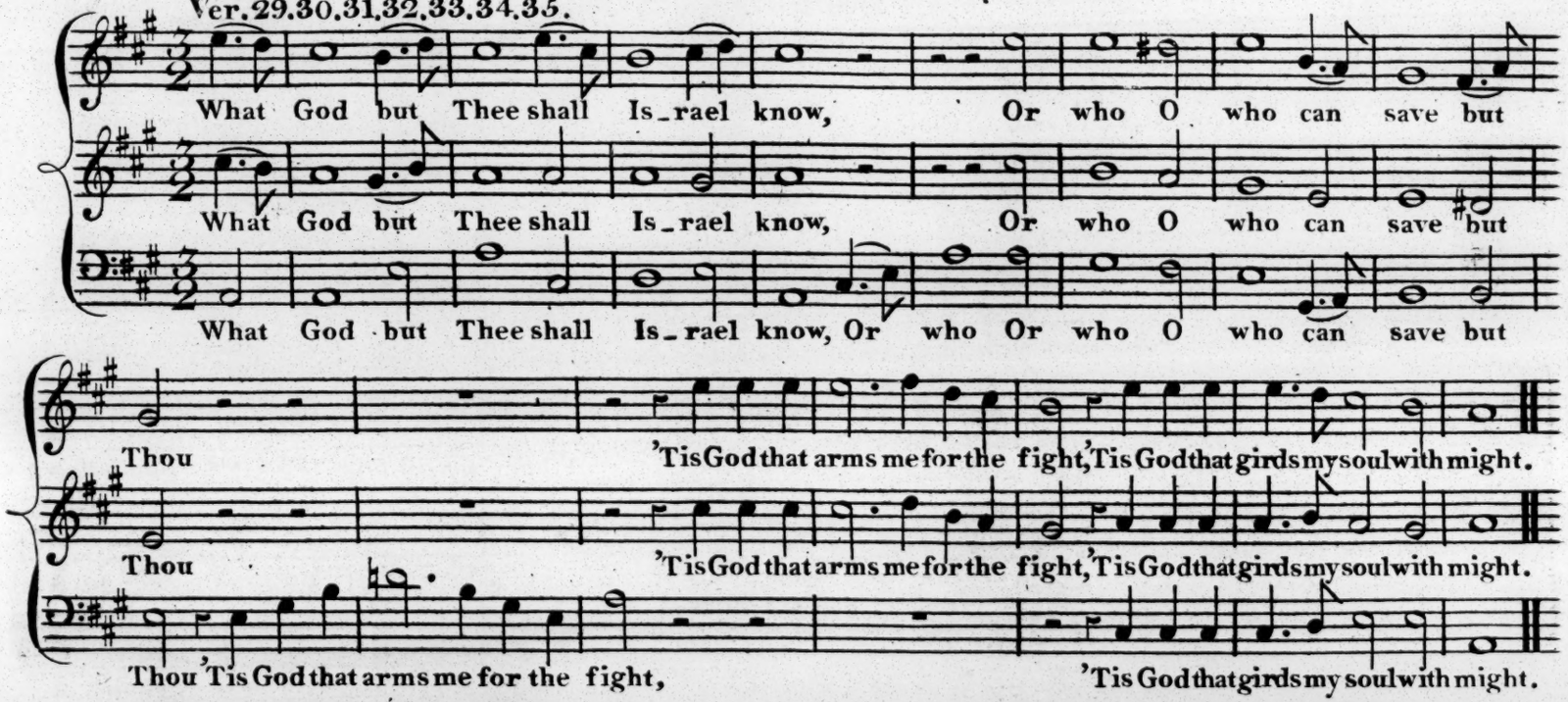
27. My arm, if Thou thine aid supply,
Shall bid whole hosts before me fly;
My feet, if Thou my sinews string,
High o'er the wall exulting spring.

28. Author of Good! nor sin, nor guile
The pureneſs of thy path defile;
On thy tried word who build their trust,
Shall find their confidence was just.

PSALM 18. The KING prevails against his Enemies.

D.r Parsons.

Ver. 29.30.31.32.33.34.35.



30. Upheld by Him, in air sublime,
Swift as the hind, the rock I climb,
Girded with strength, there fix my stand,
Safe from each proud Invader's hand.

31. By Him inform'd, with surest art,
My hands direct the pointed dart,
And forceful break the steely bow,
New wrested from the struggling foe.

32. Thou, mightiest Lord, hast o'er my head
The shield of thy Salvation spread;
Thee its defence my Soul has found,
And gratefully thy succour own'd.

33. By Thy right hand I walk'd upheld,
Great in thy mercy trod the field
With step enlarg'd, and, Thou my Guide,
Nor fear'd to fall, nor knew to slide.

34. With fierce pursuit my foes I press'd,
Beheld my spear their flight arrest,
Nor bade my sword its fury stay,
Till prostrate on the earth they lay.

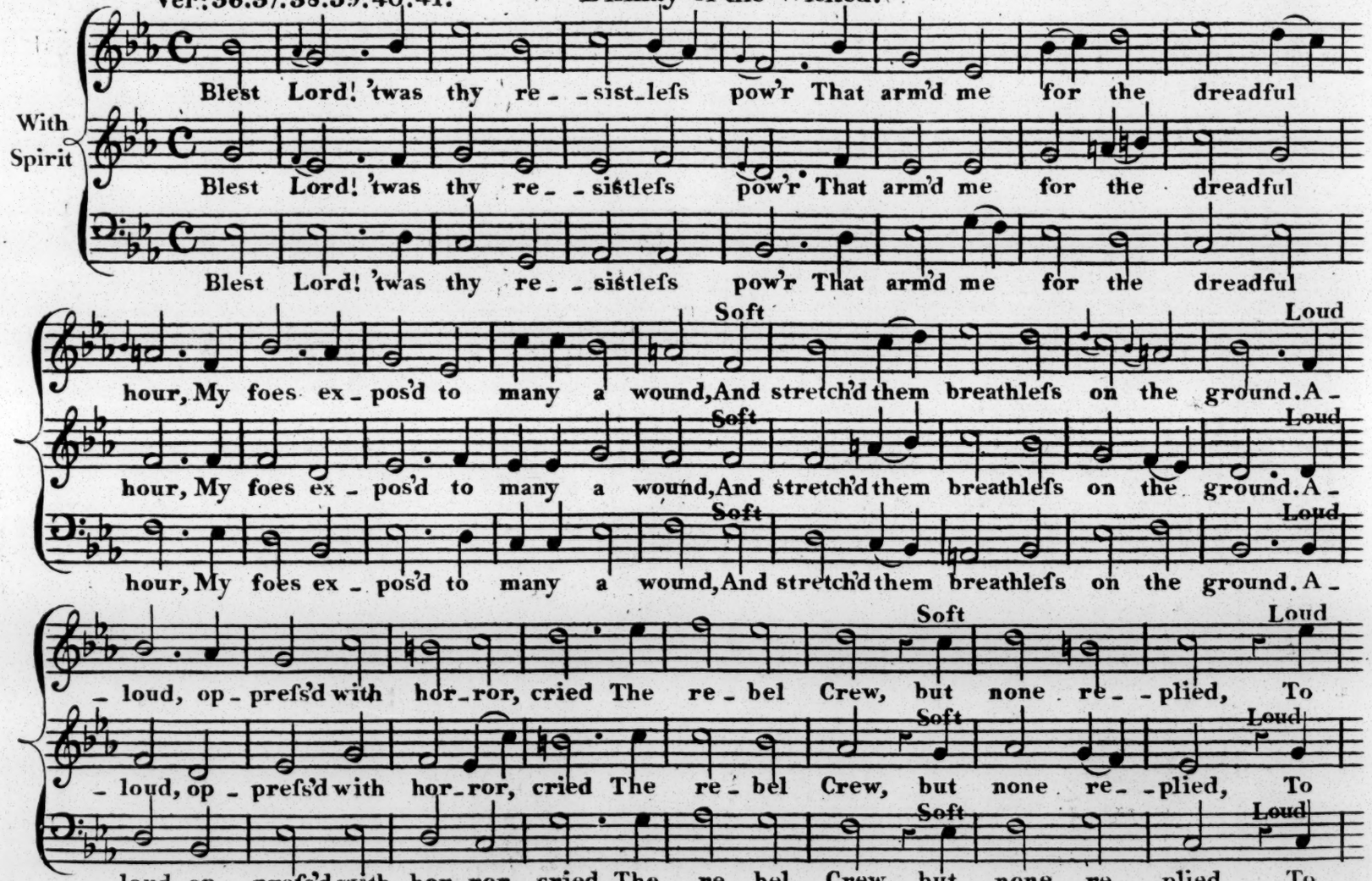
35. My foes, beneath my feet o'erthrown,
The terrors of my hand have known;
They bow'd, they fell, distain'd with gore;
They bow'd, they fell, and rose no more.

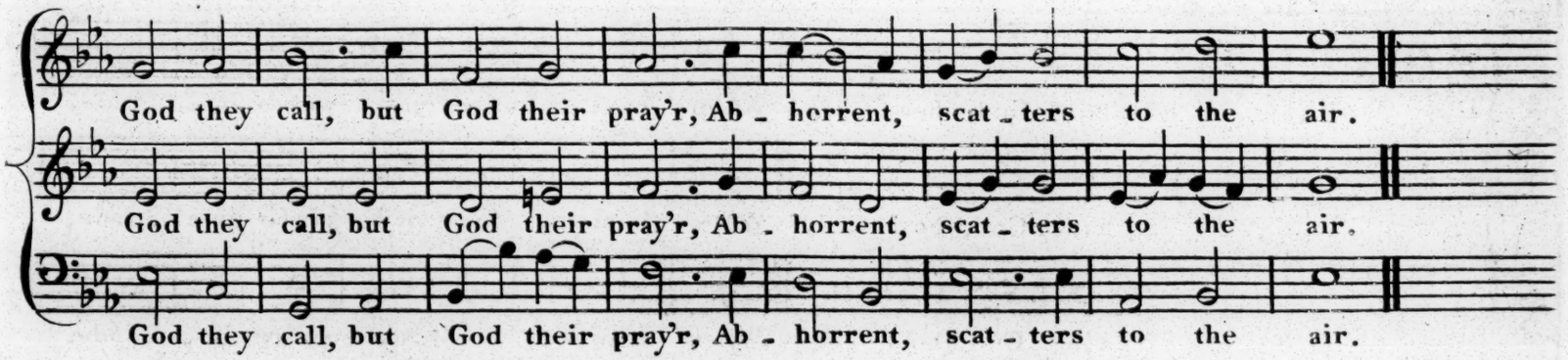
PSALM 18.

Ver: 36.37.38.39.40.41.

The unavailing Prayer & fearful Dismay of the Wicked.

Rev'd Osborne Wight





38
Behold their troops before me chas'd,
As dust before the driving blast,
And, trampled as the yielding clay,
Extended o'er the beaten way.

39
When factious Crouds against me rose,
How prompt thy hand to interpose!
O'er realms, that have but heard my name,
Through Thee the just command I claim.

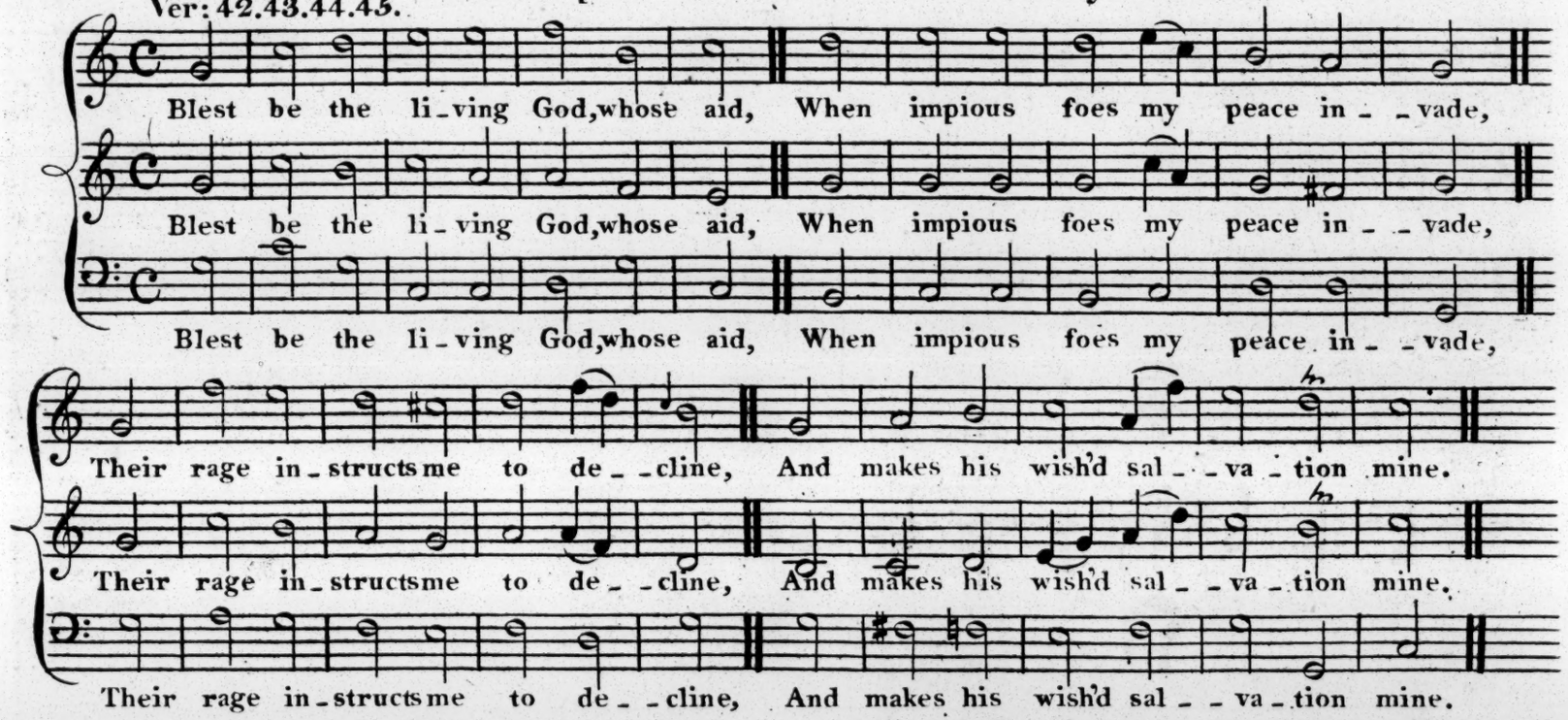
40
The Tribes, that, from their God estrang'd,
Through climes, to Me unknown, had rang'd,
With flatt'ring lip their homage pay,
And trembling own a foreign sway.

41
In vain they seek themselves to hide
In walls and forts their strength and pride,
Each dreads my vengeance to sustain,
Nor walls nor forts their fears restrain.

PSALM 18.

The KING praises GOD for his extraordinary Succeſses. Wm. Shield.

Ver: 42.43.44.45.



43

His pow'r inflicts th'avenging stroke,
And bends the Nations to my yoke,
Each force, that durst my reign contest,
By His resistleſs strength suppreſs'd.

44

For this thy pow'r my song shall claim,
And distant regions hear thy fame,
Whose hands thy David to the throne
Have rais'd; whose oil his temples own.

45

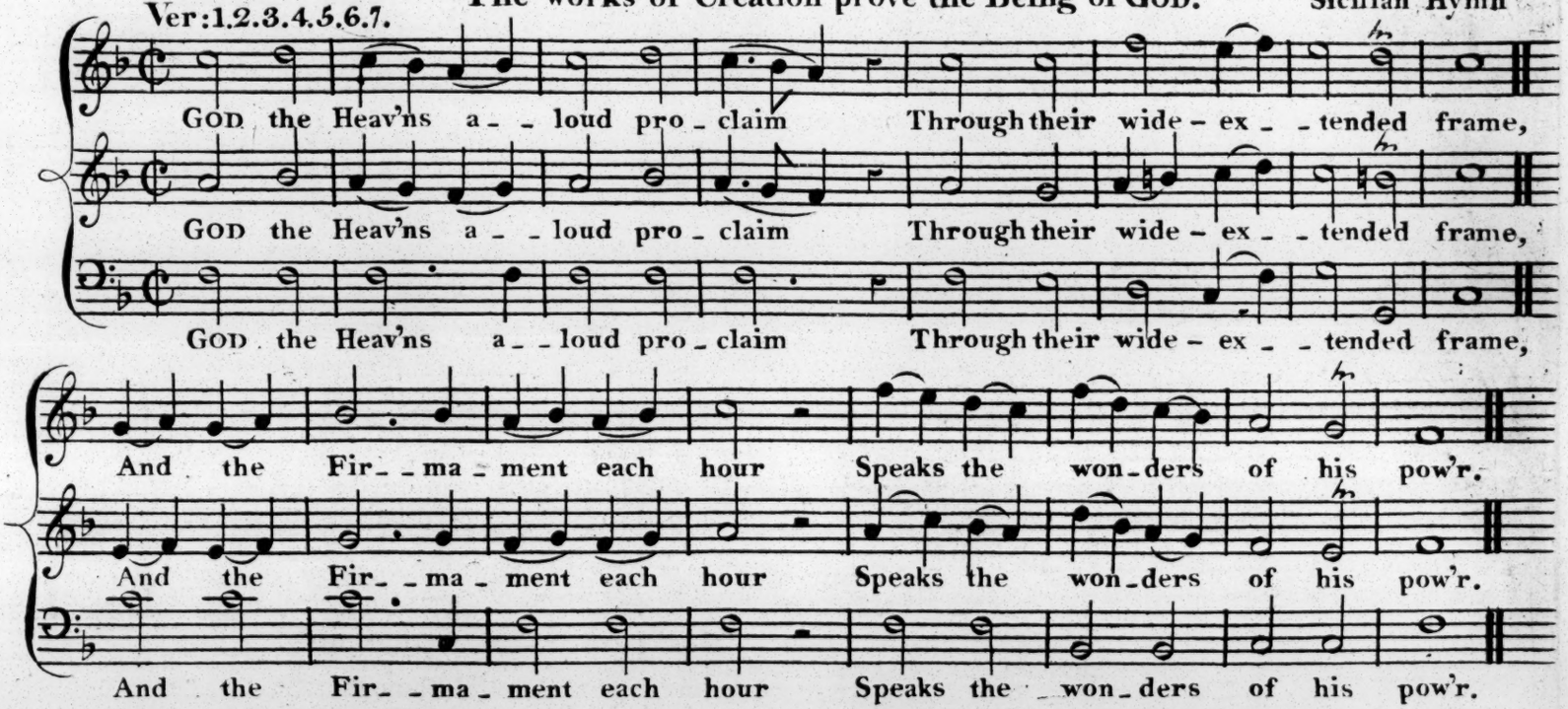
Prosperity and fair succeſs
His counsels and his arms shall bleſs,
Thy Love on him and on his Line
With unextinguish'd lustre shine.

PSALM 19.

Ver: 1.2.3.4.5.6.7.

The works of Creation prove the Being of God.

Sicilian Hymn



2. Day to the succeeding day
Joys the notice to convey,
And the Nights, in ceaseleſs round,
Each to each repeat the sound.

3. Prompt, without or speech or tongue,
In his praise to form the song,
To the Lord they raise the theme,
Who of Gods is God Supreme.

4. Pleas'd to hear their voice extend
Far as to her utmost end,
Earth the Heav'n-taught knowledge boasts
Through her many languag'd coasts:

5. While the Sun above her head
Sees his tabernacle spread,
And from out his chamber bright
Like a Bridegroom springs to sight.

6. See him with gigantic pace
Joyous run his destin'd race;
See him, ev'ry breast to chear,
Paſs through Heav'n in swift career;

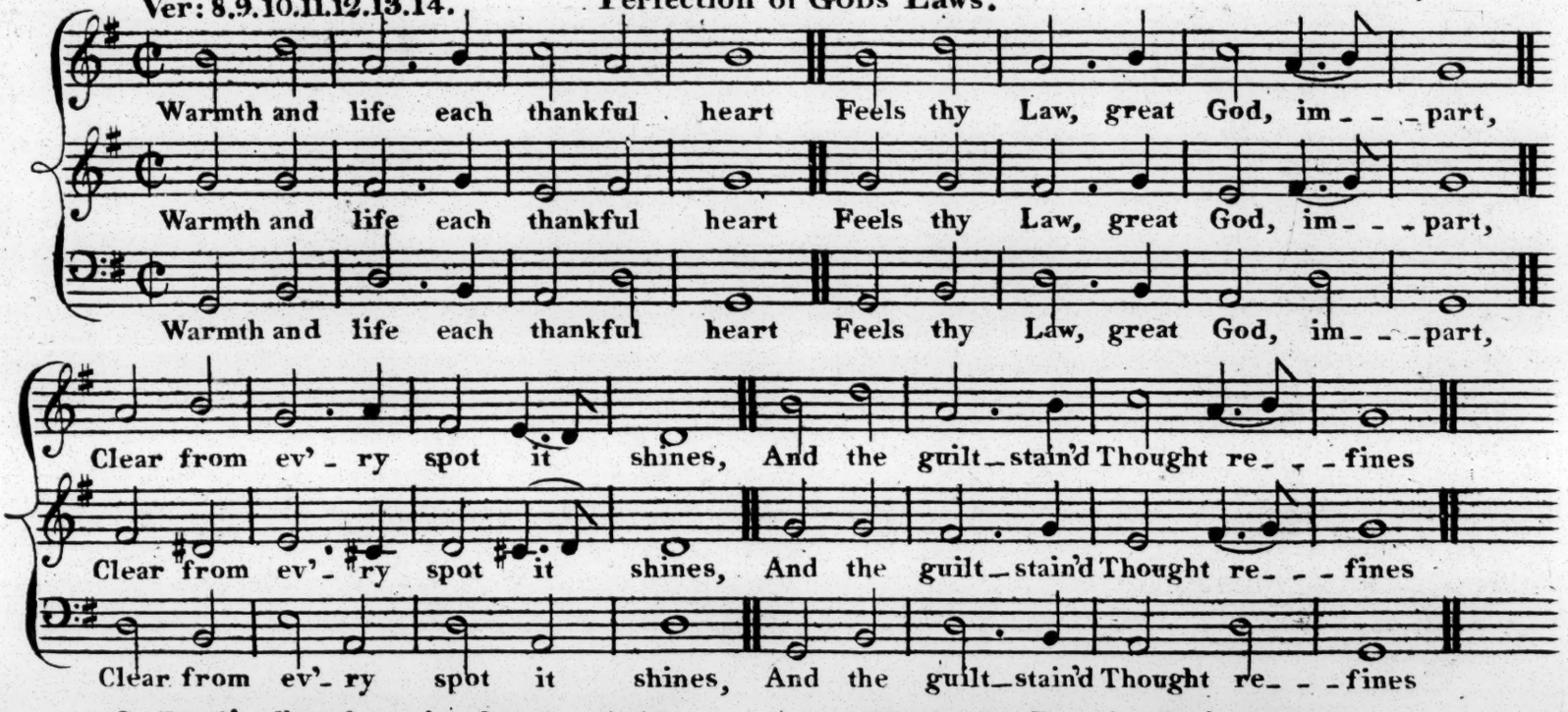
7. Now to farthest regions borne
Onward speed, and now return,
And to All with welcome ray,
Life and genial warmth convey.

PSALM 19.

Ver: 8.9.10.11.12.13.14.

The inestimable Value & Perfection of Gods Laws.

German Hymn



9. Truth's firm base its frame upholds,
While it Mysteries unfolds,
Which the childlike mind explores,
And to heav'nly science soars.

10. Prest with sorrows, doubts, and fears,
What like this the spirit chears,
Stor'd with rules that shall suggest
Lasting joy to ev'ry breast?

11. What so perfect, what so pure?
What to Reason's eye obscure
Can such wondrous light afford
As the dictates of thy Word?

12. Where thy Fear its fruit matures,
(Fruit, that endless years endures)
There the mind, with stedfast trust,
Owns thy statutes wise, and just.

13. Nor can Gold such worth acquire
From the sev'nth exploring fire,
Nor the labour of the bees
E'er in sweetness vie with These.

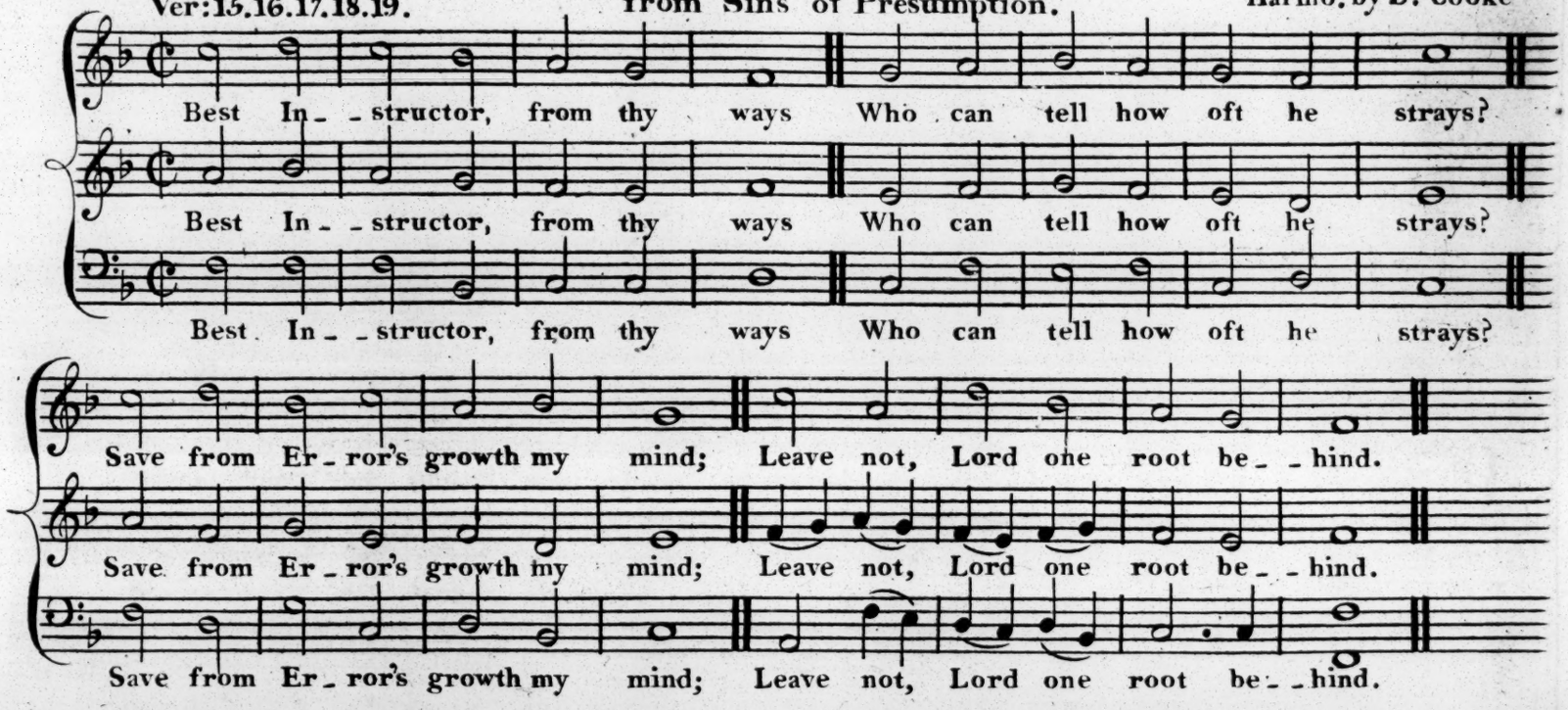
14. Taught by Them, thy Servant's breast
Joys the Blessings to attest
Heap'd on those, whose hearts sincere
Learn thy precepts to revere.

PSALM 19.

Ver: 15.16.17.18.19.

An Addreſs to God to be preserved from Sins of Presumption.

Harmo.d by D.r Cooke



16
Purge me from the guilt that lies
Wrapt within my heart's disguise;
Let me thence, by Thee renew'd,
Each presumptuous sin exclude:

17
So my lot shall ne'er be join'd
With the Men, whose impious mind,
Fearleſs of thy just command,
Braves the vengeance of thy hand.

18
Let my tongue, from error free,
Speak the words approv'd by Thee;
To thy all observing eyes
Let my thoughts accepted rise.

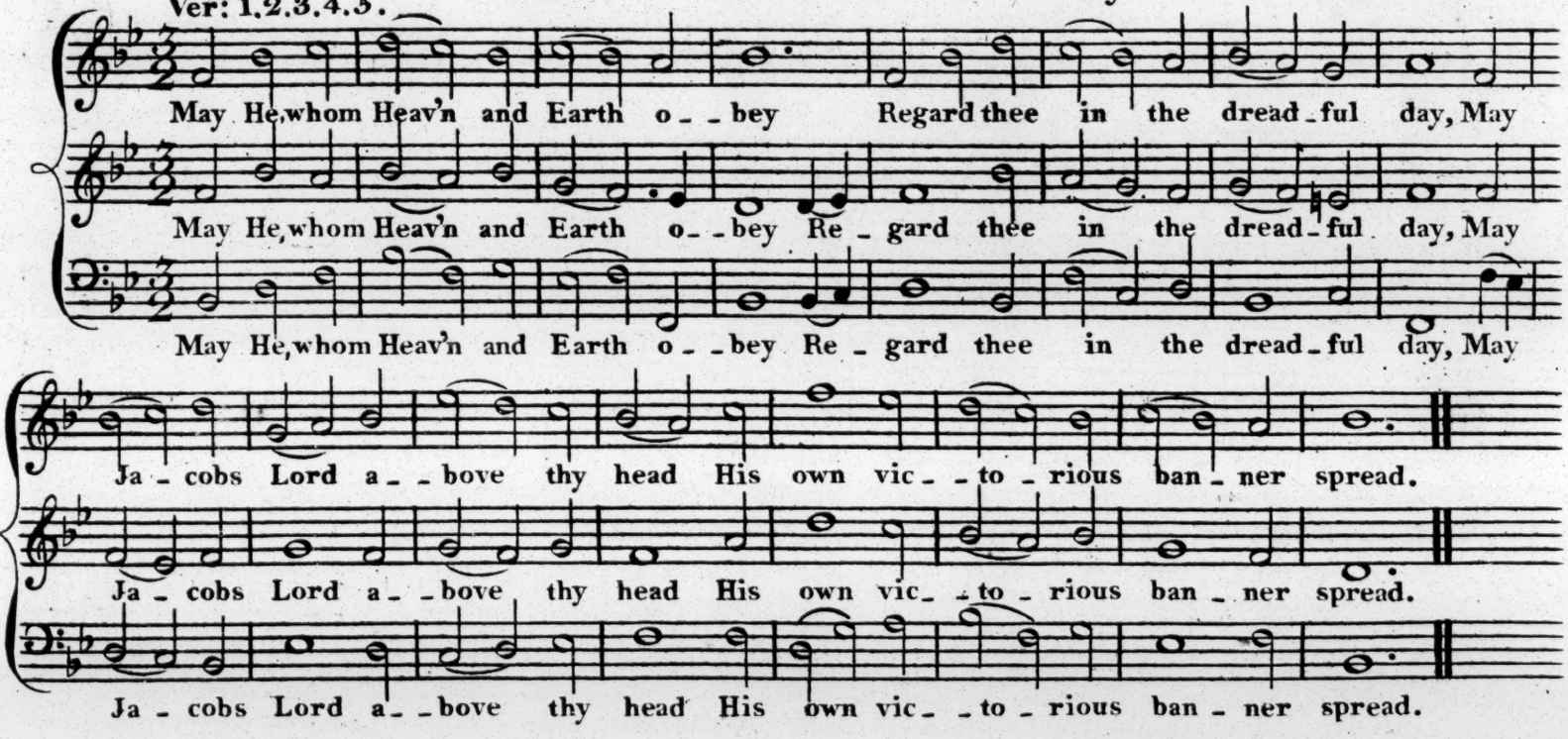
19
While I thus thy name adore,
And thy healing grace implore,
Blest Redeemer, bow thine ear,
God my Strength, propitious hear.

PSALM. 20.

Ver: 1.2.3.4.5.

A Petition to GOD for the KING's Safety.

D.r Cooke



2

May He from out his hallow'd shrine
Reach to thy aid the hand divine,
And strength into thy soul instill
From beauteous Sion's favour'd hill.

3

There may thy incense to the skies
In sweet memorial ever rise;
Thy victims there in smoke aspire,
Touch'd by his own celestial fire.

4

May He thy ev'ry thought approve,
May He indulgent from above
His wonted benefits impart
And grant the wishes of thine heart.

5

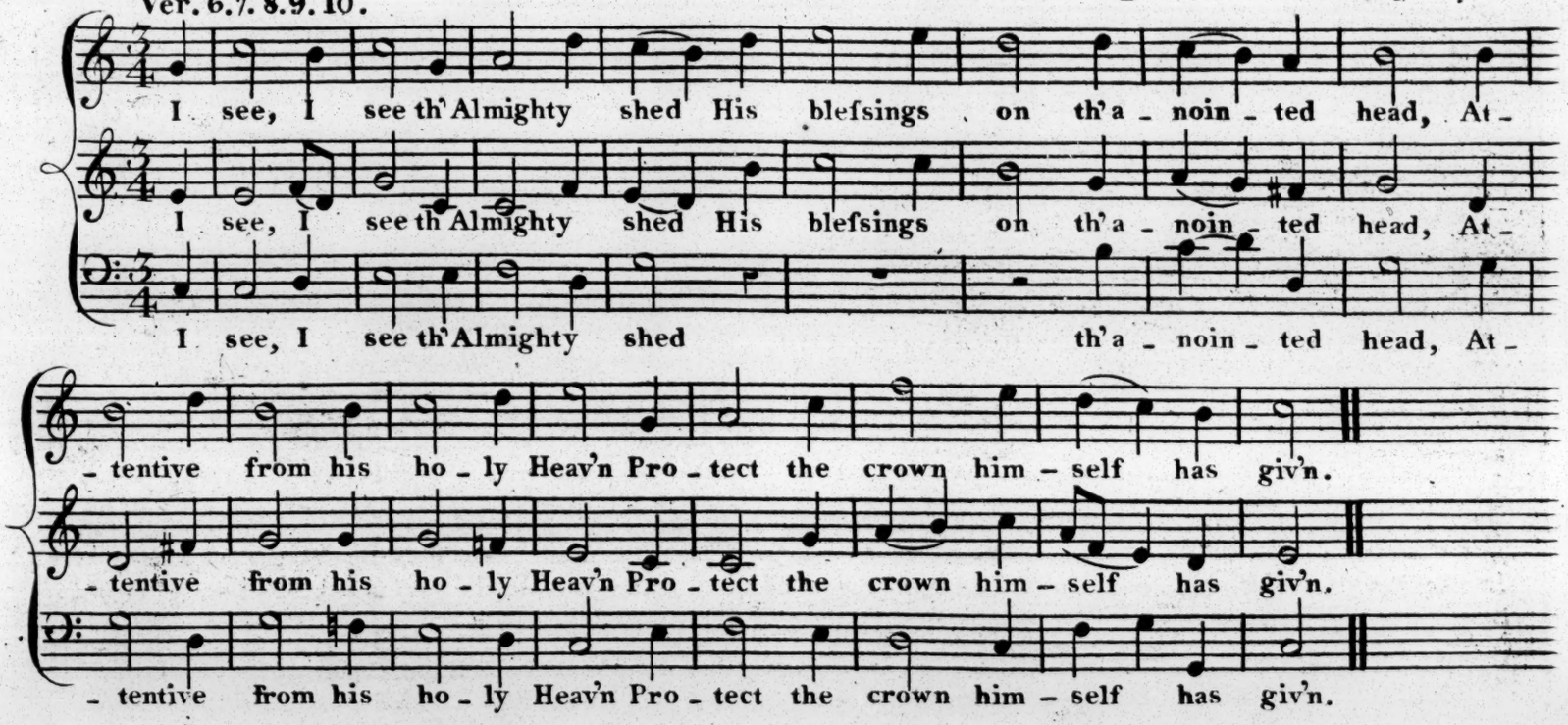
May He in dangers intervene,
While We, his great Salvation seen,
Assist thy joy, thy triumphs share,
And bless the GOD who hears thy pray'r.

PSALM 20.

Ver. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10.

The Psalmist is assured of Gods Blessing.

D.r Philip Hayes



7

I see th' Almighty to thy foes
His all subduing strength oppose,
And, cloth'd with mercy, reach his hand
To save Thee from the impious band.

8

These urge to Fight the rattling Car,
And those the fiery Steed prepare,
Unenvied Both by Us, who see
Our sure defence, great GOD, in Thee.

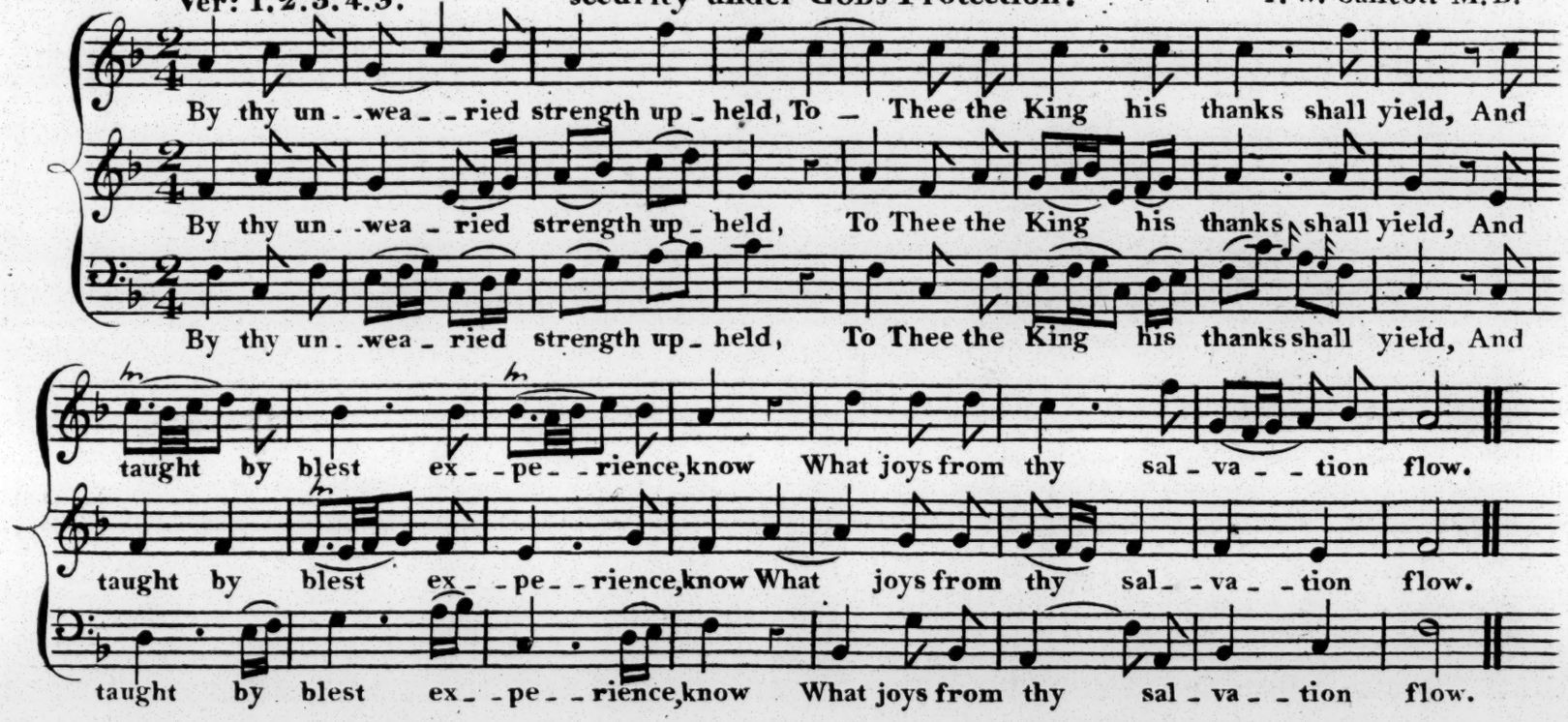
9

Driv'n by superior force they fly,
Or, faln, in heaps promiscuous lie;
While We our heads exulting raise,
And sing our great Deliv'rer's praise.

10

O, when we praise, and when we pray,
Do Thou, whom Heav'n and Earth obey,
Accept the praise, confirm the pray'r,
And make our safety still thy care.

72 PSALM 21. The KINGS Happineſs and
Ver: 1.2.3.4.5. security under GODS Protection. I. W. Callcott M.B.



2
Thy cares his heart's desire complete;
His pray'r from thy eternal seat,
As low to Thee his knees he bends,
In full acceptance back descends.

3
Thou, Lord, preventive of his want,
The bleſsings of thy Love wilt grant
And bid the golden circlet spread
Its purest splendors round his head.

4
He ask'd thee Life, and finds it giv'n,
Life, lasting as the days of heav'n;
The conquests, which thy hands bestow,
With grace and glory bind his brow.

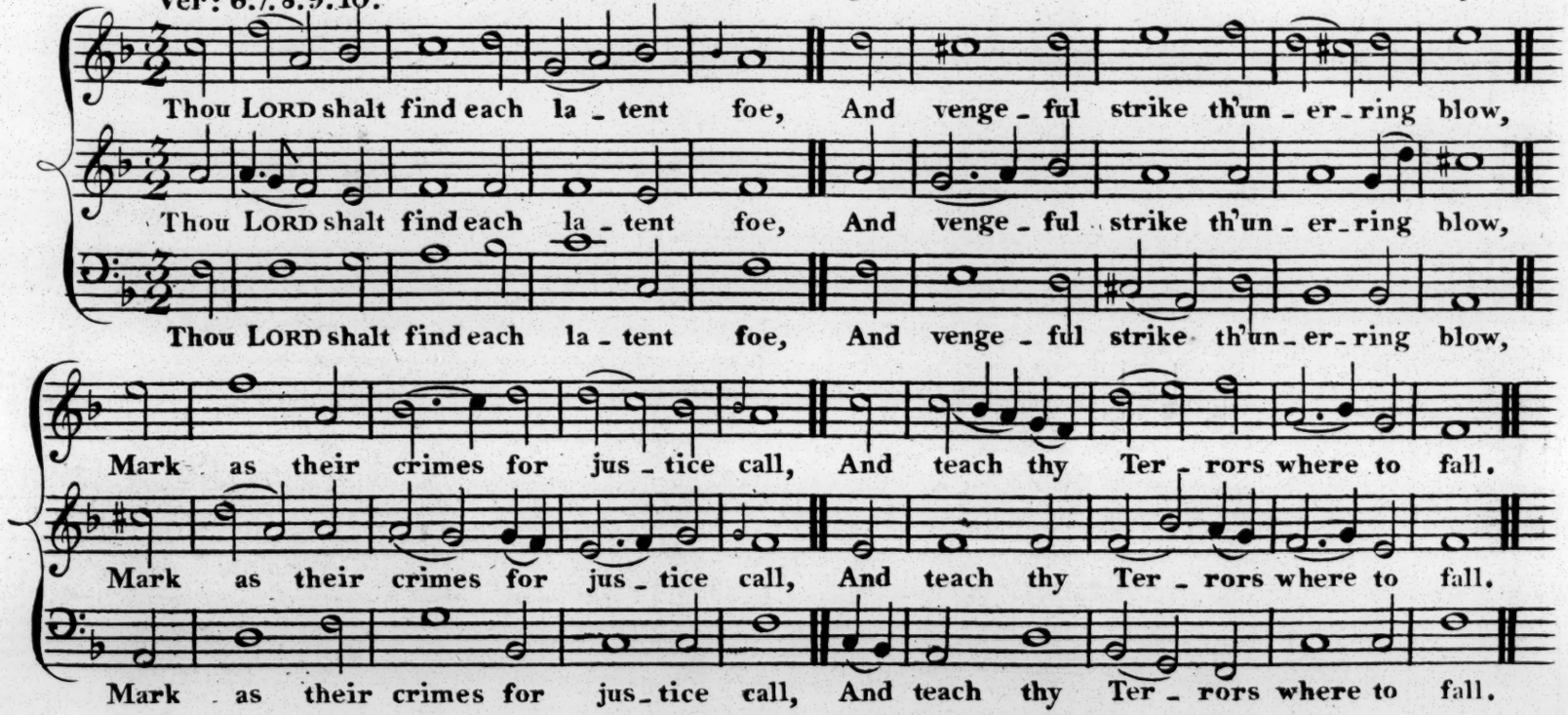
5
He, crown'd with bliſs perpetual, He
Thy face in full display shall see,
And (for on Thee his hopes rely,)
Unmov'd each adverse shock defy.

PSALM 21.

Ver: 6.7.8.9.10.

The Succefs and Triumph of a devout PRINCE.

D.r Dupuis



7

Fierce as the kindled furnace glows,
Whose sides the crackling thorns inclose,
Thy wrath its flames shall shall round them pour,
And quick their boasted strength devour.

8

Their fruit, a luckleſs progeny,
Uprooted from the ground shall die,
And Earth their tribe no more behold
Amidst her families inroll'd.

9

In vain each hostile art they try;
Behold, as trembling back they fly,
Thy shafts, adjusted to the string,
Impatient wait upon the wing.

10

Maker of All, through Earth and Skies
O let thy pow'r conspicuous rise,
And furnish to our grateful lays
A theme of everlasting praise.

Soft Voices & Slow time

PSALM 22. The Complaint of the Righteous.

Ver: 1.2.3.4.5.6.

D.r Cooke

My GOD my GOD O tell me why Unhee-ded still ascends my

My GOD my GOD O tell me why Unhee-ded still ascends my

My GOD my GOD - - O tell me why Unhee--ded still ascends my

cry? Why thus from my af--flic--ted heart Thy presence and thy health de--part.

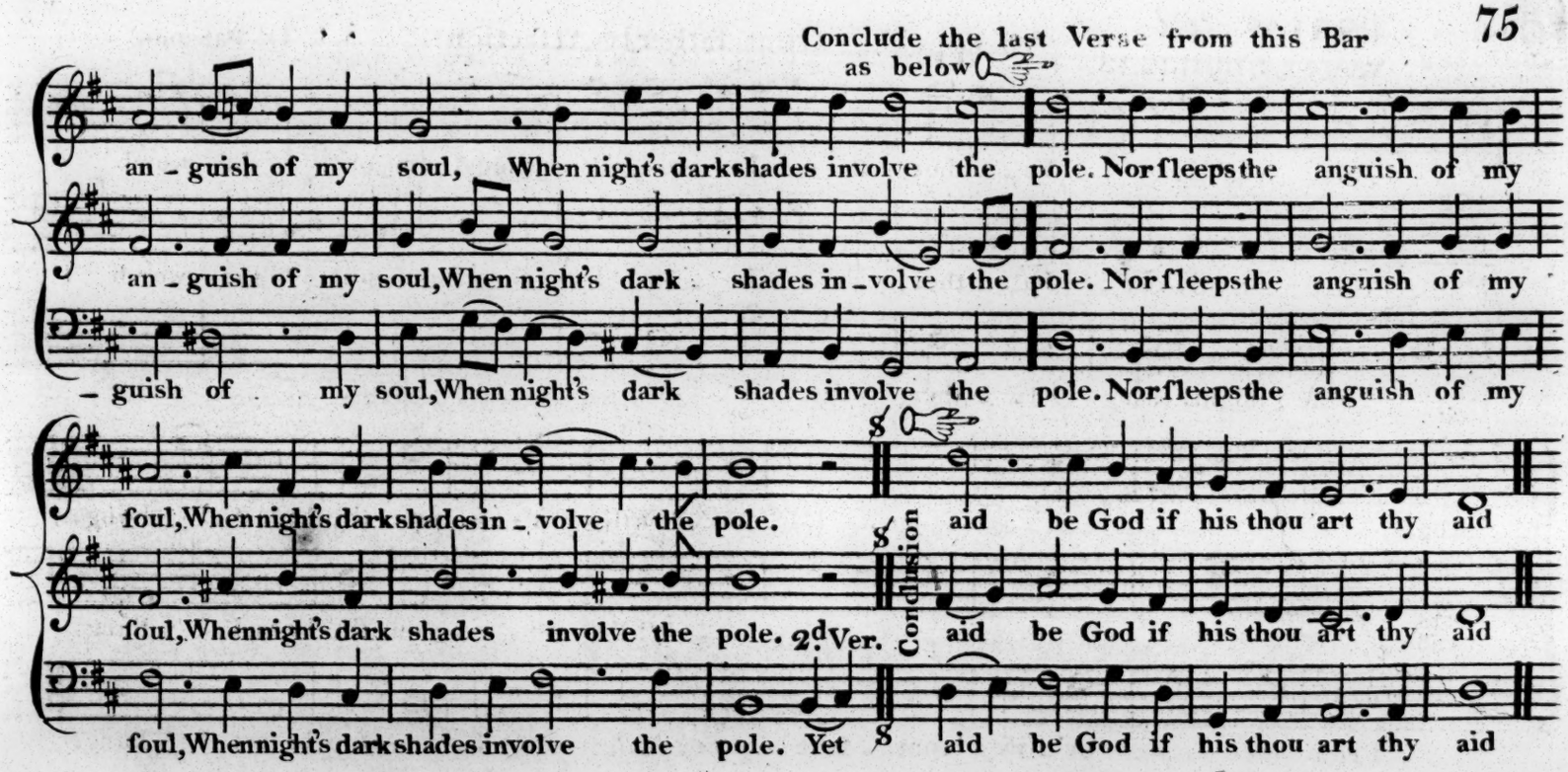
cry? Why thus from my af--flic--ted heart Thy pre-sence and thy health de-part. E-ternal

cry? Why thus from my afflicted heart Thy presence and thy health de--part.

Eternal LORD, throughout the day With fruitleſs plaint to Thee I pray; Nor sleeps the

LORD, Eternal LORD, throughout the day With fruit--leſs plaint to Thee I pray; Nor sleeps the

E-ter--nal LORD, throughout the day With fruitleſs plaint to Thee I pray; Nor sleeps the an-



3

Yet unimpeach'd thy Faith appears,
Thy Sanctity my heart reveres,
O Thou, to whom in homage join
The Sons of Jacob's chosen line.

4

Thee, LORD, our Sires their ſtrength confeſt,
And found thee, as their ſtedfaſt breaſt
To Thee its full affiance gave,
Nor ſlow to hear, nor weak to save.

5

LORD, what am I? A Man in form,
Yet brother to the trampled worm;
An outcaſt from the human kind,
To fierce deriſion's rage conſign'd.

6

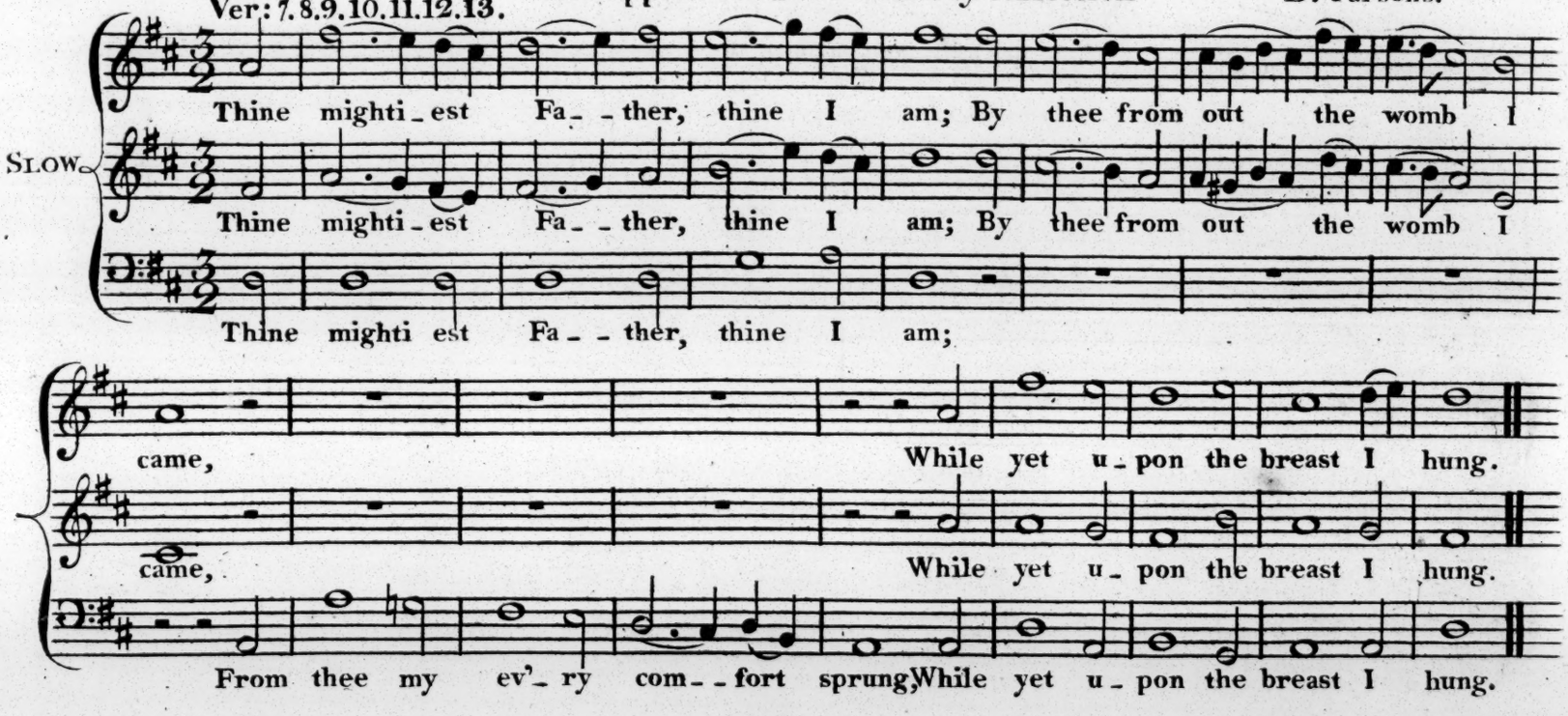
They ſhake the head, they ſhout, they gaze;
Each eye, each lip contempt betrays;
"On GOD," they cry, "thy hope was ſtaid;
"Be GOD, if his thou art, thy aid."

PSALM 22.

Ver: 7.8.9.10.11.12.13.

An appeal to Gods fatherly Affection

D.r Parsons.



8

Hail, from my birth and to my end
My God, my Guardian, and my friend;
O haste, thy needful help bestow,
And save me from th' invading foe.

9

O view me not with distant eye,
While various griefs await me nigh;
Thy aid withheld, what friendly pow'r
Shall shield me in the dang'rous hour?

10

See Basan's bulls around me roar;
Nor rage the famish'd Lions more,
When nightly through the ſtarleſs gloom
Along the howling wild they roam.

11

My frame, disjoin'd, in swift decay
Wastes like the running stream away;
My heart in groans its grief proclaims,
And melts, as wax before the flames.

12

Fast to my jaws my tongue is chain'd,
My flesh, its vital moisture drain'd,
While, Lord, thy chastisement it bears,
Dry as the clayform'd vase appears.

13

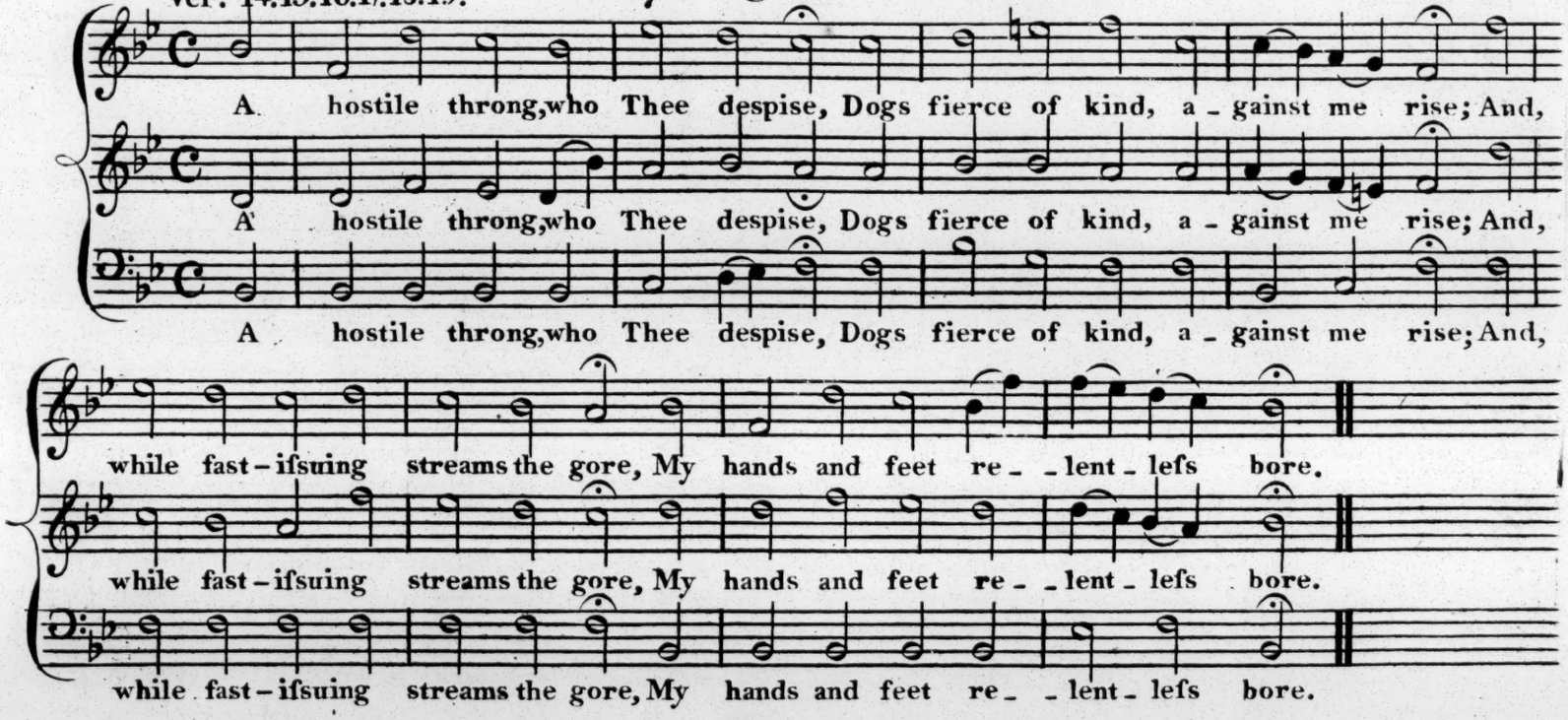
Yet, patient still of ev'ry pain
Unerring wisdom can ordain,
I wait till Thou resume my breath,
And lodge me in the dust of death.

PSALM 22.

Ver: 14.15.16.17.18.19.

A Prayer against Persecutors.

S. Webbe.



15

My starting bones to ev'ry eye
Expos'd, O Ye that paſsing by,
In wonder (not in pity) join,
O say, was ever grief like mine?

16

My raiment each with each divides,
My veſture, as the lot decides,
Becomes some new poſſeſſor's ſpoil,
The prize that crowns his impious toil.

17

My God, my Strength, recede not far,
But haste, and make my soul thy care,
My soul, purſu'd by hostile hate,
Afflicted, helpleſs, desolate.

18

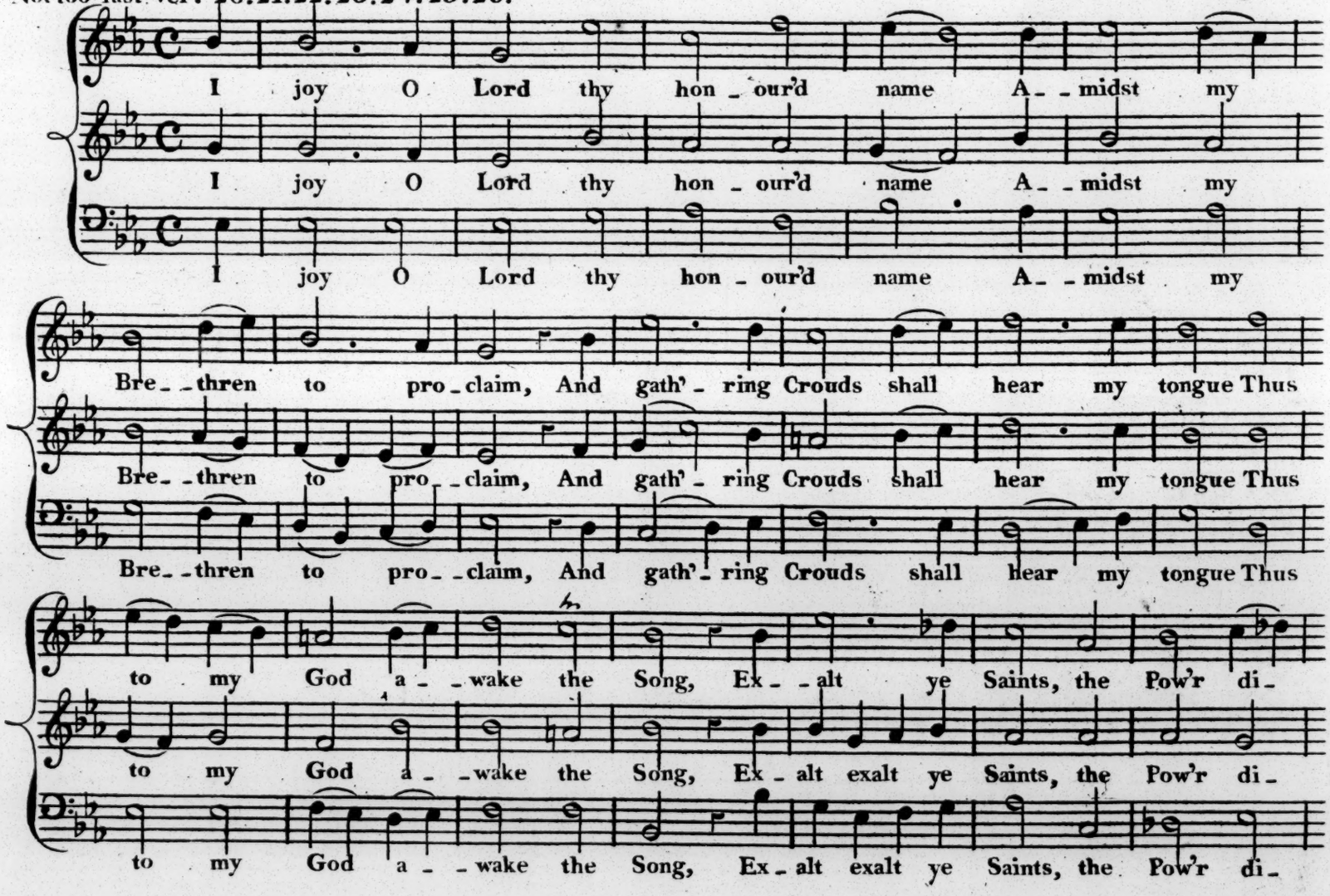
My God, (for Thou their rage hast seen)
With timeliest succour intervene,
And turn th' impending swords away,
Nor yield me to the Dog a prey.

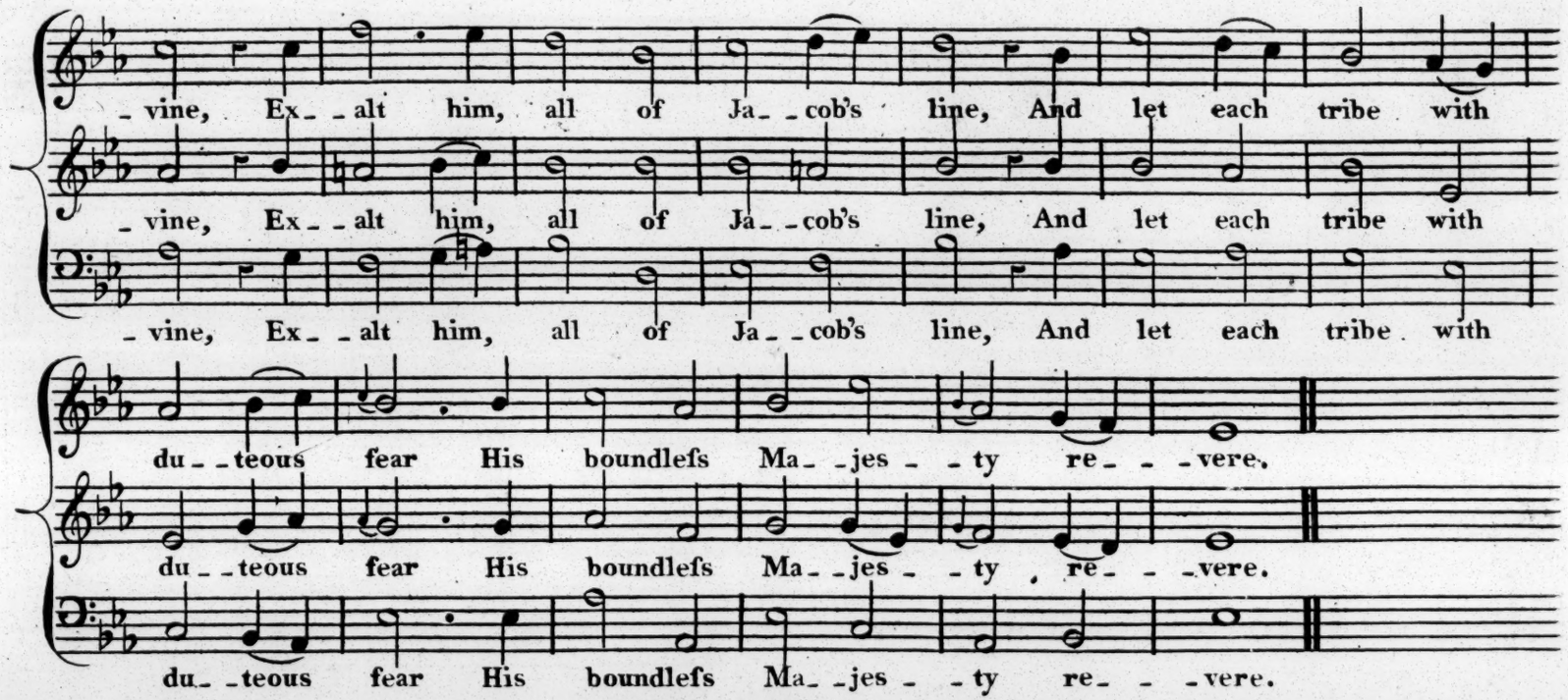
19

The foaming Lion's wrath aſsuage,
Nor let the Oryx in his rage,
With headlong force against me borne,
Aim at my life the pointed horn.

78 PSALM 22. An exhortation to praise GOD.

Not too fast Ver: 20.21.22.23.24.25.26. Rev.d Osborne Wight





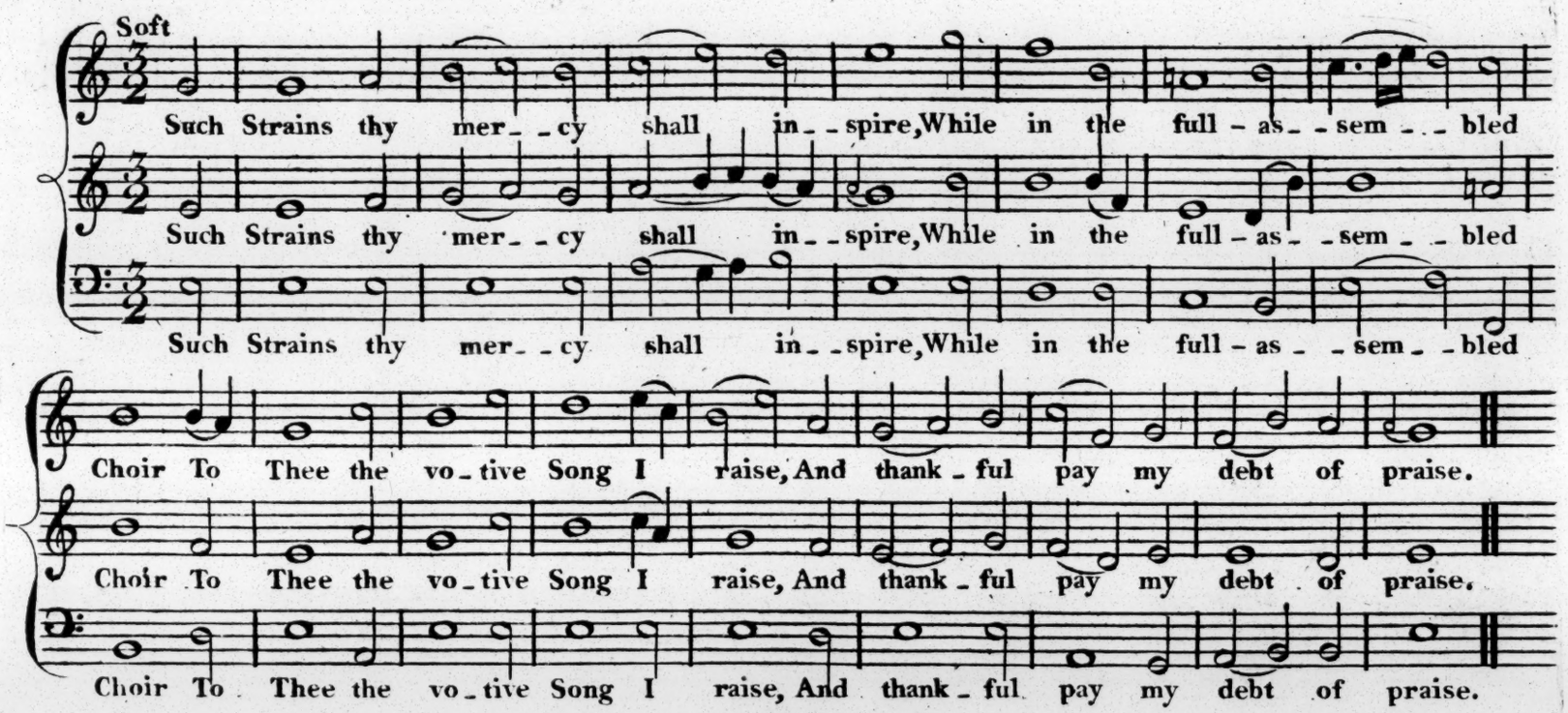
22

"'Tis not in Him with cold disdain
"To hear the helpleſs Poor complain;
"He kindly sees their wrongs redrest,
"And ſooths to peace their troubled breast.

23

"He (nor with unrelenting eye)
"Each falling tear, each heaving sigh
"Regards, attentive to perceive
"Their wants, and faithful to relieve."

turn over



25

To You, ye humble, meek, and good,
Who ask from Israel's Lord your food,
His hand indulgent from on high
Shall yield at full the wish'd supply.

26

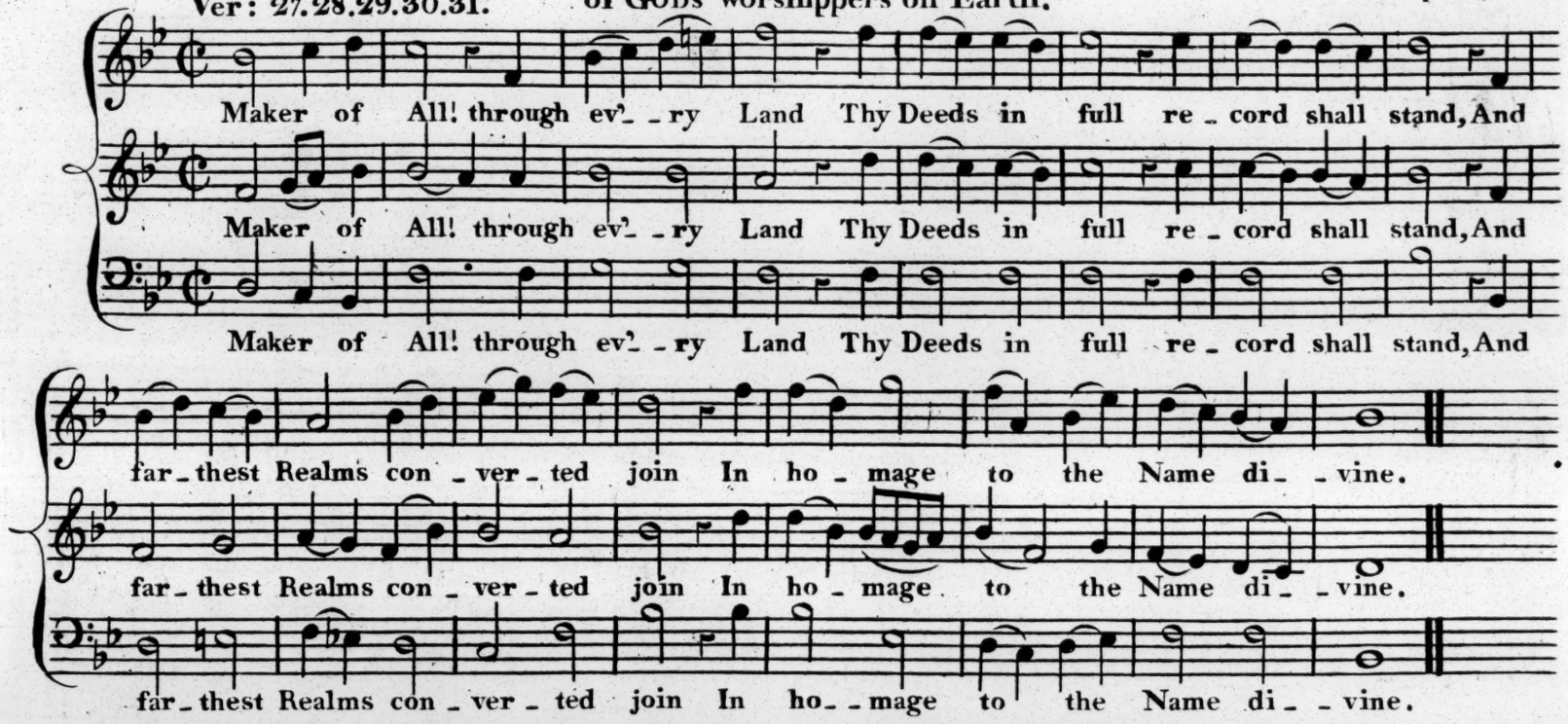
Who seek like You their God, like You
To Him their praises shall renew,
Whose Love immortal life imparts,
And swells with joy their conscious hearts.

PSALM 22.

Ver: 27.28.29.30.31.

A Prediction of the Increase of Gods worshippers on Earth.

Dr. Dupuis



28

Kings shall in Thee their Mightier greet,
And lay their scepters at thy feet;
(Thy grace by sacrifice implor'd,)
Earth's tribes shall spread the festal board:

29

And all mankind, whose mortal frame
Th' insatiate Grave prepares to claim,
Thy Pow'r, immortal Judge, shall own,
And prostrate kneel before thy Throne.

30

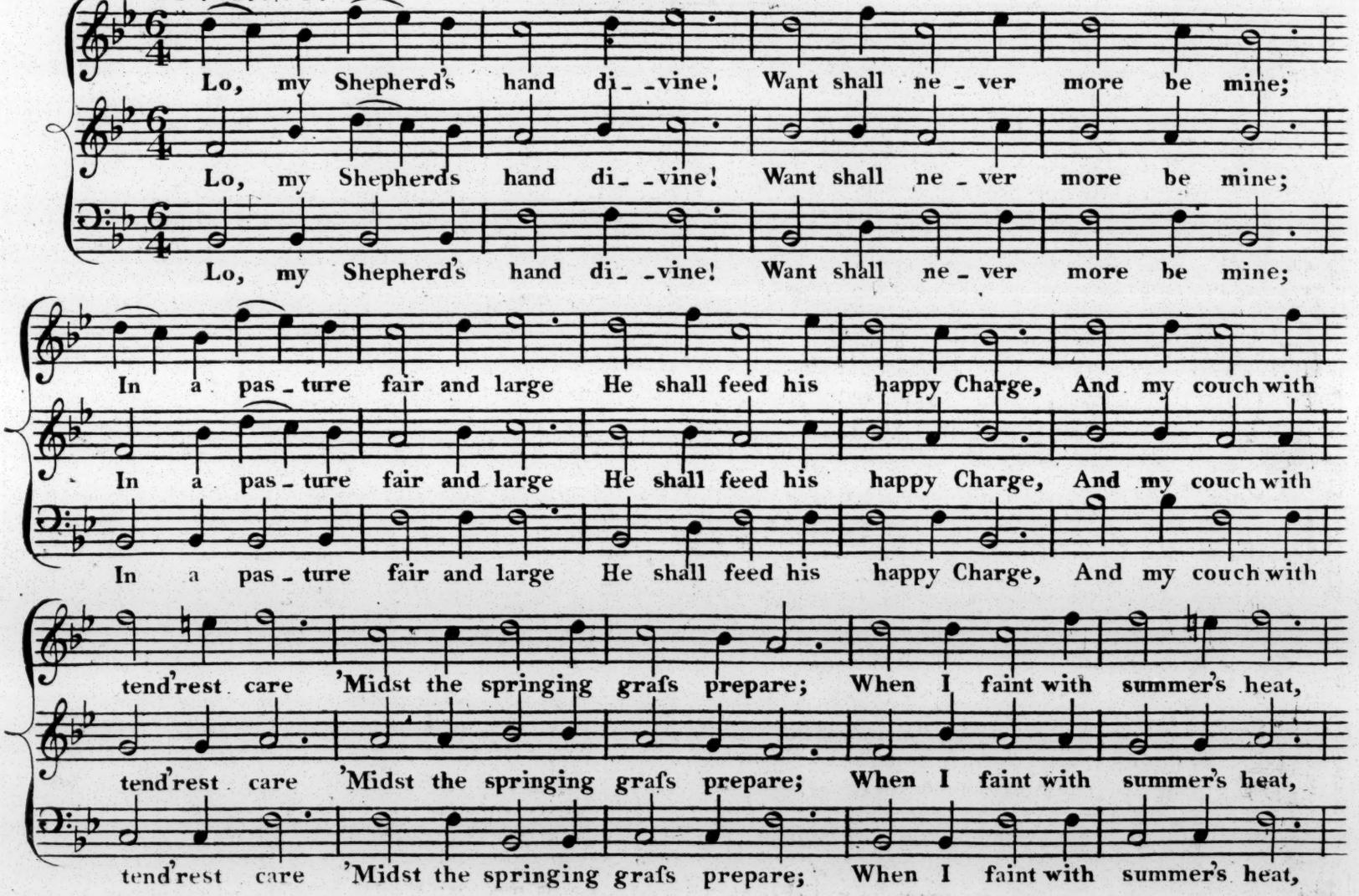
See, while by Thee redeem'd I live,
A race from me their birth derive,
A race by just poſseſsion thine,
Whose hearts inspir'd to truth incline:

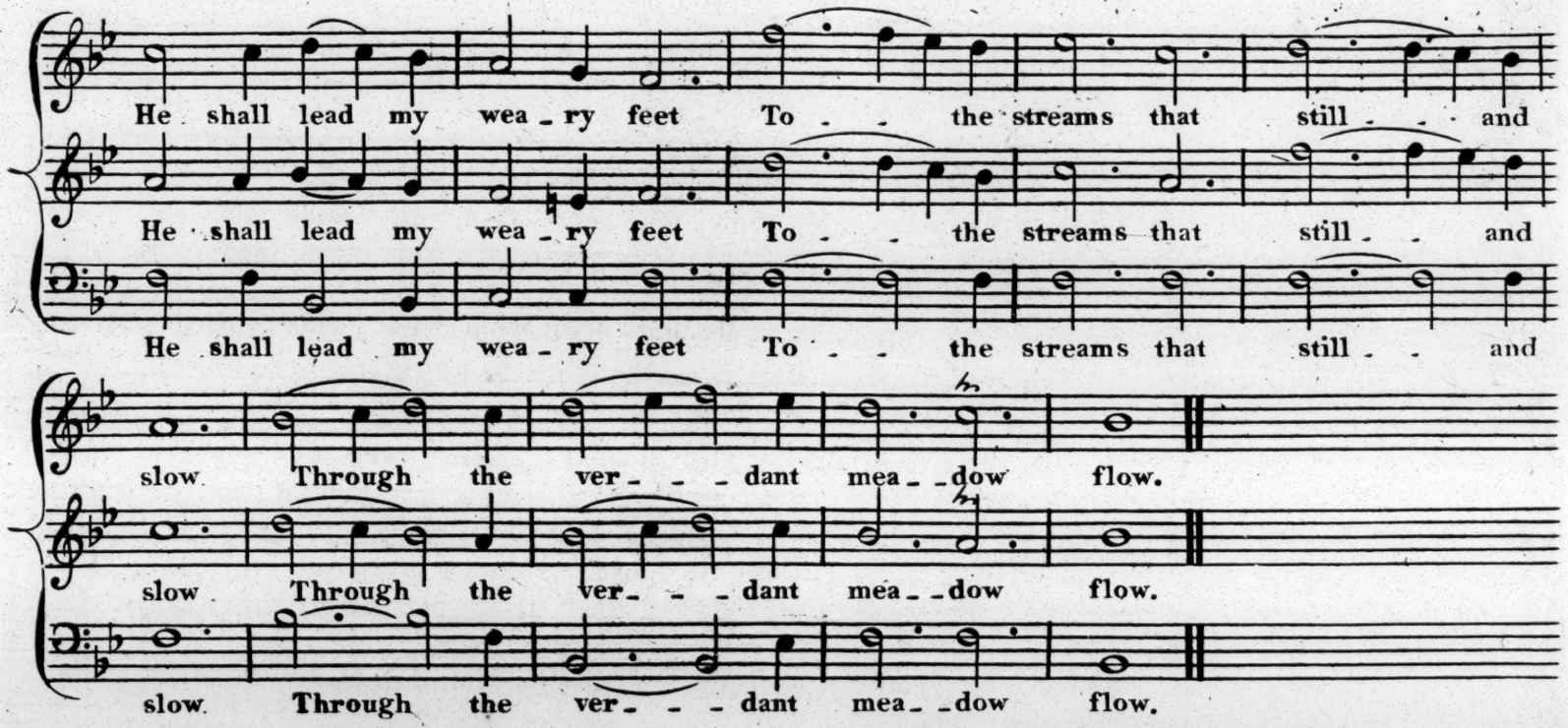
31

Whose tongue thy glory shall display,
Instruct the world thy will t' obey,
And bid thy righteous Acts engage,
The wonder of the future Age.

82 **PSALM 23.** An Acknowledgement of Gods Grace and Goodnefs. S. Webbe

Ver: 1. 2. 3.





2

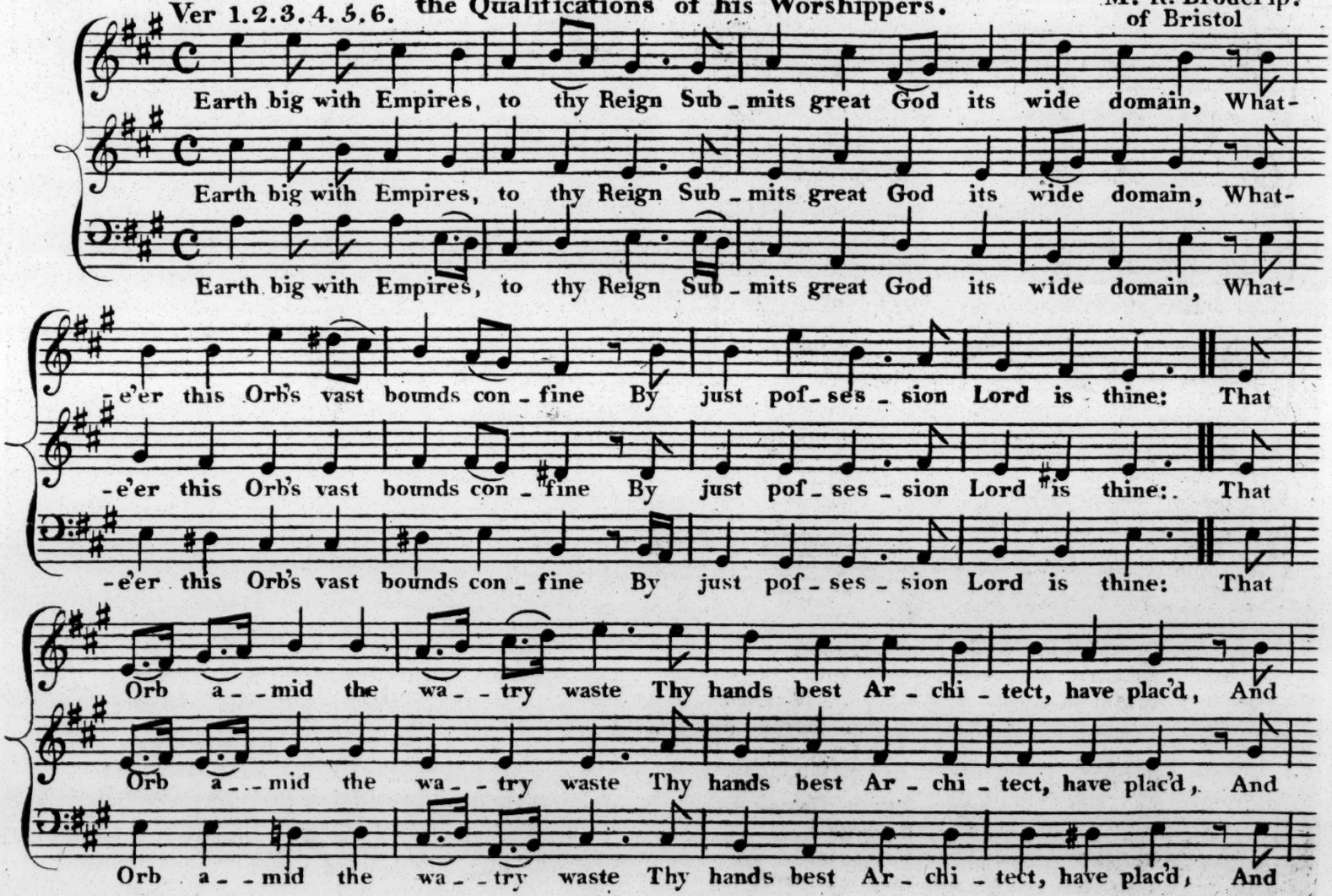
He my soul anew shall frame,
And, his mercy to proclaim,
When through devious paths I stray,
Teach my steps the better way:
Though the dreary vale I tread
By the shades of death o'erspread;
There I walk from terror free,
While my ev'ry wish I see
By thy rod and staff supplied,
This my guard, and that my guide.

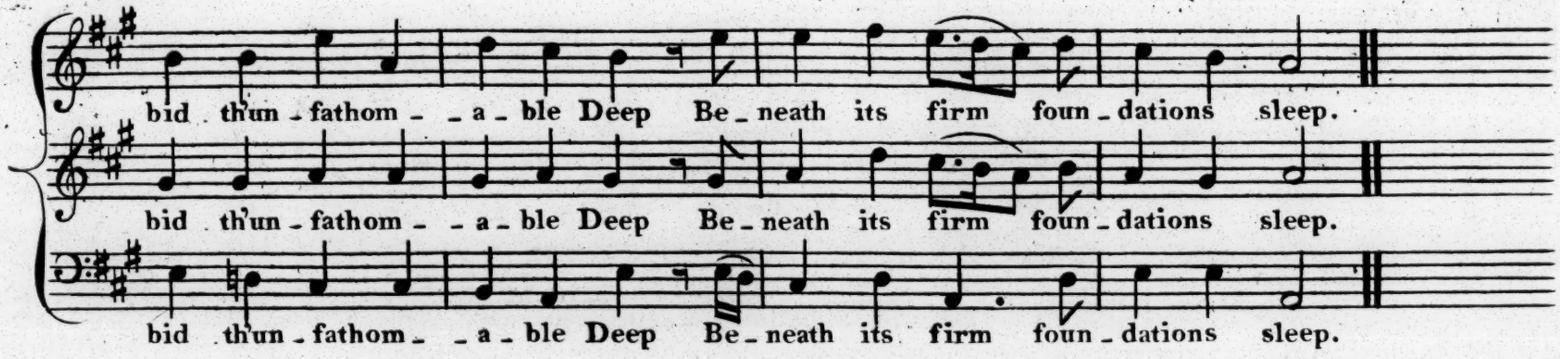
3

While my foes are gazing on,
Thou thy fav'ring care hast shown;
Thou my plenteous board hast spread,
Thou with oil refresh'd my head;
Fill'd by Thee my cup o'erflows,
For thy Love no limit knows;
Constant to my latest end
This my footsteps shall attend,
And shall bid thy hallow'd Dome
Yield me an eternal home.

84 **PSALM 24** **God the Creator and Governor of the world.**
Ver 1.2.3.4.5.6. **the Qualifications of his Worshippers.**

M.r R.t Broderip.
of Bristol





3. Lord, who shall to thy Hill ascend?
Who suppliant at thine altars bend,
There joyful find a sure abode,
And own the presence of his God?
4. Whose hands and heart from guilt are free,
Who ne'er to idols bow'd the knee,
Nor, studious of deceit, would try
By oaths to consecrate a lye.

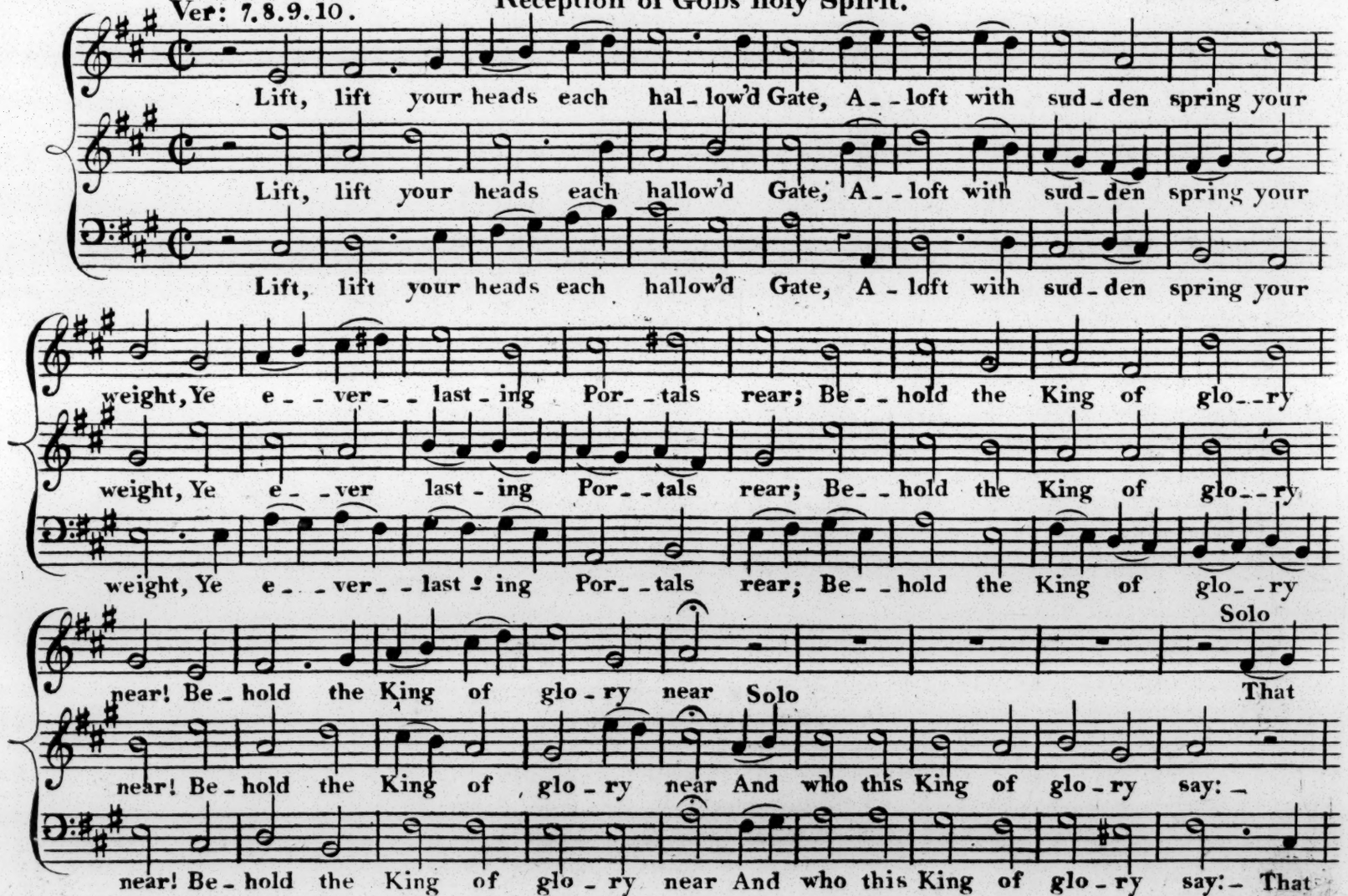
5. On such th' Almighty from above
Shall heap the bleſsings of his Love,
And, purg'd from sin's transmiſsive stain,
Admit them to his sacred Fane.
6. Such only form the chosen Choir,
Whose feet with licens'd step aspire
To visit Sion's blest Abode;
Who seek the face of Jacob's God.

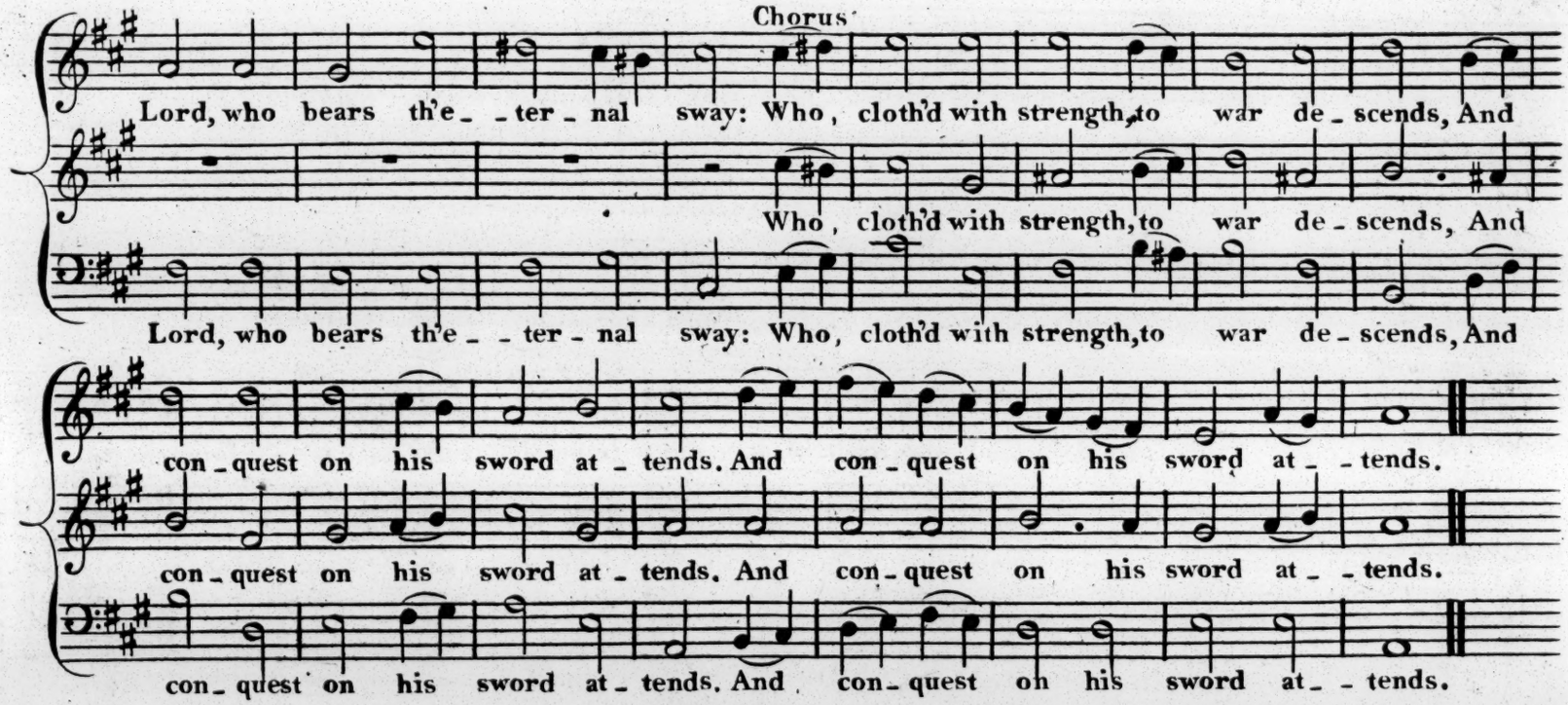
PSALM 24.

Ver: 7.8.9.10.

An exhortation to prepare for the Reception of Gods holy Spirit.

D.r Cooke.



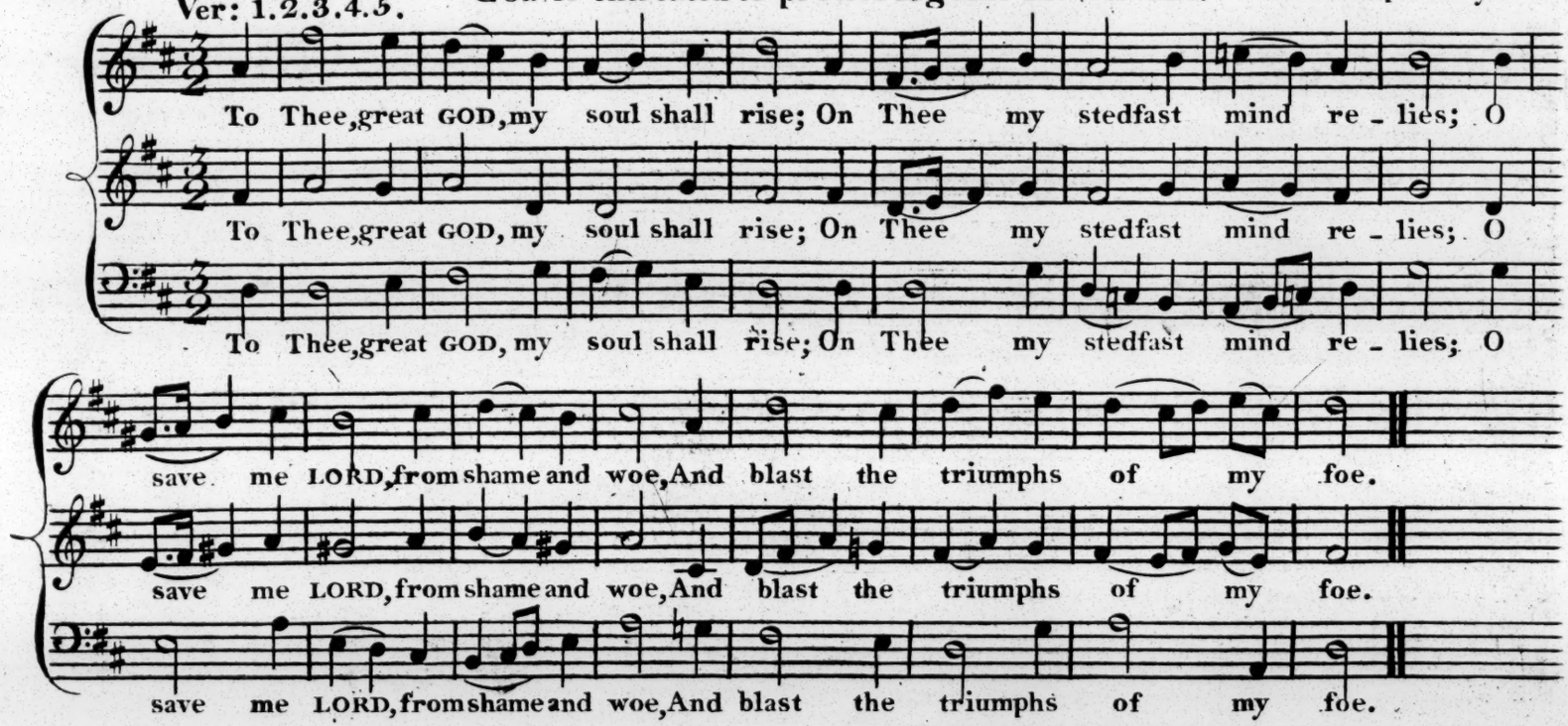


9. Lift, lift your heads, each hallow'd Gate,
Aloft with sudden spring your weight,
Ye everlasting Portals, rear;
Behold the King of glory near!
10. And who this King of glory? say:—
The God, whom Heav'n's high Hosts obey;
In him that King of glory view,
And yield to Him the homage due.

PSALM 25.

Ver: 1.2.3.4.5.

GOD is entreated to protect & guide his Servant. Dr. Philip Hayes



2

Nor shame nor woe the heart attends,
Whose trust on Jacob's GOD depends;
But grief, confusion, doubt, and fear
The souls, that rashly sin, shall tear.

3

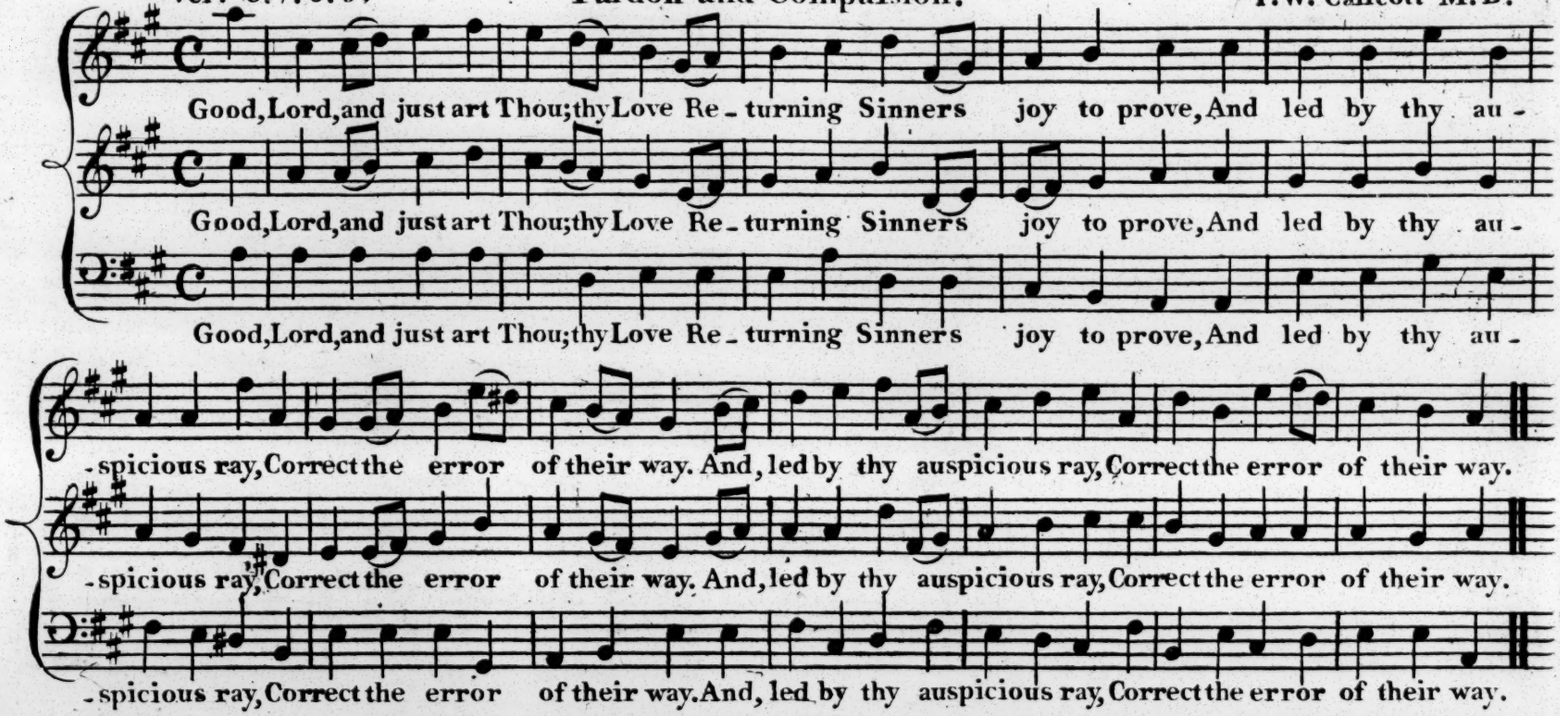
Thy paths, blest Source of light, display,
And teach my doubting steps thy way:
GOD of my health, from morn to eve
In Thee my hopes have learn'd to live.

4

O lead me in thy truth, and store
My heart with thy celestial lore;
Thy mercy, Lord, recall to mind,
Whose beams from earliest age have shin'd.

5

O let oblivion's thickest veil
Th' offences of my youth conceal,
That I with Them my lot may bear,
Whose fouls thy kind remembrance share.



7

In Thee shall each of humble mind
The friend and sure Instructor find,
And each, whose trust on Thee is plac'd,
Shall happinefs perpetual taste.

8

Thus, while the dictates of thy Law
His thoughts to full obedience awe,
With joy thy paths the Just shall tread,
By mercy and by truth outspread.

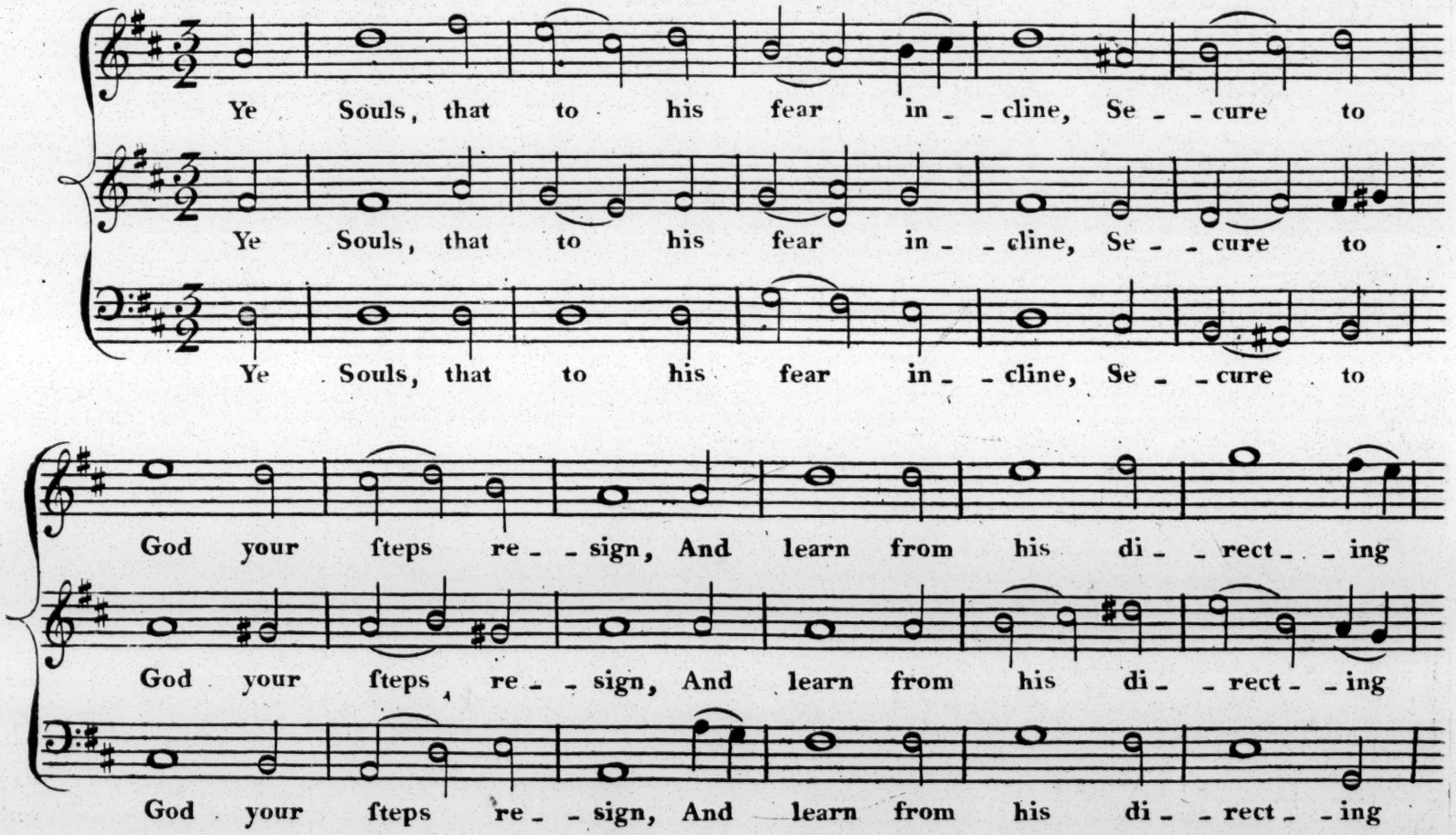
9

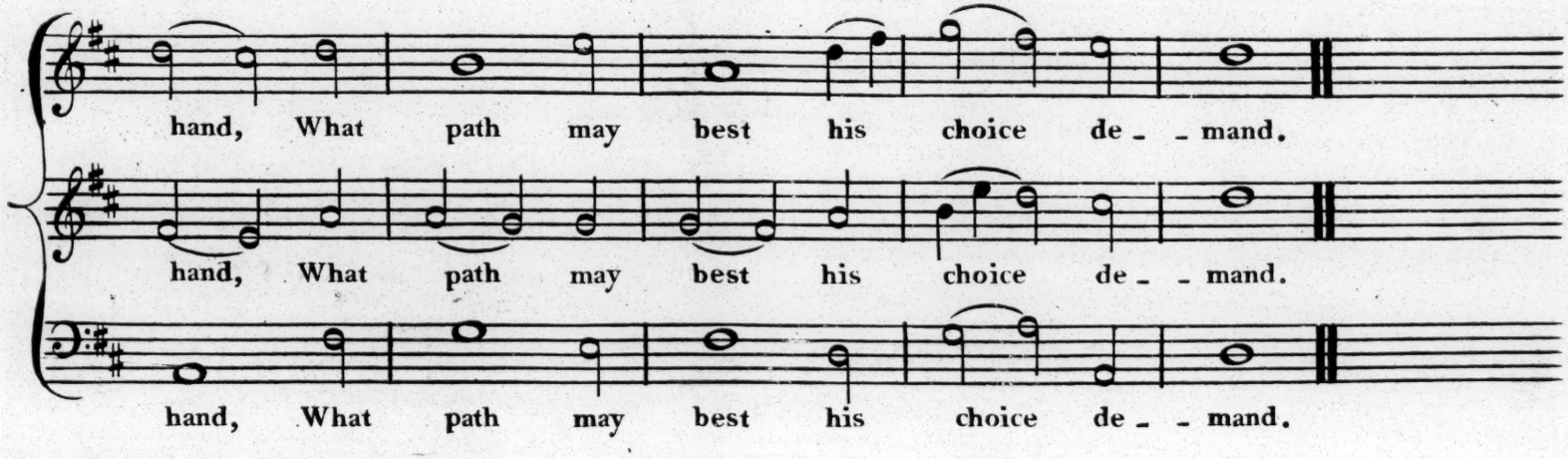
Thy wonted pity, Lord, impart,
While in the anguish of my heart
The burthen of my guilt I own,
And humbled bow before thy Throne.

PSALM 25.
Ver: 10. 11. 12. 13.

The Bleſsedneſs of that Man who fears GOD.

Rev.d Osborne Wight





11

How bleſt, thy precepts, Lord, who knows!
As o'er Life's pilgrimage he goes,
See Peace and Safety nightly ſpread
Their tent around his favour'd head.

12

See, rang'd in fair deſcent, his line
The lot which thy Decrees aſsign
Divide, and, long as time ſhall laſt,
The bleſsings of thy Bounty taſte.

13

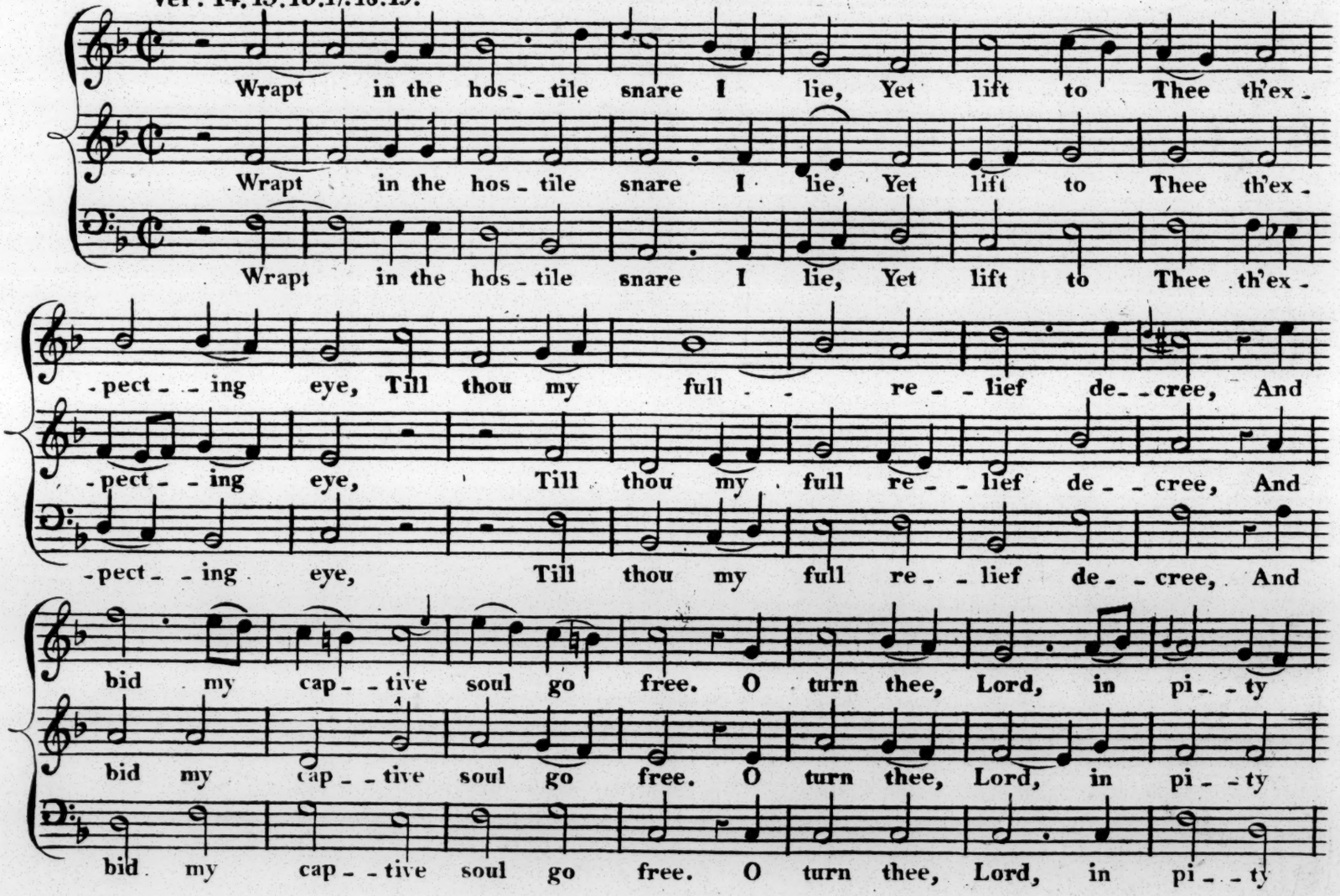
Who bow to Thee th' attentive ear,
The ſecrets of thy will shall hear;
Thy Compact, Lord, to ſuch reveal'd,
Shall light and heav'nly transport yield.

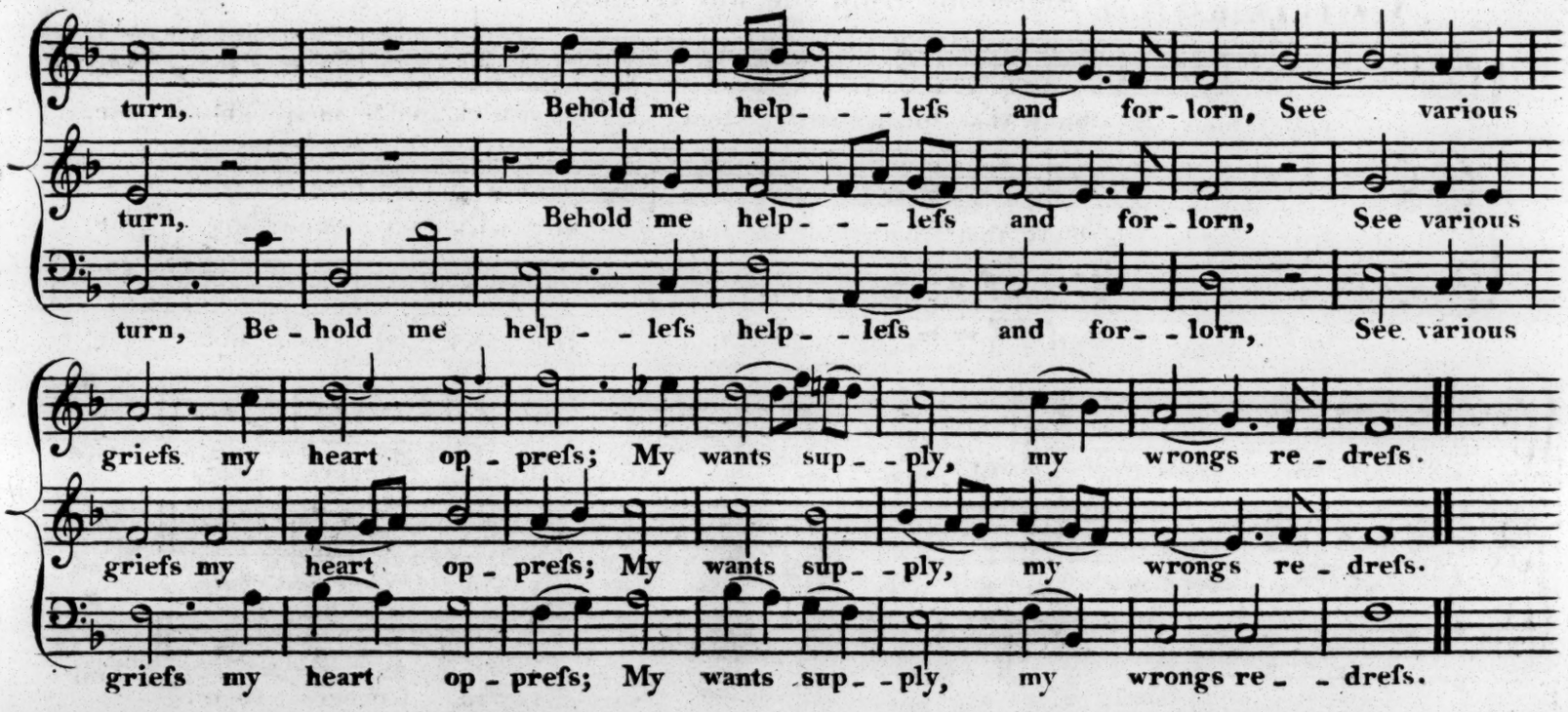
PSALM 25.

Ver: 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19.

A Prayer for Deliverance from Afflictions.

D.r Dupuis





16. O let me thy attention win,
And seal the pardon of my sin;
For who like Thee with quick'ning ray
Can chase each cloud of grief away.

17. While factious Crouds around me wait,
Inflam'd with rage, and impious hate,
Stretch to my aid the arm of pow'r,
And guard me in the dang'rous hour.

18. Let not my soul on Thee reclin'd,
Its sorrows utter to the wind;
Let truth and spotless Innocence
Their succours to my heart dispense.

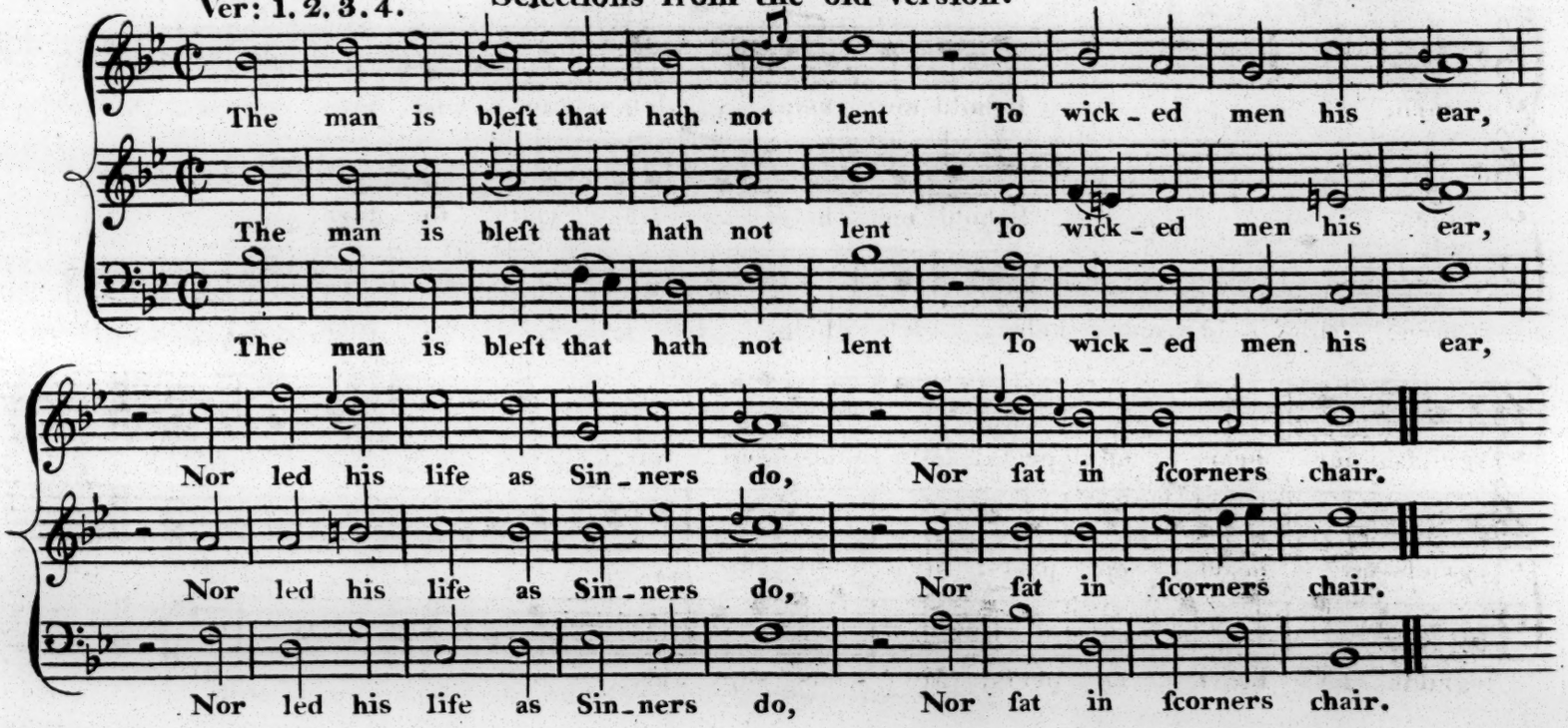
19. Indulgent to my pray'r, with mine
My Country's wish'd deliv'rance join;
God of my hope, thy Love disclose,
And heal, O heal thy People's woes.

PSALM 1.

Ver: 1. 2. 3. 4.

Selections from the old Version.

Dr Croft



2

But in the law of God the Lord
Doth ſet his whole delight:
And in that law doth exerciſe,
Himſelf both day and night.

3

He ſhall be like a tree that is
Planted the rivers nigh:
Which in due ſeaſon bringeth forth
Its fruit abundantly.

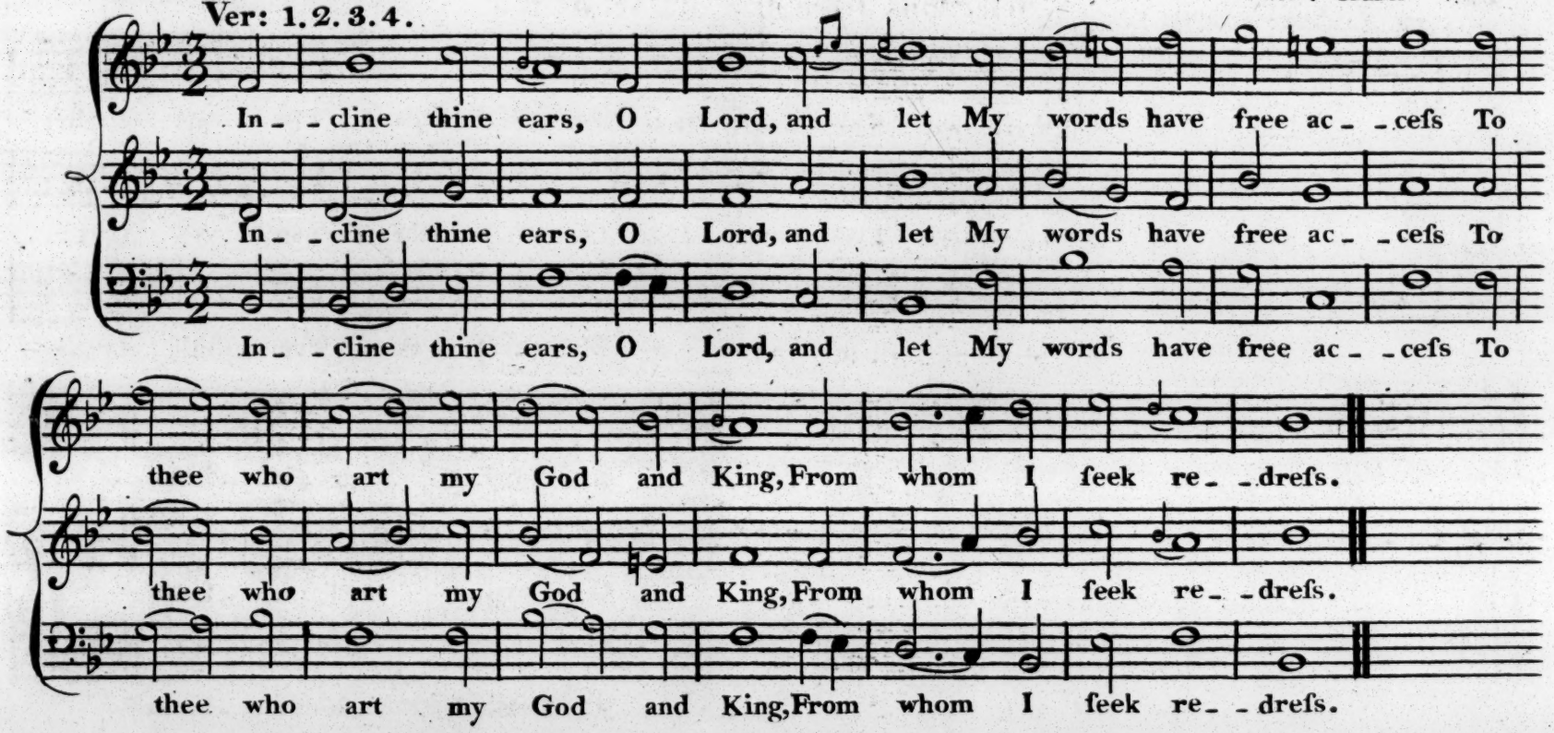
4

Whoſe leaves ſhall never fade nor fall,
But flouriſhing ſhall ſtand:
Ev'n ſo all things ſhall proſper well
That this man takes in hand.

PSALM 5.

Ver: 1. 2. 3. 4.

Jer: Clark



2

Hear me betime, Lord, tarry not,
For I will have reſpect,
My ſupplication in the morn
To thee for to direct.

3

And I will patiently ſtill truſt,
In thee my God alone:
Thou art not pleas'd with wickedneſs
And ill with thee dwells none.

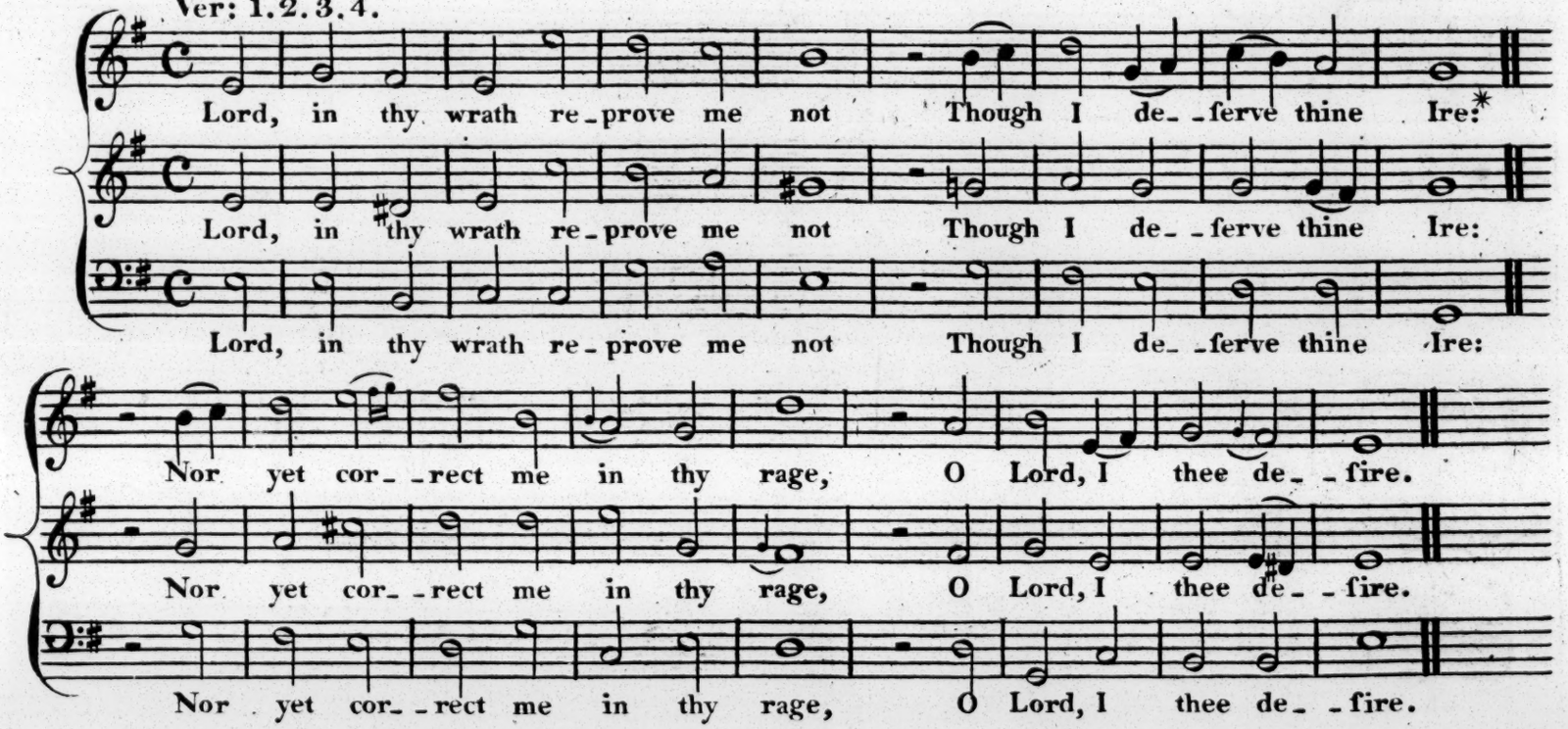
4

Such as be fooliſh ſhall not ſtand
In ſight of thee, O Lord:
Vain workers of iniquity
Thou hast always abhorr'd.

PSALM 6.

Ver: 1.2.3.4.

D.r Croft.



2

For I am weak, therefore, O Lord,
Of mercy me forbear:
And heal me, Lord, for why? thou know'ſt
My bones do quake for fear.

3

My ſoul is troubled very ſore,
And vex'd exceedingly:
But, Lord, how long wilt thou delay
To cure my miſery?

4

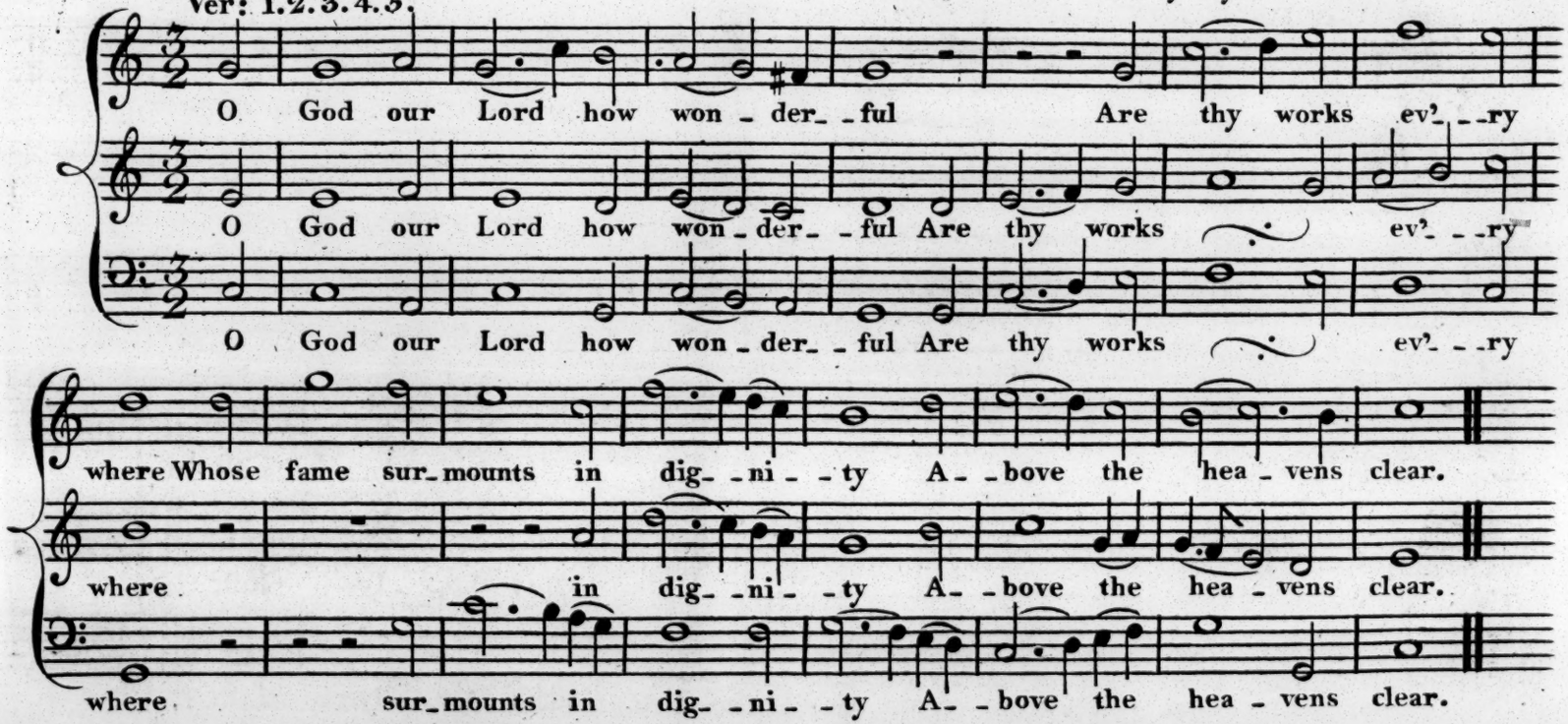
Lord, turn thee to thy wonted grace,
Some pity on me take,
O ſave me not for my deſerts,
But for thy mercies ſake.

*Anger

PSALM 8.

Ver: 1.2.3.4.5.

Adapted from Morley by I. S. Smith.



2

Ev'n by the mouth of sucking babes
Thou wilt confound thy foes,
For in those babes thy might is seen,
Thy graces they disclose.

3

And when I see the heav'ns above,
The works of thine own hand,
The Sun, the Moon, and all the Stars,
In order as they stand—

4

Lord! what is man, that thou of him
Tak'st such abundant care?
Or what the son of man, whom thou
To visit dost not spare.

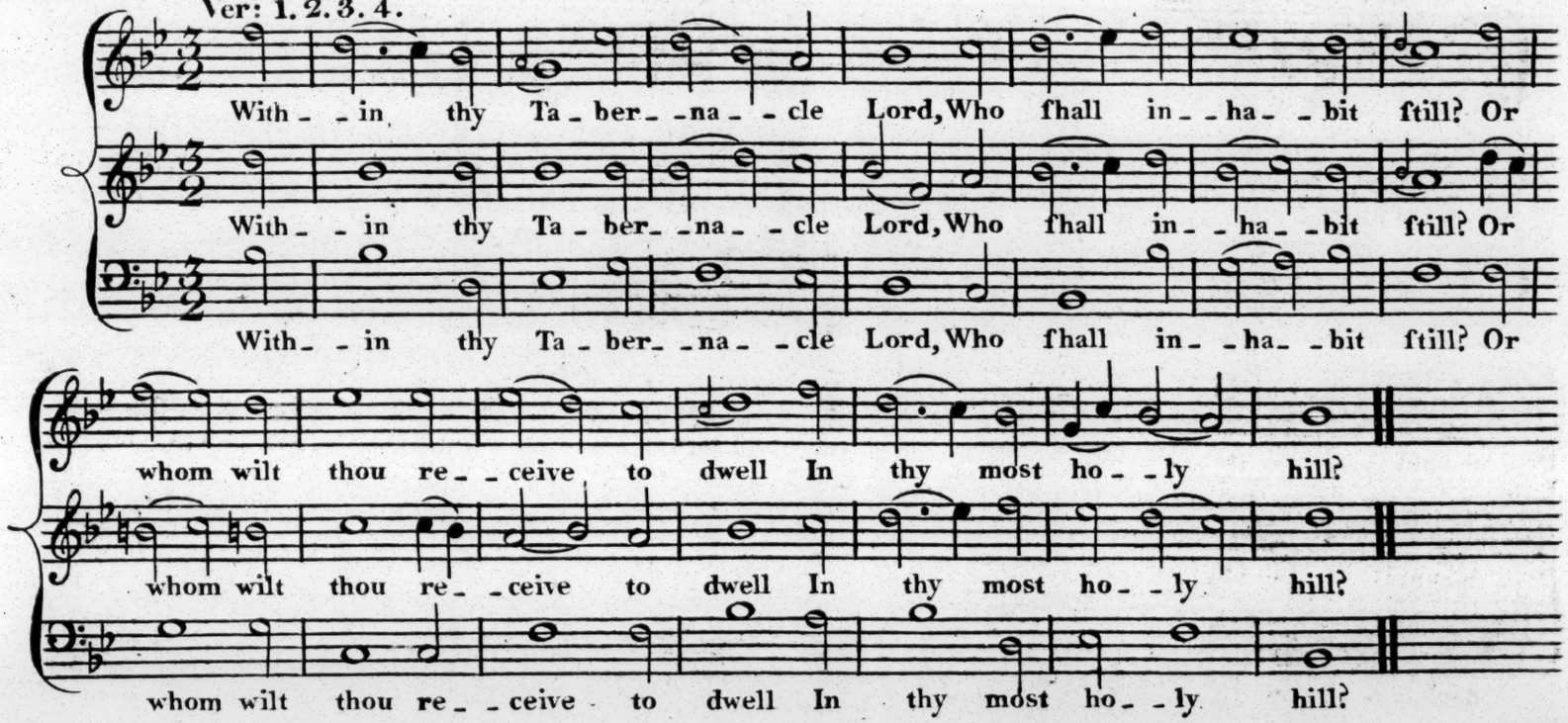
5

For thou hast made him little less
Than Angels in degree:
And thou also hast crowned him
With glorious dignity.

PSALM 15

Ver: 1. 2. 3. 4.

Jer: Clark



2

The man, whoſe life is uncorrupt,
Whoſe words are juſt and ſtraight:
Whoſe heart doth think the very truth
Whoſe tongue ſpeaks no deceit.

3

That to his neighbour doth none ill,
In body, goods, or name.
Nor willingly doth ſlanders raiſe;
Which might impair the ſame.

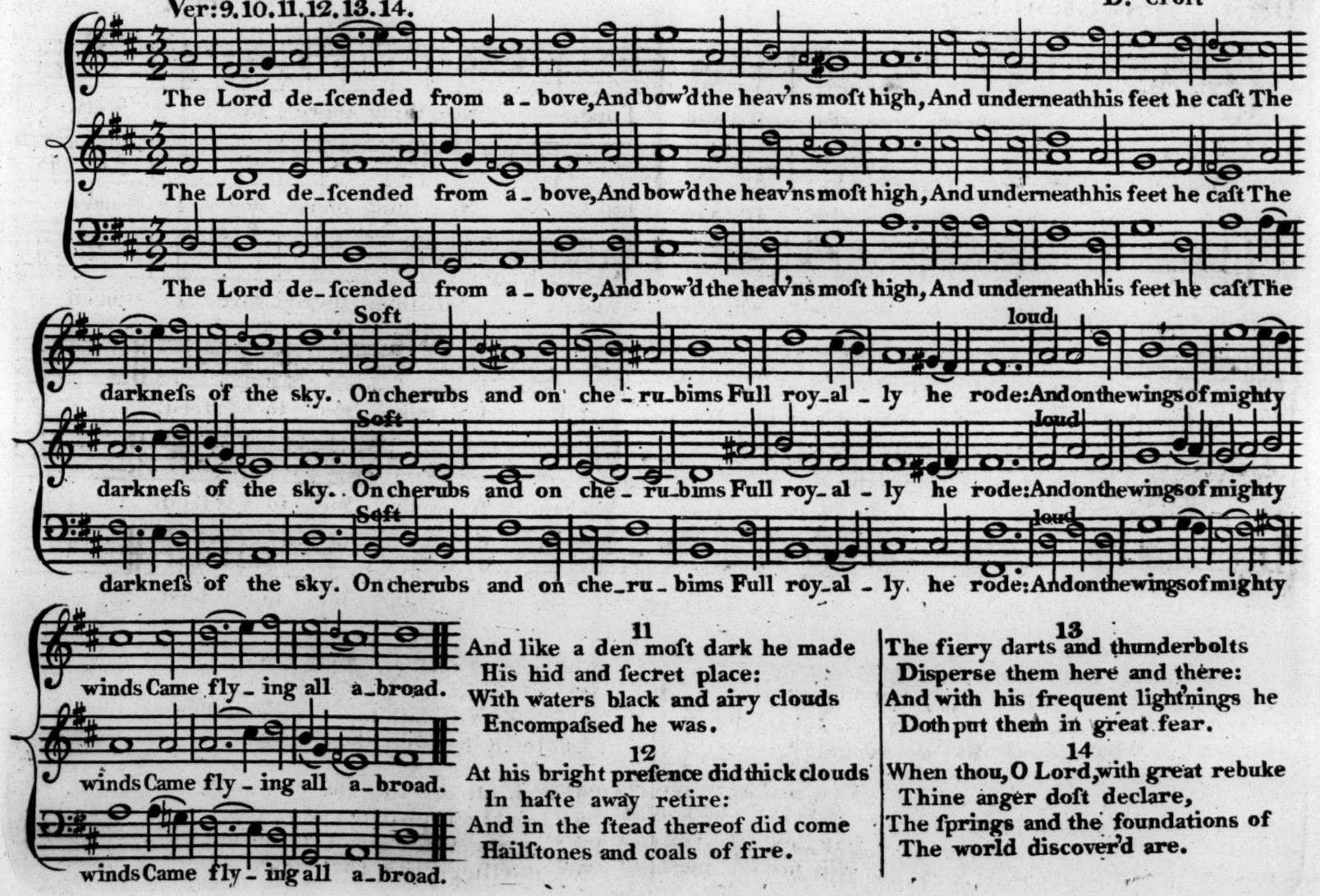
4

That in his heart regardeth not
Malicious wicked men,
But thoſe that love and fear the Lord
He maketh much of them.

PSALM 18.

Ver: 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14.

D.r Croft



11
And like a den moſt dark he made
His hid and ſecret place:
With waters black and airy clouds
Encompaſsed he was.

12
At his bright preſence did thick clouds
In haſte away retire:
And in the ſtead thereof did come
Hailſtones and coals of fire.

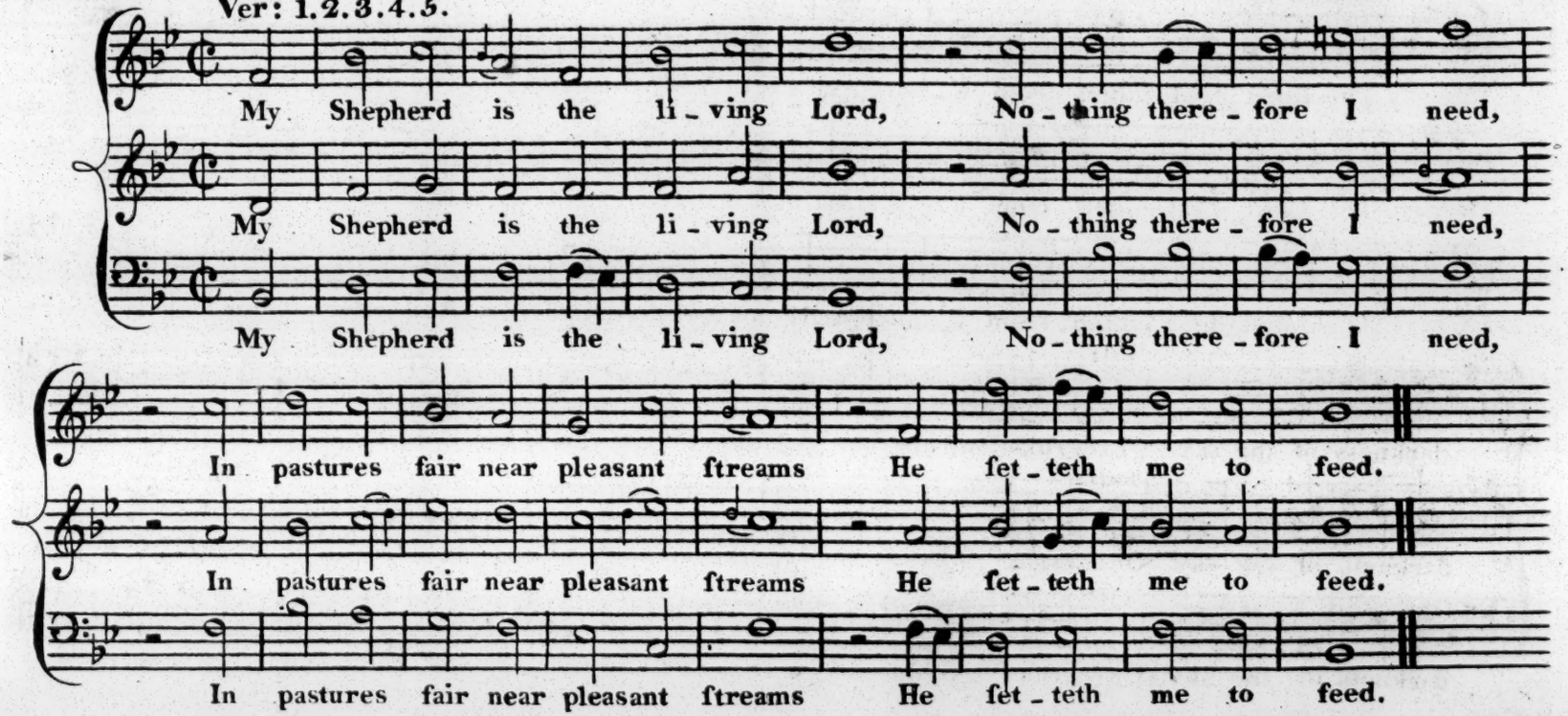
13
The fiery darts and thunderbolts
Diſperse them here and there:
And with his frequent lightnings he
Doth put them in great fear.

14
When thou, O Lord, with great rebuke
Thine anger doſt declare,
The ſprings and the foundations of
The world diſcover'd are.

100 **PSALM 23**

Ver: 1.2.3.4.5.

Jer: Clark



2

He ſhall convert and glad my ſoul,
And bring my mind in frame
To walk in paths of righteouſneſs,
For his moſt holy Name.

3

Yea though I walk in vale of death,
Yet will I fear no ill:
Thy rod and ſtaff do comfort me,
And thou art with me ſtill.

4

And in the preſence of my foes
My table thou ſhalt ſpread:
Thou wilt fill full my Cup, and thou
Anointed haſt my head.

5

Through all my life thy favour is
So frankly ſhew'd to me,
That in thy houſe for evermore
My dwelling place ſhall be.

Engrav'd by T. Skillern. N°17. St Martins Lane.